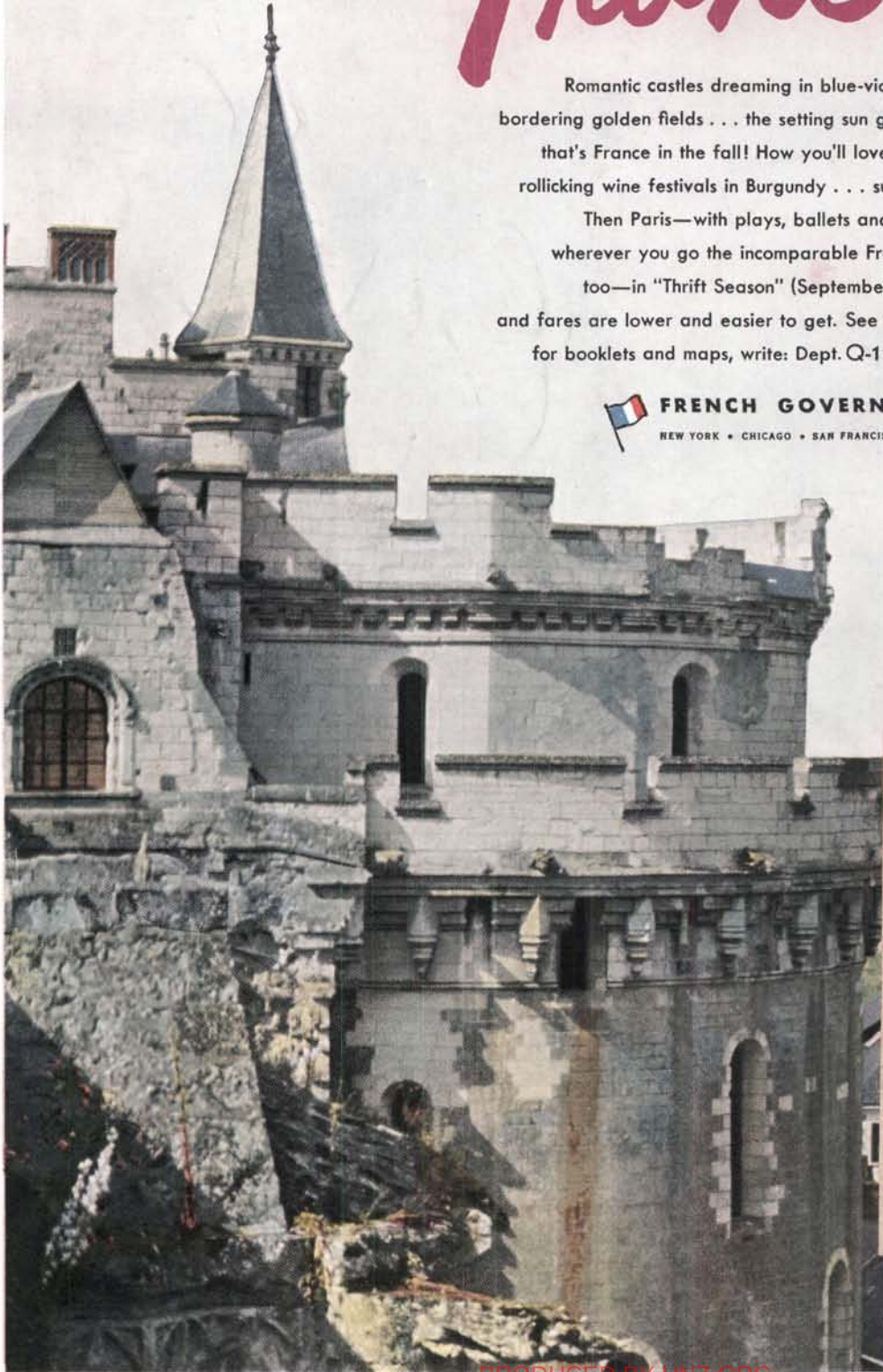


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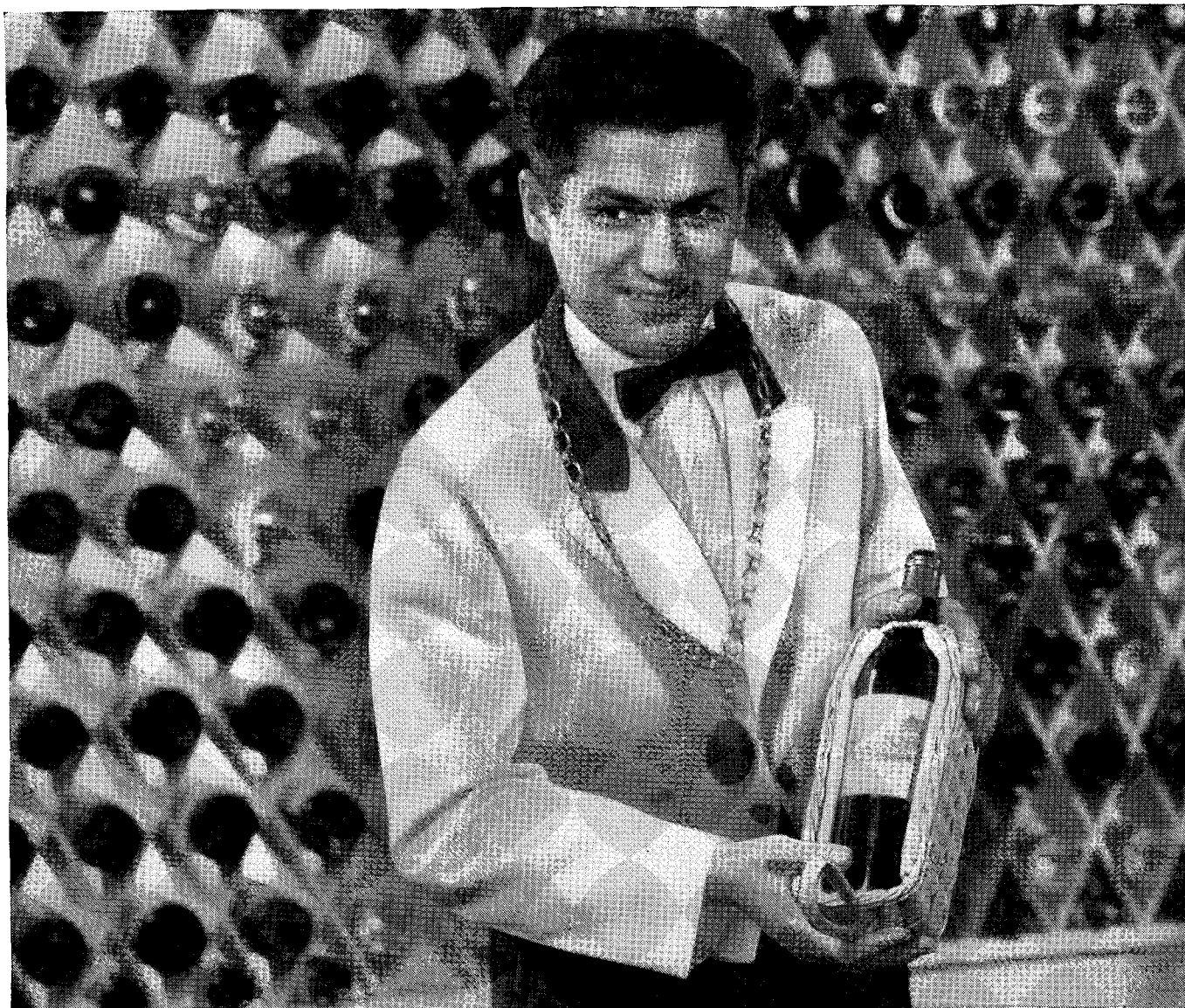
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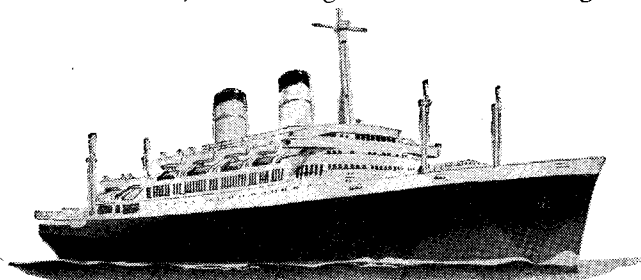
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on the World today

German Militarism

PERHAPS the most extraordinary phenomenon in the post-war history of Western Germany has been the deliberate attempt to de-Prussianize and de-militarize its 48 million inhabitants. It was obvious in the removal of the Federal Republic's capital away from the potato fields of Brandenburg at Berlin to the vineyards of the Rhine at Bonn. It was evident in the person who emerged as West Germany's Chancellor — Konrad Adenauer, a firmly anti-Prussian and anti-militaristic Rhinelander and one of the rare German men alive today never to have donned the field-gray army uniform of the German Reich. Above all, it was obvious in the liquidation of the *Wehrmacht*, so solidly built up some eighty years before by one of Prussia's greatest soldiers, Field Marshal Helmuth von Moltke.

Today the sweeping currents of history are re-asserting themselves. Western Germany is now in the process of re-Prussianizing and re-militarizing itself. Last June the assembled deputies of the *Bundestag* and of the provincial *Länder* parliaments voted almost unanimously, and against the express wish of Adenauer, to turn their backs on Bonn, and to make the pilgrimage to Berlin, in order to re-elect their much loved "*Bundespa-pa*," Theodor Heuss, to the presidency of the Federal Republic.

The shadow of the Wehrmacht

There has been a significant shift in the once vehemently anti-militaristic attitude of most West German citizens. In March, 1950, a poll was conducted to test the reactions of West Germans to the idea of compulsory military service. Of those consulted 55 per cent declared themselves opposed to it; 15 per cent had no opinion, while only 30 per cent were for it. Last November the same poll was re-

peated. This time only 31 per cent declared themselves opposed to it, 19 per cent had no opinion, and 50 per cent were for it.

This noteworthy change in West German public opinion has been the result of intense and assiduous spadework carried on in the shadow of Western Germany's noisy industrial recovery by thousands of German veterans in all walks of life — spadework that has been encouraged, coördinated, and in many cases even financed by what has been for almost four years a semiofficial Ministry of War.

This organization, which has become the brain and the nerve center of German rearmament, dates from the panic-stricken months that followed the outbreak of the Korean War. In Bonn, as in Washington, everyone in the autumn of 1950 was afraid that what had just happened in Korea was about to be repeated in Germany. A few weeks after René Pleven first outlined the plan that has since grown into the complex and controversial European Defense Community project, the Adenauer government set up a special bureau for military affairs immediately responsible to the Chancellor's office.

The direction was entrusted to a 43-year-old former union official and Christian Democratic deputy from the Ruhr called Theodor Blank who during World War II had been in command of a *Panzerjaeger* company. As Western Germany at the time was still subject to the Allied veto on rearmament, the new office could not be dignified with the title of a Federal Ministry. With characteristic Teutonic brevity, therefore, it was called the *Dienststelle des Bundeskanzlers für die der Vermehrung Allierten Truppen zusammenhängenden Fragen* (the Federal Chancellor's Office for Questions Relating

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

to the Increase of Allied Troops). In practice, however, most Germans refer to it more succinctly as the *Dienststelle Blank* — the Blank Office.

The Blank Office employs some 600 former officers and civilians in Bonn, while another 200 are attached to the permanent staff of the projected EDC which has its headquarters at the Palais de Chaillot in Paris. The Bonn headquarters of the Blank Office are a group of temporary wooden barracks and a red brick house situated, ironically enough for a somewhat hush-hush organization, right behind the fortress-like school building which houses the Federal Republic's Press and Information Office. Tucked away in the desk drawers are the "secret" plans governing the rearmament of Western Germany. They call for the creation of a German army of some 380,000 men, to be organized into 12 divisions (six of them infantry, four of them armored, and two of them armored-infantry divisions, of about 13,000 men each); of a small air force of some 80,000 men and 1300 planes; and of a tiny navy of 20,000 men, limited to vessels not exceeding 1500 tons.

The build-up of this military force will take two years, and will require the services of some 60 former generals, 20,000 officers (old and new), and from 100,000 to 150,000 veteran noncoms. The rest of the West German army's manpower will have to come from the draft. As it is, close to 150,000 applications for voluntary enlistment in the projected armed forces have already been received by the officials in the Blank Office.

The veterans' organizations

Such martial enthusiasm for an organization that has yet to blow its first bugle call might seem extraordinary in any country but Germany, where the military tradition is so deeply embedded in the fiber of the people as to constitute a national religion. But even here it is a tribute to the remarkable preparatory work carried out by hundreds of veterans' clubs and associations all over the country. The scale of this work may be gauged by the fact that the most active of these organizations, the *Verband Deutscher Soldaten* (the League of German Soldiers), which corresponds roughly to our American Legion, has 340 branch associations and clubs all over Western Germany. And this is not to mention the 450 traditional regimental associations.

Of these veterans' organizations the largest and the most democratic in spirit is the *Heimkehrer Verband* (the League of Homecomers), which boasts some 500,000 members, of which 120,000 are women.

But this mass organization is anything but typical, and it has never been particularly active. Far more effective have been such restricted closed cast groups as the elite officer corps association, the *Stahlhelm*, with some 6000 members, or the *Kufhäuser*, with some 10,000. While many of these antedate the Hitlerian epoch, a disturbing number of them are products of Nazidom and take pride in continuing to call themselves, in almost open defiance of the Bonn authorities, by such titles as "The Hermann Goering Panzer Division" and "The Führer Body Guard."

Military magazines

The proliferation of such military associations in Western Germany has been accompanied by a plethora of military publications. Today there are no fewer than twenty — more than flourished at the time of Adolf Hitler. The ostensible purpose of many of these magazines is to provide *Wehrmacht* veterans with news of the return of comrades whom they had given up as lost on the eastern front or as having died in Siberia. But such information is necessarily scant, and in practice it is limited to one or two pages in the center of the magazine.

The rest of the magazine, as in the case, for example, of *Der Front Soldat Erzählt* (The Doughboy Speaks) or of *Viking Ruf* (The Viking Call), the organ of the SS, is made up of articles and photographs glorifying the heroic exploits of the *Wehrmacht* on the dust-bound plains of the East, in the snow-covered hills of the Ardennes, in the rugged mountains of Italy or the Balkans, or on the rocky coasts of Crete.

Such publications serve more than anything else to preserve the nostalgia for wartime heroism and excitement. But this is not true of all the German military publications, some of which, like *Die Wehrtechnische Hefte* (The Military-technical Journal) and *Wehrkunde* (Military Science), are aimed at keeping their reading public abreast of the latest developments in the field of military, naval, and air tactics and strategy.

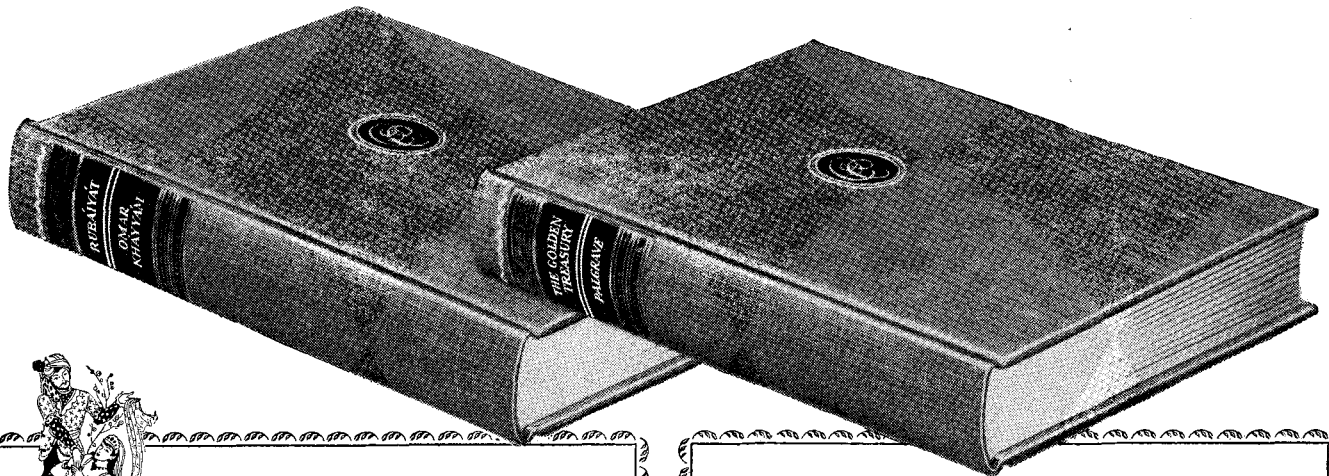
Students with sabers

While the tramp of nailed boots can no longer be heard on the cobblestone streets of old university towns like Marburg, Heidelberg, or Göttingen, in the last two or three years there has been a significant comeback of the combative activities of the old student corporations. In the immediate post-war years they languished, for the universities were then crammed with veterans who had seen all they wanted of the horrors of war during four, five, or six

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years on the eastern front, and who felt no need to induce a mock heroism in themselves by slashing at each other with sabers.

But gradually the veterans have left the universities and their places have been taken by younger students, who never served in an army and who never went to the front. Sabers have once again made their appearance along with torchlight processions and nocturnal dueling. Once again it is not uncommon to see students with the familiar saber scars on their cheeks, an outward mark of student honor.

Rebirth of Nazism?

Some observers are afraid that the re-creation of German divisions will bring hundreds of unrepentant former Nazis to the top once again. But this is not necessarily bound to happen. All of the former *Wehrmacht* officers already serving in the Blank Office have been carefully screened, and it can no doubt boast of harboring fewer Nazis than the Ministries of Housing and of Refugees, both of which are headed up by individuals of a highly dubious past.

The officials of the Blank Office claim that the recruiting of future officers for the military build-up will be carried out according to the same strict standards, and that preference will automatically be given to those who have adopted a "positive" attitude towards West German democracy and who have made a go of it in civilian jobs. Considerable importance is also attached in these official circles to the fact that, if and when the European Defense Community sees the light of day, all future German officers will be trained in "European" military academies, where the working language will be French.

The German army, furthermore, was never a particular hotbed of Nazism. It was in its ranks, indeed, that Adolf Hitler and his supporters encountered some of their most determined adversaries. The presence at the head of the Blank Office of men like General Adolf Heusinger, former member of the General Staff who is now director of the Army Planning Division, General Hans Speidel, Rommel's Chief of Staff who now heads the German Liaison Section in Paris, and Colonel Count Adolf von Kielmannsegg, who is in charge of the Blank Office's Political Section, is re-

assuring. For all three were involved in the July 20th conspiracy against Hitler and narrowly escaped with their lives.

Gehlen's cloak-and-dagger boys

The danger of a large-scale rise to power of unregenerate Nazis is likely to become serious only if the Gehlen Organization should be transformed into the Intelligence Department of the new German armed forces. This privately formed and operated organization takes its name from its chief, Brigadier General Reinhardt Gehlen, who headed the Russian Section of German Army Intelligence during World War II. In three years he has succeeded in building up a remarkable world-wide network of spies, agents, and informers, which he has placed at the unofficial disposition of Chancellor Adenauer.

Many of these agents are ex-Nazis who either have been living a more or less underground existence in Western Germany or have taken refuge abroad. The Gehlen Organization was originally financed by the United States Occupation authorities, but much of its information, gathered by globe-trotting German businessmen, is now being withheld from the Allies and used to further German economic penetration in the Middle East and South America.

There is reason to think that the heavy infiltration of the Gehlen Organization by ex-Nazis and the plans they are known to be harboring for taking over the future West German army were an important cause leading to Otto John's decision to cross through the iron curtain and to fight West German rearmament.

There is also the fear that German rearmament will feed the fires of nationalistic intransigence on such critical questions as the future status of the Saar and the right of the High Authority of the Coal and Steel Community to dictate policy in the Ruhr. Certain pessimists are, in fact, convinced that German rearmament, if undertaken now when the Community is barely a year and a half old, will kill all hopes of bringing the reluctant and stiff-necked Ruhr coal and steel barons to heel. These dangers can be avoided only if vigilance is exercised by the West German government and the Occupation powers in the critical months to come.

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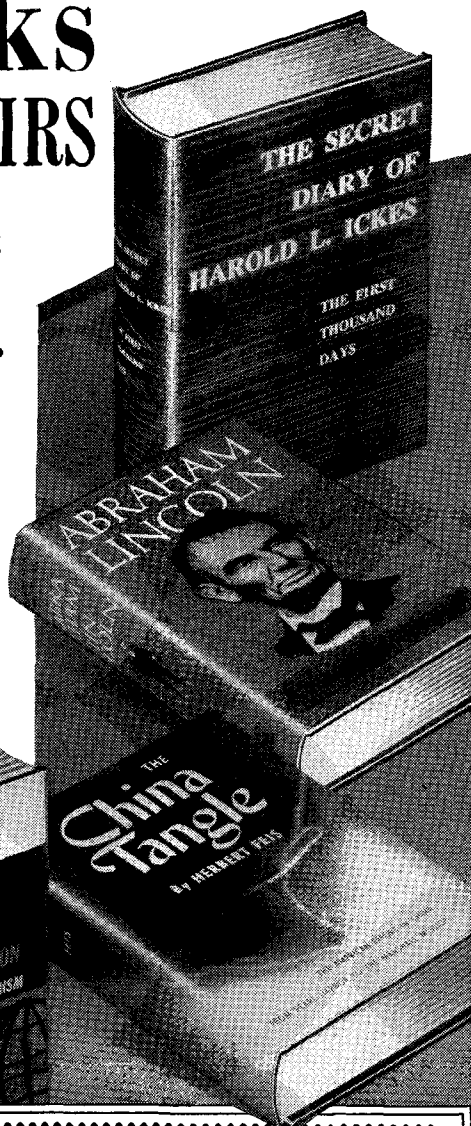
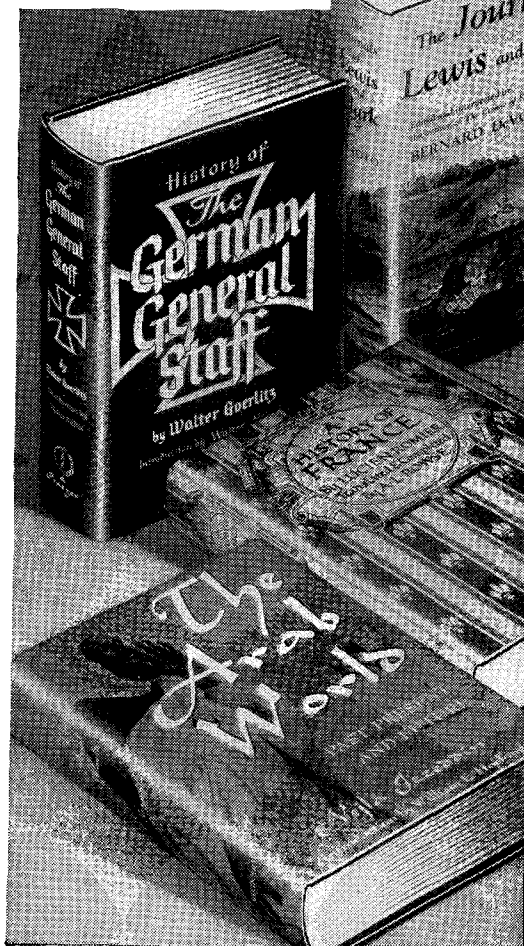
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NEXT month will disclose whether the Republican Party has passed or failed the probation period the voters dictated in 1952 by giving President Eisenhower a substantial majority of the popular and electoral vote while giving the Republican Party the sheerest of majorities in Congress. One of three things can happen. The Republicans can fail dismally; they can pass with honors; or the result can be indecisive, meaning that the voters have extended the probationary period to four years.

It is by no means as likely now as it was in February or March that the Democrats will make sweeping gains in either the House or the Senate. Then the country appeared to be slipping into a depression. Now the economic talk is increasingly, if guardedly, optimistic. It also appeared that we would be involved in a war in Indochina, but today the Republicans can claim that they not only "stopped" the war in Korea but "kept us out of war" in Indochina.

As to the second possibility, that the Republicans will convert their hairline majorities into working majorities in both houses, some Republicans are beginning to speak of election tides and cycles. They wonder aloud whether the tide which started running in 1930 for the Democrats, which F.D.R. caught in 1932, and which then reached flood stage in 1934 and 1936, may not now be duplicating itself for the Republicans. But Washington's faith in election cycles was shaken in 1948 when Harry Truman held the White House and snatched back Congress, after Congress had changed hands in 1946 in mid-term. Up until then it had been assumed that when one party captured Congress in an off-year election it would make a clean sweep two years later.

The other possibility is that the Congressional elections next month will not decide much of anything — reflecting the fact that the basic issues of war or peace, prosperity or depression, are still obscured as to their ultimate solutions. A consensus of Democratic hopes is that the Democrats will take the House by eight or ten seats but will be lucky to do more than hold their present 47 in the Senate. The Republicans, of course, do not agree that they will lose either house. The Democrats predict that

the elections will be decided on "personalities," while the Republicans hope that there will be sentiments of voter satisfaction which will cut across district, state, and sectional lines.

Safe seats

Meanwhile, a remarkably large number of Senators who have, for one reason or another, achieved national reputations will be watched with interest far beyond their states.

The Southerners, of course, are secure. Sparkman of Alabama, Russell of Georgia, and Kefauver of Tennessee, three distinct Presidential possibilities, are "in." So is McClellan of Arkansas, who charmed the liberals by his unintimidated bearing towards Senator McCarthy in the TV hearings. Almost alone, McClellan has brought back some of the Democratic good will of the pre-Alfred Smith era when Southern Democrats ipso facto were regarded as progressive. Similarly secure are Eastland of Mississippi, Ellender of Louisiana, Maybank of South Carolina, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Robertson of Virginia.

On the Republican side, the list of "safe" seats is sooner exhausted. They include Margaret Chase Smith of Maine — who so handily won her primary against a McCarthy protégé — Schoeppel of Kansas, and Bridges of New Hampshire, who shows no bruises despite publicity given to his relations with Chiang Kai-shek. Ferguson of Michigan is rated safe since the untimely death of Blair Moody.

Touch and go

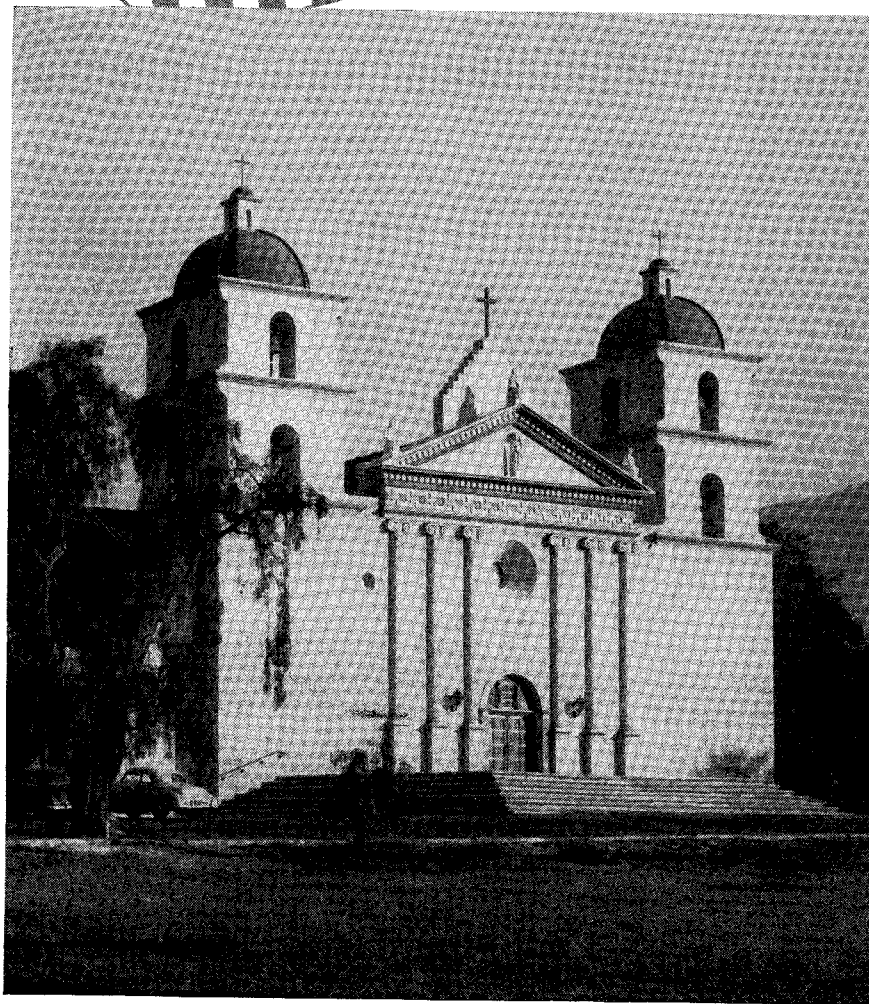
But Saltonstall of Massachusetts has a race against former Representative Foster Furcolo even though the Democrats rate Furcolo as weak. And John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky will have trouble, the Capital hears, defeating Alben Barkley. In Oregon, Guy Cordon's position was jeopardized by the Administration's stand on public power, although his opponent, Richard L. Neuberger, has a long Republican tradition to battle against.

Democrats who will have tough fights include Douglas of Illinois, Humphrey of Minnesota, Anderson of New Mexico, Gillette of Iowa, and Mur-

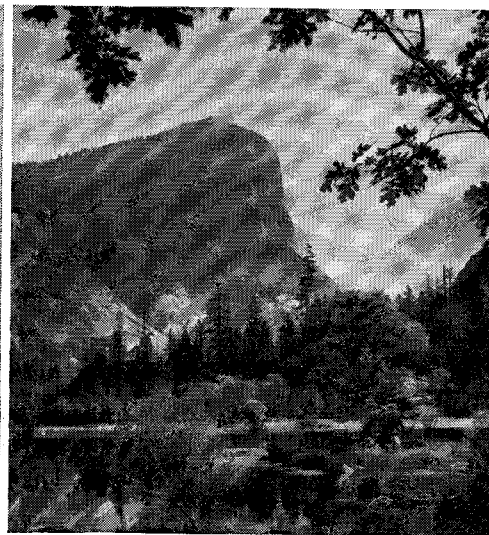
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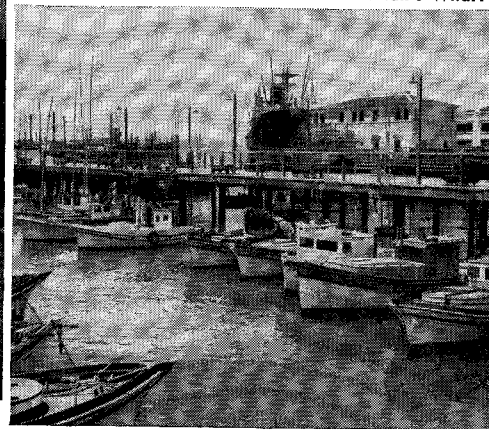


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ray of Montana — all, though, given an edge. Theodore Francis Green ought to be safe but he fears the McCarthy issue in heavily Catholic Rhode Island.

Both sides are hoping to pick up Senate seats in which there will be no incumbent running. Of national interest, former Representative Clifford Case is trying to stem a Democratic swing in New Jersey revealed last fall when the Democrats took the governorship. But the disclosure of former Governor Hoffman's finagling with state funds has not eased Case's job, despite his record of being opposed to and opposed by the gang that brought New Jersey Republicanism into disrepute.

Out West, former Senator Joseph O'Mahoney is likely to win the Wyoming seat vacated by his friend, Lester Hunt, who shot himself in his office. The Democrats also are given an edge to keep the Colorado seat Senator Ed Johnson is vacating to run for Governor. But the Republicans count on ousting Senator Burke of Ohio from the old Taft place and substituting Representative George Bender. The Republicans also are favored to retain the Nebraska seat in which Senators Griswold and Butler died.

Same old weapons

Most Democrats expect the Administration to use every economic and other aid to build Republican popularity to a peak on election day. It is similar to the old Democratic "build-up."

"We're being sandbagged with our own weapons," one senior Democratic Senator puts it. Among them he ruefully named easier housing credit, more social security coverage and higher benefits, and tax cuts applied selectively where the complaints are loudest — to working mothers, parents of college students, families with high medical bills, the aged on small incomes, farmers with partner sons.

Eisenhower's balance sheet

President Eisenhower came into office wishing to avoid contention, hoping that Congress naturally would do the needful. Towards the end of the session he was increasingly availing himself of the conventional executive means of influencing Congress, including control of patronage.

The President won on the farm bill. Next year the Republicans will have an opportunity to show whether flexing farm prices will curb government financial losses in acquiring and disposing of farm surpluses, or whether there is no choice between continuing farm gluts and the Brannan plan of apportioning production.

The new "Benson Act" contained authority to experiment for four years with direct production payments to woolgrowers so that the American product may sell at the open market price set by imported wool rather than accumulate in government warehouses. This method of subsidizing agriculture was the element in the Brannan plan that attracted most criticism, although it was not original with Secretary Brannan and was not the chief feature of his plan. Inclusion of this authority in a Republican farm bill emphasized the non-partisan nature of the farm problem.

The President won on his tax bill. Truman and Snyder tried to get Congress to rationalize a harum-scarum accumulation of often conflicting tax laws. Congress turned them down. Eisenhower and Humphrey renewed the request for tax revision. Congress gave them most of what they wanted, and numerous taxpayers will gain.

The President won on the atomic energy bill, although the victory was clouded by an ugly fight between public and private power. The contract for no-risk, private financing of a power plant to furnish power to the AEC will dog the Republicans through the election. Underneath, solid progress was made towards opening up the peaceful uses of atomic energy. The President also won in getting Senate approval of United States participation with Canada on the St. Lawrence Seaway, and in broadening coverage under social security.

The President lost on a proposal for a modest Federal reinsurance plan to enable private health and hospitalization groups to offer meaningful coverage to persons of low income. Nobody in Washington believed the issue was dead. Continuing scandals in fly-by-night private health insurance schemes may lead to compulsory Federal health insurance unless corrected.

The President failed to get statehood for Hawaii or the franchise for

18-year-olds, and he suffered a severe setback on the reciprocal trade program. He appointed the Randall Commission to make the identical study numerous earlier commissions had made looking towards substituting trade for aid. In the end he settled for a one-year extension of the present law.

Brave talk of coming back to fight again was rendered less than convincing by executive action increasing the tariff on Swiss watches. As the fall election approached, there were warnings that Japan's economic survival could not be counted on, and a governors' study committee appointed to report to the President was openly suggesting that Japan trade more in the Red orbit.

Also disturbing to many was the failure to modify the concepts of superior and inferior national origins retained in the post-war McCarran re-writing of the basic immigration law. But some temporary relief was afforded by relaxing interpretation of the short-term refugee act.

Aftermath of Indochina

As the nation faced towards November, remarkably little of an unpleasant nature was being said about the foreign situation by the Republicans at least. The memory of our close brush with war over Indochina — which responsible Senators heard was avoided only because the President chose to listen to his brother, Milton Eisenhower, in preference to official advisers — faded like an image on a television screen when the current is turned off.

Some people entertained the curious theory that since the French never formally asked us to intervene, we therefore could not have considered intervening — hence, the whole episode was an ugly dream. Along with this attempt to explain away an unpleasantness by pretending it never existed went a more wholesome interpretation. This was that Indochina represented the final break with colonialism, that henceforth our relations with the emerging independent nations of Asia and Africa would not be compromised by nineteenth-century attitudes on the part of our Western allies.

A special lesson for America herself was being read into the Indochina

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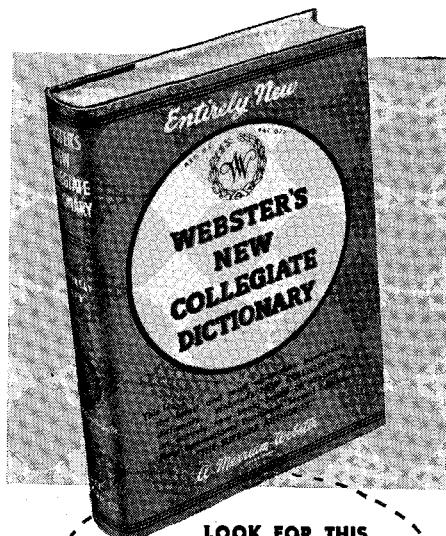
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disaster. Many felt that the United States did not carry out "massive retaliation" because it had neglected to keep its military power in balance with its political commitments. For months, General Matthew B. Ridgway, the Army Chief of Staff, former Far East and former European commander, has been saying that the two are dangerously out of kilter and that, with the ultimate weapons canceling each other out, future wars will be decided by armed manpower. In Ridgway's view, an army of one million men stretched from Berlin to Tokyo cannot deter aggression everywhere that we are committed to preventing it. Either decrease the tasks assigned to the Army to perform, he argues, or increase the size of the Army.

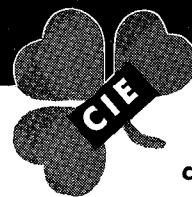
To put this view across, Ridgway has ordered the Army to wage a "dynamic" public relations campaign. But its dynamism will be considerably restrained until after the election. Then the Administration and Congress are expected to examine the Ridgway alternatives, which involve on the one hand sacrificing foreign interests and friendships, or, on the other, taking unpleasant steps in regard to stepping up the draft, cleaning the Guard and the Reserves of deadwood and draft-evaders, and getting on with civil defense and mobilization planning.

Benson's triumph

Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson has been giving an average of two major political speeches a week, and turning down nineteen speaking invitations for each one he accepts. Mr. Benson has become the hero of the hour in Washington for having been himself all along. Nominated the first month the Republicans were in office as the cabinet officer most likely to "go," he simply held to the view that high rigid price supports on a few politically defined basic crops, accounting for only a fraction of total farm income, are not an infallible guarantee of farm prosperity.

Proof might have been seen in the fact that, despite price supports, farm income had been falling since World War II except in the Korean flare-up. But certain Democrats almost persuaded the Republicans that Benson was a liability, until the House voted for "flexibility" and against "rigidity." The switch disclosed the break-

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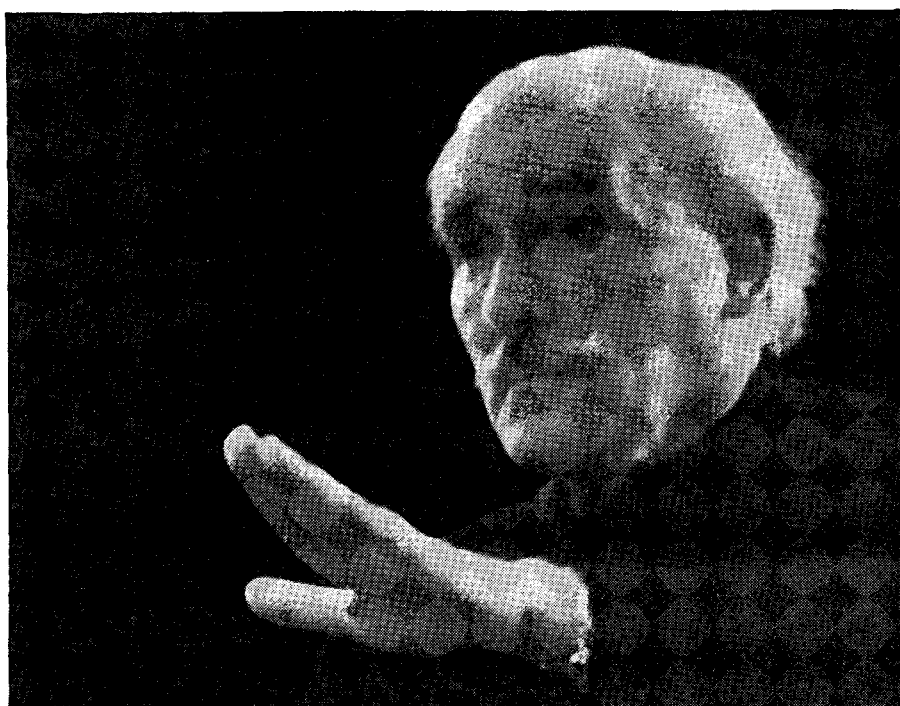
Benson still has his problems — consoling those farmers hit by the drought while rejoicing with those spared that the unevenly distributed rainfall did not make any larger surpluses. To the former he lavishly distributed a variety of disaster aids. To the latter he promised that a substantial upturn in agricultural exports was on the way, though the figures didn't show much of it yet. And he still was piling up more dairy surpluses than he could sell or give away. But even here, there was a cheerful note: total U.S. dairy production in early fall was running only 3 per cent above total consumption, as compared with 5 per cent last year.

Mood of the Capital

With Congress finally in adjournment, Washington could turn to non-controversial matters such as the exciting new Air Force Academy. The city reacted approvingly to the choice of Lieutenant General Hubert R. Harmon to be the first superintendent.

A West Point contemporary of President Eisenhower and General Bradley, General Harmon plans to model the air force school on his alma mater, but borrowing also from Annapolis and from the civilian universities. Unusual emphasis for a military school will be given to the humanities. The opportunity, as General Harmon sees it, is to build from scratch an institution paralleling the other academies, which have grown by accretion from the beginnings of the American military tradition.

Great pains were taken in the search for a proper site. Selected this summer out of hundreds of proposals was a 15,000-acre tract near Colorado Springs. Here, against the backdrop of Pike's Peak, the Academy buildings will face eastward across the Mississippi Valley with nothing higher between them and the Alleghenies. It is a site worthy, the Air Force hopes, of training the supreme air strategists who twenty-five or thirty years from now may be called on to advise whether or not to use the ultimate weapons of that day. General Harmon wants to give the Academy a good start towards training young men for that kind of role.



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3. Entries must not exceed 100 words. An individual may submit one entry only.
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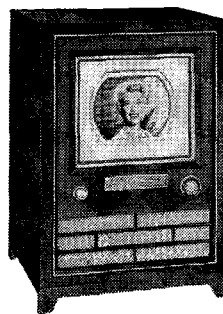
5. Judges will be John M. Conly, editor of the Atlantic feature "They Shall Have Music" and two assistants to be selected by Mr. Conly. Their decisions will be considered final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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Norway and Denmark

THREE and a half million Norwegians have only recently arrived upon the international stage and they are still not absolutely certain which they want to be — consequential or rustic. Significance has been thrust upon them and they only half like it; they want the best of both worlds, and their uncertainty punctuates their international behavior. Their early history was tied up in union with Denmark or Sweden, and their life was akin to that of the islanders off western Scotland. Then they came out from under, and in 1814 struck out grimly for their own constitution. In 1905 they achieved independence as a sovereign kingdom.

Since then the Norwegians have struggled against a profound inferiority complex and through a continuing process of increasing self-awareness. They are timorous, anxious not to be involved, carrying their attitude of “no provocation” to the limit, but in spite of a certain nervousness over the burdens of defense they are enthusiastic members of NATO. They know that whatever happens now in Norway, whatever day-to-day decisions are made, will give the shape of her future for a long time ahead.

Denmark throughout her full and liberal history has been used to sovereignty and, where necessary, has compromised with the greater strength of others. The Danes have a far keener sense of humor, are more worldly and more sophisticated than the Norwegians. Denmark is a rich agricultural country where there is always enough to eat and no need to fish the sea or dig into rock in order to live.

Neutrality was wrong

The Second World War broke rudely upon the complacency of both countries; and after a period of confusion and bewilderment, each drew the definite conclusion that neutrality was wrong, though the Danes did so with less certainty. Before this the Norwegians were not much concerned with matters of foreign policy and defense, but the persecutions and tribulations they suffered under the Nazis hardened their hearts and it will be a very long time indeed before they forget their conquerors.

Both countries believe in Scandinavian union on a cultural and practical plane, but in external affairs Denmark, Norway, and Iceland have had to go one way and Sweden and Finland the other. Sweden has no illusions about the Russians, no feeling against the Germans; Denmark and Norway, though members of NATO, have no personal antagonism against the Russians and both hate Germany. This explains why they are not more resolute.

Immediately after the war the Norwegians believed, in common with many others, that Russia, who had behaved correctly in the liberation of north Norway, would coöperate. But they soon woke up to the fact that this was a delusion and decided to throw in their lot with NATO. Denmark followed suit, and from that moment both countries turned their backs on their traditional policy of neutrality.

Norway's has been the most idealistic change-over. In joining NATO she hopes and believes that the Atlantic community will share other aspects than just that of defense, that it will become a real Atlantic world with a common foreign, economic, and social policy. To the Norwegians the defense aspect is a temporary necessity, a shield behind which the member nations can join closer together. They regret the tendency in other capitals — particularly Washington — to regard NATO as a purely military alliance. There is a risk that if the other members of NATO do not appear to share this ideal, but only pay lip-service to it, the Norwegians may turn against NATO.

In NATO, Denmark feels that she represents one of the smaller nations which can play a big part in smoothing over tricky problems and getting co-operation from the more aggressive powers. By such people as Thorkil Kristensen, chairman of a NATO subcommittee, she seeks to provide the temper of reasonableness.

Both countries dislike the idea of German re-armament; but Norway heartily fears the consequences while the Danes accept the fact that they need German divisions in Central Europe.

Toward the United States their feelings are naturally friendly and any criticisms spring from the normal sentiments of most poor relations toward a rich uncle and from the expediency of power politics. Toward Great Britain the Danes harbor an affectionate impatience, while the Norwegians feel a real affinity of habit, thought, and political view, and warm gratitude for the kindness shown them during and since the war.

How much defense?

The defense effort in both countries is reaching its limit. Norway brings to NATO the third largest merchant marine in the world — six million tons of it; a good though small air force; and a good army, though the recent effort in the Storting to extend army service from twelve months to eighteen to bring it into line with the other two services was cleverly handled by the Communists and led to a minor political crisis and a call-up situation worse than it was before.

The same dislike of militarism can be exploited in Denmark, where economic difficulties are threatening a cut in defense spending and where many Social Democrats would prefer a reduction in the period of military service to any cuts in social benefits.

Because of Norway's rugged geographical lineaments and her bare northern frontier with Russia, the Norwegians have the more difficult defense problem. Their armed forces are at their peak but they curl up like hedgehogs at any whisper of bases for NATO aircraft. No one has pressed them on this subject, and the United States and Great Britain have always taken the line that it is entirely up to them to decide, so long as they realize that without such help their defense will suffer.

The recent spy trials have shaken their complacency and shown them the nature of Russian interest. They need to be vigilant; there is plenty of cause for worry that the enemy can and will exploit the old instincts of isolationism, independence, anticlericalism, anti-imperialism.

The home front

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trade unions, reasonably smooth labor relationships, and an emphasis on co-operative and communal living. The area is a free labor market, no passports are needed, and further plans include taking joint measures in the tariff field, which they hope will give a liberal example to others.

The Norwegian Labor Government has an absolute majority, having won 77 seats out of 150 in 1953. There is a small, static rump of 8000 members of the Communist Party and no question of the country's going Communist; the stronger the Labor Party, the more conservative it becomes.

Denmark has nine political parties and the 1953 elections continued the minority government of the Social Democrats, who won 74 seats out of 179 and depend on the Liberals' 42 seats for their majority. The Liberals own the Politiken newspapers, with a circulation of 276,528, are energetically pro-NATO, and believe in the right to self-determination of the population of South Slesvig. Denmark's Communist Party, which holds 8 seats, and the Radical Liberals, with 14, represent the hard core of neutrality against NATO and military expenditure.

Both countries are governed by down-to-earth, practical, sensible people whose social policy is one of self-help and whose foreign policy maintains close connection with the West without desiring a break or avoidance of collaboration with the East. East-West trade is sought because money is short and there is little clear thinking on this subject when it touches the political aspect. The protectionist policy, embargoes, and quantitative restrictions of the United States are unpopular, and the largest part of their foreign trade is carried on with the countries in the Organization for European Economic Coöperation.

The breakdown of the Danish-Soviet trade talks because Russia demanded delivery of two oil tankers (on the embargo list) was a keen disappointment to a government which, having overspent, is faced with immediate economic difficulties, and which was hoping for an increased trade outlet and an advantage in bargaining with Great Britain.

Denmark is basically a rich country, of necessity liberal in her trade

outlook, and, given a chance and some easing of the currency restrictions, she should look forward to a fair economic future. Norway, on the other hand, is economically a poor country of rock, water, and wood. Norwegian shipping is her insurance against poverty, but it is a vulnerable industry at the mercy of world trade conditions. From the sea the Norwegians pull and export millions of tons of fish a year; from the soil they scratch what farming they can; from their forests they cut lumber; and underground they are rehabilitating the mining industry after its war-time neglect.

The Norwegians are building new houses, wide-windowed and colorful, strictly utilitarian, designed for the remarkable northern climate when for eight to nine months it is dark winter. Thanks to the Gulf Stream the fjords in the west and north are never ice-bound but the long darkness has a profound effect on the people and their ability to work.

The Midnight Sun

With the exception of the Eskimos in northwestern Greenland and in the American polar archipelago, no human beings live so far north as those in northern Norway. The Land of the Midnight Sun is fascinating but depressing. The Russians are far too near. Here are the largest percentage of Communists; here the population feel themselves cut off and wide open to attack. It is Norway's greatest domestic problem and the government has been wise to tackle it through an ambitious North Norway Plan which will concentrate on improving communications, on setting up iron and steel and other industries to provide another livelihood than fishing, and on bringing the North into line with the South.

In her northern territories, Denmark also has met her obligations. The Faroes enjoy the free and independent status of home rule, while Greenland, whose growing importance in connection with air and meteorological services is not to be underestimated, is administered by the Danish state.

The Danes are true Continentals; gay, active, industrious, sporting, full of humor, they pedal happily all over the road at all ages. They are a highly civilized people, admirably or-

ganized and educated, blending in their state a rare combination of individual freedom and collective unity. Theirs is no wild landscape but a countryside which is as carefully cultivated as a pleasant garden. Their culture is more European than Scandinavian, their literature ranging from the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen to the philosophical profundities of Kierkegaard.

Norway's culture is struggling in conflict between the past and the present, between mystical contact with Nature — the legends and folk songs, myths and fairy tales of their strange mountains and lakes — and the encroaching responsibilities of the present day. Their towns exist on sufferance while Nature grips the rest. The Norwegians are personally modest but nationally braggart; they have little or no sense of humor.

The great sculptor Vigeland's statues of human beings in eternal contest with Nature have a strength and virility which become the nation, but the reaction against a stern insistence on reality has already begun and every trend of modern art finds its supporters among contemporary artists.

While the "intellectual" composer is poorly represented, the composer who draws his inspiration from native sources is in the majority. Concert life flourishes and there is hardly a restaurant, large or small, which does not boast a violinist, a pianist, or an orchestra.

Both countries are guilty of materialism, and some of the intangibles of life have undergone a change for the worse — a consequence of war. Spiritual values are not positively part of life, not something to be warmly felt and debated as they are in Italy, France, India. Divorce is frequent; the church is puritan, nonconformist, and fails to be a living, revitalizing force. The intrinsic spirit of the people seems to come out more truly in their industrial design and handcraft. Silver, porcelain, furniture, textiles, all show the natural good taste of a simplicity which grows from a deeply rooted national romanticism. Through artistic simplification and accent on form and color it seems that these two sturdy nationalities are trying to reach a concentrated expression of spiritual experience.

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trusted to the Church... that the Church is their preserver and interpreter... that they must, as Clement said, be interpreted "according to the Church's rule." Writing in the second century about Polycarp, who lived in the first, Irenaeus said: "The things which he had learned from the Apostles he uniformly taught and delivered to the Church, and these things alone are true."

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FOR the 2 million citizens of Rome and for 47 million Italians, 1954 is likely to be remembered as a scandal-ridden year in which the prestige of democracy and governmental instability reached a new post-war low. While the Wilma Montesi case has certainly been the most sensational to have erupted in the Italian capital in years, the fact is that it has only been one of several scandals.

Early last summer, for example, one of those numerous aging palaces that form part of the Eternal City's special ancestral charm — the Palazzo Vitelleschi — caved in, killing several masons who happened to be at work in the interior. The ensuing investigation revealed that the building had long ago been condemned as unsafe for human habitation. However, since it belonged to a cabinet minister for whom it was a source of revenue, permission had been obtained to have a couple of new floors for apartments added on top of it; and, strangely enough, the contract for this particular piece of work had been granted to the architect son of the Mayor of Rome.

Such unsavory examples of corruption and nepotism in the highest circles of government have inevitably increased that inborn skepticism with which the Italians, like any Latin people, tend to treat politics and politicians. This skepticism today particularly embraces the Christian Democratic Party, which has been in power uninterruptedly for more than eight years.

Christian Democratic split

The disclosures have come at an exceedingly awkward moment for the Christian Democratic Party, which for more than a year has found itself being increasingly split into left-wing and right-wing factions over what its future domestic policy should be.

In fact, this crisis has been brewing for years. But as long as the party was without any question the dominant political group in the peninsula, as it was from 1948 down to June, 1953, when it enjoyed the support of 48 per cent of the electorate and had an absolute majority of 306 deputies in an Assembly of 590, the crisis never came to a head. Disagreement

within the party there was; but underlying it was a tacit agreement not to push differences of opinion to the point of destroying the party's fragile unity and its hold on political power.

In the elections of June, 1953, the Christian Democratic Party lost some 2 million votes in the country and 44 seats in the Assembly. Since then the Christian Democrats have had to seek support for a governmental majority either from the left, by allying themselves with the 38 deputies of the Liberal, Republican, and Social Democratic splinter groups, or from the right, by allying themselves with the 39 Monarchists or the 29 Neo-Fascists of the lower chamber. The party has been forced to make a cruel choice, which the late Alcide de Gasperi managed to avoid during his seven years as Premier, between a genuinely left-wing and right-wing social policy.

Poverty in Italy

In giving Togliatti's Communists and Nenni's Socialists 1.5 million more votes than they had won in 1948, the elections of 1953 offered an unmistakable warning signal that a policy of ingenious temporization, no matter how subtly pursued, could not be carried on forever, and that one day a more determined and drastic policy would have to be introduced to cope with Italy's increasingly serious social situation.

This warning was dramatically underlined just one month after the elections with the publication in July of last year of the Vigorelli Report — the result of the first full-scale parliamentary investigation into the conditions of poverty ever to have been made in Italy. It had vaguely been known that Italy suffered from a chronic blight of some 2 million unemployed, with another million partially unemployed. With a series of appalling statistics, the Vigorelli Report brought home to everyone just what these figures really mean.

Among other things, it revealed that no less than 22 per cent of the Italian people today live in improper habitations or overcrowded houses, that 2 per cent live in cellars and another 1 per cent in caves, that 7.5 per cent of the population are so

poor that they cannot afford to buy meat, sugar, or wine, that 70 per cent of the children born into poorer families in Sicily die in their first year, that in southern Italy the average work span for agricultural laborers is just 78 days a year, and that for Italy as a whole the agricultural work span averages only 110 days.

One result of the publication of this report was to give new strength and determination to the progressive wing of the Christian Democratic Party, called the Movement of Democratic Initiative, which believes that drastic social changes are necessary to prevent the Communists from making further serious advances, particularly among the impoverished peasants of southern Italy. It was this wing of the party, led by its dynamic leader, Amintore Fanfani, which precipitated the first serious crisis in the Christian Democratic Party last December, by withdrawing its confidence from the then Premier, Giuseppe Pella.

Pella has always been the advocate of strict financial orthodoxy. As de Gasperi's Finance Minister he won the reputation of being the "bulwark of the lira" for his uncompromising demand for a stable currency and a balanced budget. But the price of such an inflexible policy can easily be unemployment.

The rise of the progressives

As early as 1949, when he was Minister of Labor in de Gasperi's fifth cabinet, Fanfani fell out with Pella over this issue, and resigned when he could not get his way. As a result, de Gasperi's sixth cabinet did not include a single member of the Fanfani wing of the party, which at that time was in the minority. The most important development in the Christian Democratic Party since then has been the gradual emergence of this wing as the dominant political group in the party.

It was first evident in the summer of 1953, when de Gasperi appointed Fanfani Minister of the Interior in his short-lived post-election cabinet — the first clear indication that here was the man who was being groomed to become his successor. It was made even clearer last December, when Fanfani, after engineering Pella's fall, was called upon to form the next Christian Democratic government.

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Though he failed, Fanfani came out of the attempt with undiminished prestige in the party. On the eve of de Gasperi's fall, last January, the Premier rose in Parliament to plead in favor of Fanfani. De Gasperi's speech did not save Fanfani, but it meant that the weight of the party's most respected and influential politician was officially behind him.

At the party's Fifth Congress, which was held in Naples from June 26 to 29, Fanfani and his supporters, with the blessing of de Gasperi, made a clean sweep of all the conservative veterans of the older generation. They were replaced by representatives of the Democratic Initiative, who today constitute 70 per cent of the party's membership and 50 per cent of its deputies in both houses of Parliament.

Fanfani and social reform

This dynamic 45-year-old Tuscan is in some respects for Italy what Mendès-France is for France. Like his French contemporary, Fanfani is a forthright man who knows just what he wants and who makes no bones about saying it openly. His notable triumph at the Congress in Naples is a tribute to his tireless grassroots work within the party during the last year.

A brilliant student in his youth, Fanfani was made Professor of Economics at the Catholic University of Milan when he was just twenty-eight years old. It was there that he founded the Democratic Initiative Movement with his two friends, Giorgio La Pira, the flamboyant mayor of Florence who has been compared with St. Francis of Assisi and with Savonarola, and Giuseppe Dossetti, for many years a Christian Democratic deputy, who recently retired from politics and went back to teaching economics at the University of Bologna.

Like Mendès-France, Fanfani has long been a champion of bold economic and social reforms, but he has never been a political lone wolf. Having served in different governments as Minister of Labor, Agriculture, and the Interior, he has had considerable ministerial experience.

A man of proverbial stamina, capable of living for days on little more than apples and cat naps, he first achieved fame as Minister of Labor in de Gasperi's fourth and fifth cabinets

by wearing down the resistance of management and labor disputants in round-the-clock conferences that went on for days. He also launched an energetic program of cheap housing for workers, jointly financed by workers, employers, and the government, whereby tens of thousands of "Fanfani houses" have been constructed.

Togliatti's subtle maneuver

The great dilemma now facing Fanfani and the Christian Democrats is how progressive steps to succor the workers and the unemployed can be undertaken without involving the party and the church in compromising alliances with the Communists. Though the Catholic Labor Movement, which Fanfani was instrumental in launching some years ago, has made considerable progress recently, the fact remains that the great majority of workers are still either Togliatti Communists or Nenni Socialists. Anyone wishing to espouse the workers' cause, therefore, naturally finds himself, willingly or not, allied with the Communists and the Socialists.

The more socially-conscious Italian Catholics have not allowed this to deter them from favoring the workers in their fight with management, when they thought their cause was just. But there are other equally influential Italian Catholics who regard any such alliance with the Communists, no matter how transient or accidental, as an unholy pact with the devil.

It is precisely to exploit this embarrassing situation that Palmiro Togliatti, who is probably the subtlest Communist leader in Western Europe today, has recently taken up the cry "The Church with us!" and begun to expound the fantastic theory that Christ and Marx were really preaching the same social message. The aim of this maneuver is obvious: to increase the suspicions and the uncompromising reactionary attitude of the right-wing Catholic "Integrists" and to put them at loggerheads with the champions of progressive reforms, thereby widening the already dangerous split within the Christian Democratic Party and the church.

Much in this latent conflict between right and left will depend on the attitude finally adopted by the Vatican, which has had and will continue to have considerable influence on the formulation of Christian Democratic

policy in Italy. Up until his grave illness of last February, Pope Pius XII was understood to be favorably disposed toward bold social initiatives. But since then there have been signs that the more ultramontane members of the Sacred College have come to exercise an unprecedented influence over the actions of His Holiness.

Italy's new oil industry

In practical economic terms, the conflict between left and right in the Christian Democratic Party is likely to center upon the future of Italy's oil industry.

At the Christian Democratic Congress in Naples last June, a special report on the nation's long-range industrial needs was presented by Ezio Vanoni, one of the party's leading economists and Scelba's Minister of the Budget. The report estimated that no less than 4 million new jobs must be found in the next ten years: 1 million alone to absorb an expanding population which increases by some 250,000 a year; 1.3 million to absorb the major part of the unemployed (which would leave a margin of some 800,000 "frictionally" unemployed, or 4 per cent of the total of the nation's jobholders); and another 1.7 million to give work to partially employed farm laborers.

The question is: How can so many jobs be created in a country which is not wealthy in mineral resources, particularly not in iron and coal? Furthermore, where are the massive amounts of capital going to come from which will be needed to finance such an ambitious program? Certainly it will take far more than the modest \$175 million which the Italian government last year granted the Cassa per il Mezzogiorno (an autonomous agency like TVA) for road and dam construction, land reclamation, and tourist development in Sicily, Sardinia, and the backward provinces of Puglia and Calabria.

One answer which is now being considered in the highest Italian governmental circles is the possibility of pushing forward in the exploitation of the country's hitherto untapped oil resources. At the present time the natural gas industry in the Po Valley is the most rapidly advancing major industry in Italy. Last year, where the output of hydroelectric power increased by some 9 per cent, that of

natural gas jumped by 60 per cent. The existence of this important source of energy in the north has led certain American geologists to the conclusion that Italy is sitting on an oil reservoir that is potentially the greatest in Western Europe. One American company is prepared to invest \$100 million in immediate prospecting.

So far, the only place in Italy where sizable prospecting is being carried out and where oil has actually been discovered is Sicily. Four foreign petroleum companies have already taken out concessions there. One of them, the Gulf Oil Company, struck oil with the first shaft it sank.

What has encouraged these foreign concerns to go ahead here is the favorable legislation introduced by the autonomous Sicilian Parliament in Palermo to attract foreign investment in 1949. But on the mainland the situation is entirely different. Here all natural gas and petroleum operations are controlled by the state-owned AGIP (Associazione Generale Italiana Petrolifera), which since last year has enjoyed a virtual monopoly. Its director is Enrico Mattei, a bustling, ambitious former partisan leader, who, not content to control all oil operations on the peninsula, has recently allied himself with the Communists in Sicily in an attempt to get the existing legislation there reversed.

Mattei is determined to maintain the nationalization of Italy's oil operations which has kept foreign companies out of the mainland. In this he has the support of a considerable number of deputies who, for one reason or another, are dependent on his patronage. Until recently both Vanoni and Fanfani were known to be fairly favorable to Mattei. But both are now understood to have begun to harbor doubts about the wisdom of continuing to protect a home industry that has neither the capital nor the technicians necessary to embark on full-scale expansion.

Last year, for example, AGIP got just \$20 million to finance its new developments — or about one fifteenth of the sum that was poured into the development of Canada's Saskatchewan basin. At that rate Italy might have to wait ten or fifteen years before beginning to get appreciable results. The question is: Can she afford to wait that long?



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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Anonymous Psychiatrist

SIR:

The writer of the two articles "A Psychiatrist's Choice" and "Psychiatry and Spiritual Healing" (July and August *Atlantic*) has presented his case eloquently and perhaps too adequately. This writer feels that some qualifications are in order.

Workers in mental illness have long abandoned such absolute terms as *normal, cure, recovery*. They speak now of *favorable milieu, social recovery, hospital adjustment*. Behind such guarded terms one recognizes the implicit fact that available means of treatment do not produce cures. At best they represent palliatives aimed at symptomatic relief and control of disturbances such that the patient will be enabled to adjust to the community, his home, or his ward. In professional circles there is no pretense that these techniques lead to a recovery in the medical sense.

On the positive side, this much can be said for the somatic remedies. In selected cases, they do help to reduce symptoms and facilitate a return by the patient to the community. Often the patient is able to resume his life as before the illness. But equally often he is merely a shadow of his former self, even when he does manage to adjust to the home. He is not cured. He has only been helped to live with his illness.

Available research to date has only demonstrated that where two or more therapies are compared, statistically, neither one has been shown to be significantly better than the other; nor is either better than the spontaneous remission rate. These studies have many faults and certainly do not tell

the whole story, but the research does suggest that one must proceed with caution and avoid sweeping condemnations or glorifications of existing methods.

It is this writer's opinion that all available methods of therapy in mental illness have some usefulness if applied in the cases where indicated by existing knowledge. Their usefulness is not denied even when they are aimed at symptomatic relief rather than cure. Regardless of the treatment recommended, the therapist is obligated to present all the facts and limitations without exaggeration of either.

FRED CUTTER
Clinical Psychologist
Tacoma Park, Md.

SIR:

I am sure you will get plenty of comment on the two articles by an anonymous psychiatrist. Some of it, I fancy, will be fairly devastating.

I will leave criticism of your author's opinions to experts, but I do feel constrained to enter a protest against the anonymity. However you look at it, these articles are on highly controversial matters, and for your author to remain unknown seems to me cowardly on his part and ill-advised on the part of the *Atlantic*.

I think your readers have a right to know, in such a controversial case, whose remarks they are reading.

J. H. MEANS, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

It was with the greatest impatience that I awaited the arrival of the August *Atlantic* with its second article

by the anonymous author of "A Psychiatrist's Choice."

In his two essays the aging doctor reveals an ignorance of his own field as well as of many modern advances in closely related fields that cannot go uncommented upon.

Specifically, his expectations for "more rapid practical progress" based on purely physical methods of treatment are overoptimistic as well as unrealistic, and he pummels a straw dummy when he criticizes "psychoanalytic methods" for not emptying mental hospitals.

It is painfully evident that he overstates the amount of suffering of mental patients in order to justify the extreme "curative" measures he proposes, for there can be little doubt that the neurotic suffer more mental anguish than the great majority of the psychotic.

He does not dignify his sister field of psychology with a single reference, while sociologists and criminologists will be flabbergasted by his bland assertions concerning the future of chemical and other physical cures for the problem of criminality.

Is it the blissful state of the ignorant which prompts him to boast of the three thousand frontal lobotomies "able to leave the hospital"? Decapitation, I submit, is equally effective in emptying hospital beds and every bit as much of a "cure." Can a frontal lobe operation be called a cure when, instead of returning an active, intelligent, and spirited individual to society, it renders him a spiritless nonentity or else fails to alleviate his illness materially?

Your author paints a misleadingly optimistic picture of the effectiveness

of shock therapy, neglecting the fact that those cases which are most benefited by it (affective disorders) form a small minority of institutional cases.

He harks back to the theory of inherited abnormality as a cause for social disorder and malfunction, ignoring advances in anthropology, social psychology, and sociology.

He seems unaware of the role played by the school of interpersonal relations in psychiatry propounded by such men as H. S. Sullivan — Sullivan's definition of mental illness as a disturbance in interpersonal relations is clearly incompatible with the doctor's thinking.

In conclusion may I say that his essays are a sad commentary on the lack of communication that can exist within a discipline and between related disciplines.

THOMAS P. McGEHEE
Intern Psychologist
Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR:

The two illuminating articles on psychiatry are indeed challenging criticisms of a popular trend toward a sort of metaphysical dogmatism in psychotherapy.

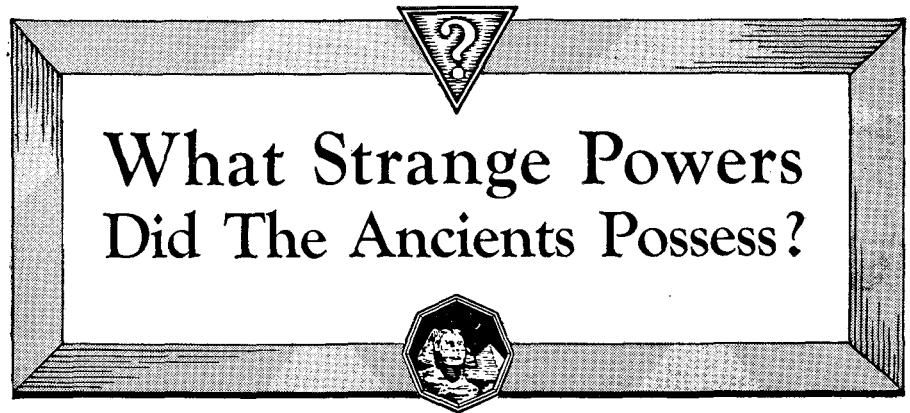
If psychiatry is still an infant science, then its one hope for real progress is in what our anonymous author calls the concrete scientific approach now demanded by medicine. Preoccupation with general ideas was the bane of all early science as it delayed experimental foundation. If psychology is but little more than chemistry was in the days of Lavoisier, we can see the weakness of mere introspection and amiable philosophizing by those who have but scant scientific and medical training. We can see the importance of our author's eloquent and eminently fair plea for a more strict medical outlook.

BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER
San Diego, Calif.

"Breaking the Star Barrier"

SIR:

It is gratifying to see the article "Breaking the Star Barrier" by Lloyd Mallan in the August *Atlantic*, which gives the Navy a great deal of credit for its achievements in rocketry. However, I feel the article neglects a large part of the Navy's rocket program which is carried on at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station, located at China Lake, California, approximately 60 miles north of the famed Edwards Air Force Base.



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

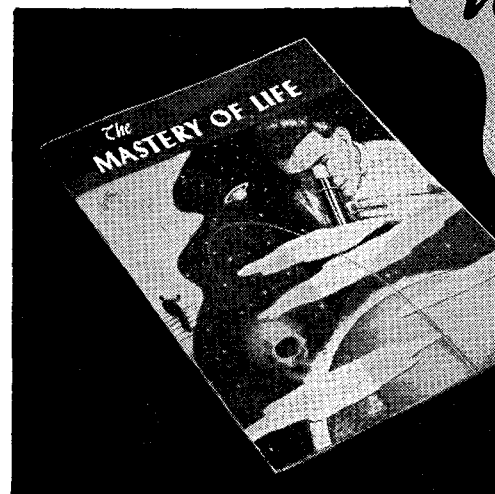
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.



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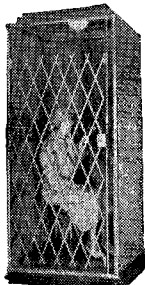
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The Naval Ordnance Test Station is engaged in the development and testing of rocket weapons and guided missiles with a complement of some 6000 military and civilian workers including scientists, engineers, and skilled artisans.

Among the accomplishments of the Station are the 5"0 HVAR and the Mighty Mouse rockets which are now in active service use. The Station's continuing activities in the development of rocket weapons may not be discussed in detail because of the security classification.

Young scientists and engineers have an opportunity here to work with such pioneers in rocketry as Bernard Smith, who is mentioned by Mr. Mallan as having artfully dodged the New Jersey State Police in his early rocket experiments. Mr. Smith no longer lives in fear of the police, but has at his disposal several hundred square miles of rocket ranges and the services of hundreds of technicians and engineers.

D. B. YOUNG, Captain, USN
*U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station,
Inyokern
China Lake, Calif.*

SIR:

I am not a science-fiction fan; in fact I didn't know I was interested in science-fiction until I read "Breaking the Star Barrier" in the August *Atlantic*. Fanciful predictions, like those *Collier's* has been running recently, have been rather remote and old-hat Jules Verne and Wells. But Mr. Mallan has made fiction come to life.

The recent Oppenheimer case has proved scientists are humans as well, and fascinating ones too. I was sorry this rocket article could not go into more details about Commander Truax, James Wyld, and those other pioneers of space. I hope you can have Mr. Mallan expand on them for future pieces.

My field, advertising, has no connection with rockets, but I feel in a matter of time all our business will be radically affected one way or another. Factual and fascinating reporting like that in "Breaking the Star Barrier" makes that very apparent — and a good reason, among many

others, for writing and thanking you for giving us this excellent article.

WILLIAM T. McKEONA
New York City

"The Illusion of Security"

SIR:

This is to thank you and George Kennan for his article "The Illusion of Security" in the August *Atlantic*. Many others must run into acquaintances, good friends, and relatives, as I do, who are seriously disturbed and sometimes emotionally upset by their aggravated views of internal subversion.

Mr. Kennan sounds a wholesome note which probably is more badly needed by Radcliffe parents than by new graduates.

ROBERT C. SMITH
Moorestown, N.J.

SIR:

It is a comfort to a Canadian reader of the *Atlantic Monthly* to know that, having a choice of commencement addresses, you have selected one which gives your neighbors a renewed faith in the capacity of your country as a whole.

MRS. M. M. BOYD
Ottawa, Canada

"The Young Poets"

SIR:

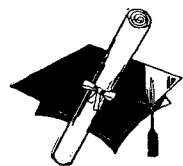
After a lifetime of restraint, I find myself forced to join the correspondents of the Editor — who doubtless has an ample supply. The occasion, "The Young Poets" in the August *Atlantic*; the task, to express my approval.

I have felt that the *Atlantic*, excellent as it is, does incline to names. If this is true, the magazine may lose the touch of dissent that new views (and voices) supply. Admittedly, the concept of dissenting poets presents difficulties, but looking through some recent issues I note that you have given ample space to established poets. Thus it is a satisfaction to read of a new feature, which will diversify your published talent and encourage it at the same time.

JAMES E. MURRIN
Chicago, Ill.

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Schools - Camps



PADDLING YOUR OWN CANOE

Every child at camp wants, of course, to paddle his own canoe. It's fun. It's also symbolic of his desire to do things on his own. But independent thinking and acting require careful cultivation. A child must have guidance, encouragement, and especially the thrill of success.

It's not the canoeing or for that matter any single sport or skill that is important . . . but the by-product of these achievements. Every parent recognizes the necessity of instilling self-confidence — and its partner, free-thinking. But not every parent is in a position to foster this development. The camp program, however, is designed to do just this job. Through group recreation and individual counseling — in a relaxed and happy atmosphere — these qualities are nurtured. And summer experiences can last a life-time.

Of course, every age presents its own problems. Certainly the child that you are sending off to school each morning is quite different from the one you hustled off last Spring. The same shoes don't fit, the sleeves are shorter, and perhaps even the activities and neighborhood companions have been outgrown. You nevertheless are facing the responsibility of providing the optimum conditions of growth . . . mental, physical, and emotional — for a personality whom at times you possibly can't even understand.

At the present rate of growth — you can't forecast what he'll be like in another ten months. However, you do know what kind of an adult you want him to become. Your own interests and opinions are formulated — and you want him to assimilate a good portion of these attitudes. Therefore, you try to control to some extent his environment and contacts — and do just this in connection with his schooling and playmates. But how careful are you when it comes to summer vacations?

With every day bringing a new adventure into a child's life, the summer vacation is as important as a whole year at school. By careful planning

you can be sure that your child will have the opportunities you want him to have.

A chance to experience the value of cooperation — to assume some responsibility — and to become self-reliant is a most worthwhile opportunity for each child. And considering world conditions it's essential.

However, there is a right camp and a wrong camp for each child. In fact, there are as many different types of camps as there are directors and directors' philosophies. Each camp has its own highlights, its own unusual advantages . . . but in all . . . the program serves as a frame of reference for the teaching of a way of life. A well-chosen camp will provide your child with the elements of character that he needs to "paddle his own canoe".

Your decision on the best camp for your child should not be made casually or in a hurry. The friends he will make, the experiences he will have will last a life-time. Camp directors will welcome your interest. If we can help with initial investigating, drop us a note. We'll gladly try to help you find the perfect answer to your child's summer.

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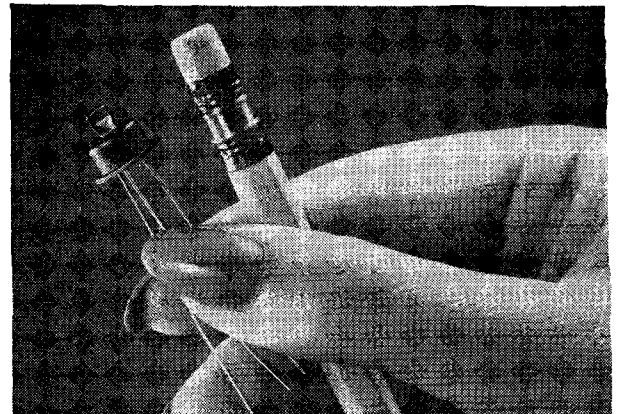
One out of every five people working at General Electric owes his job to products G. E. didn't make before 1945.

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Actually, we believe there will be more. Many exciting possibilities are predictable as we learn how to make full use of atomic energy. Another important new development will be electronic machinery which will make work easier, production swifter — and create more jobs. New uses for gas turbines promise improved air, rail and ship transportation, and better power plants for industry. Research will make home appliances even more helpful.

All these fields — and many others — are so promising that we expect to produce more in the next ten years than in all the previous 75 years of our existence. As we see it, in a free economy, America's industrial progress is not only continuing, it's rapidly accelerating.

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*Professor of American history at Harvard, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in History for his book, *The Age of Jackson*, which was published in 1945. A Jacksonian Democrat, he has been commissioned to do *The Age of Roosevelt*. His preparation for this big undertaking, as well as the outspoken anti-Communism which has won him bitter condemnation on the far left, qualifies him particularly to analyze one of the most absorbing and portentous volumes in print, the 992-page report on the Oppenheimer hearing.*

THE OPPENHEIMER CASE

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

IT is not likely that a great many people will bother to read *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer: Transcript of Hearing Before Personnel Security Board* (United States Atomic Energy Commission), though it is available for \$2.75 from the Superintendent of Documents. Its 992 pages are in the finest of the Government Printing Office's fine print; its form is meandering and discursive; its points are often confused and obscure. Yet it is a work of the greatest fascination and the highest significance. It offers an unequalled picture of the paradoxes of national security. It provides, in addition, the first authentic series of glimpses into the new, post-atomic, scientific-military world which in the past dozen years has risen behind and beyond and above lay American society.

Without our fully realizing it or their fully desiring it, this new community of weapons scientists has become in many ways the arbiter of our destinies. One regrets that no American novelist seems to have been attracted by this phenomenon; we do not even have the picture which C. P. Snow and Nigel Balchin have provided of its British counterpart. This lack of a sense of human background makes the impression which emerges from the Oppenheimer record all the more strange and shadowed. The record is not only fragmentary in its portrayal of the new technocracy; but too much of what is portrayed is unintelligible to the layman,

because of both the difficulty of the scientific ideas and the excisions of the security officer.

Yet an impression does emerge — a singular, tantalizing, incomplete impression of this new world where science and policy intersect at the point of maximum destruction; where the life and death of civilization may hang on incomprehensible equations fed into giant calculating machines; where yet the old human emotions — love, loyalty, envy, hate — are still alive and powerful. It is a world of machines and processes — cyclotrons and reactors, heavy water piles and neutron diffusion. But it is also a world of men. What sort of men are these who inhabit this world, where so little can be freely communicated save images of destruction and death?

Their names have been known long enough — Oppenheimer, Rabi, Fermi, Teller, Bethe, Bacher, Zacharias, and the rest; but they have been words in headlines, faces flashing by in newsreels, the agents of catastrophic but vague experiments in distant places, shadowy magicians of the atomic age. One merit of the Oppenheimer transcript is that it presents these men to us in action, and not so much as scientists, impersonal and unchallengeable, but as human beings, involved in the inquiry into the loyalty and security of the one among them who more than any other was considered by the public to be their archetype and their leader. Inquisition both reveals and diminishes them. At the same

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time, it admits sharp light (too much, according to some specialists in security) into those debates in the back rooms which may already, by now, have shaped the future or non-future of civilization.

2

THE scientists, it must be said, have long resented the secrecy in which they must live; that is one of the counts the state has against them. One feels almost, at moments, that the final struggle of our time will be between the scientists and the security officers — between those whose business it is to discover and propagate truth, and those whose business it is to conceal it. But science, now that it has invaded the world of policy and power, cannot hope to escape the burden of security. These scientists are not fools. They know that their secrets in the hands of others — in the hands of the Communists — might be fatal; so the tension between dissemination and suppression is deep in themselves. They form a compact, taut community — brilliant men working under indescribable pressure on unimaginable weapons, cut off by “security” from the rest of society, thrust in terribly upon themselves and their science. Los Alamos during the war only carried this isolation to its logical extreme — the troop patrols around the perimeter, the monitored phone calls, the censored mail, the surveillance of personnel away from the base. But all scientists working in the higher reaches of the weapons field continue to dwell in Los Alamoses of their own construction.

For such men, science and life must become in the end almost indistinguishable. Each is joined indissolubly with his colleagues in the excitement and beauty of the scientific passion. Each may be divided irrevocably from them as technical divergences turn, under the pressure, into intolerable differences of personality and philosophy. The line between fusion and fission is close, for humans as well as for atoms. So Oppenheimer, who loathed the thermonuclear bomb as a dreadful weapon, could exult, “From a technical point of view it was a sweet and lovely and beautiful job.” So Teller, who admired Oppenheimer and helped drive him from public service, could say with sincere regret, “There is no person whose friendship I’d value more than Oppie’s if the circumstances of our deep technical disagreements would permit it.”

These were the men now presenting their testimony to the AEC’s Personnel Security Board — to Gordon Gray, former Secretary of the Army, president of the University of North Carolina, brisk, competent, unassuming, and businesslike; to Dr. Ward V. Evans, the aging chemist from Loyola, with his seemingly aimless but sometimes piercing questions and his sociable inquiries about old friends or students the witnesses might have encountered; to Thomas A. Morgan, former president of the Sperry Corporation, silent and enigmatic.

Witnesses friendly to Oppenheimer sought to prepare the Board for the queer inhabitants of this post-atomic scientific world. One such witness was General Groves, the wartime commander of the Manhattan District. Before the Board, he was an odd and not unimpressive mixture of candor and arrogance, essentially banal and unimaginative in his judgments, but still trailing the glory of the great war experience which for a moment had brought out the strength within him and in which he had played so honorable, if at times so reluctant, a role. He spoke of the scientists as one might of one’s children — they were men “who would become violently excited about the most minor thing. . . . They were tense and nervous and they had to be soothed all the time.” He understood that scientists could have little sympathy with security requirements. “I never held this against them,” said General Groves, “because I knew that their whole lives from the time they entered college almost had been based on the dissemination of knowledge.” They had fought the General incessantly, forcing him into the position of having to accept things they knew he disapproved. Yet “they were the kind of men that made the project a success. If I had a group of yes men we never would have gotten anywhere.”

John Lansdale, Jr., said much the same thing — Lansdale who had been a lieutenant colonel and security officer at Los Alamos and is now a lawyer in Cleveland; in 1944 exercised over the commissioning of Communists by the Army, in 1954 exercised over other matters (“I think that the hysteria of the times over communism is extremely dangerous”). Like Groves, Lansdale had been much exasperated by the scientists. In crisp and effective testimony, he described as “almost maddening” the tendency of the “more brilliant people to extend in their own mind their competence and independence of decision in fields in which they have no competence.” Yet Lansdale, again like Groves, was prepared to accept arrogance as the price of genius and to take calculated risks. Both had agreed in rejecting the original recommendations of security officials that J. Robert Oppenheimer be barred from atomic work. Both believed that he should be placed in charge of Los Alamos in 1943. Neither, in the spring of 1954, saw any reason to regret this decision.

Oppenheimer was, of course, the first of the scientists to appear. Not always his own best witness, he gave precise, fluent, impatient testimony, filled with the wonder and disgust which might afflict a man of reason compelled to contemplate past imbecilities. The AEC counsel, Roger Robb, vigorous and bludgeoning, intent not to comprehend but to indict, took full advantage of Oppenheimer’s predicament. Most of the hammering came over the indication to Oppenheimer in 1943 by his friend Haakon Chevalier that, if he wanted to transmit

secrets to Soviet scientists, channels were available; Oppenheimer's attempt to tip off the Manhattan District security officers to espionage possibilities without implicating his friend had resulted in a miserable botch of falsehoods, though it could not be clear whether he had uttered them in 1943 or was uttering them in 1954. Robb, pitiless, pressed every advantage, extorted every concession: "You lied to him?" "Yes." ". . . So you lied to him, too?" "That is right." ". . . This also was a lie?" "Yes, sir." ". . . Was that part of what you call a cock and bull story, too?" "It certainly was." ". . . According to your testimony now you told not one lie to Colonel Pash, but a whole fabrication and tissue of lies?" "Right." Why, oh why? "Because I was an idiot" was all Oppenheimer could say, perhaps despairing to convince anybody, perhaps despairing to convince himself. "This whole thing is a piece of idiocy. I am afraid I can't explain why there was a consul, why there was a microfilm, why there were three people on the project, why two of them were at Los Alamos. . . . I wish I could explain to you better why I falsified and fabricated."

Out of such perplexity, hard questions emerge. Could Oppenheimer have been telling the truth to Colonel Pash in 1943? Could he be lying now? Could he still be shielding atomic scientists involved in an espionage ring? Practical judgment on this had to rest on analysis, not of this episode alone, but of Oppenheimer's total career.

3

ON the basis of the written record, it is hard to tell how effective Oppenheimer was before the Board; apparently not enough. Yet the Berkeley scientists, when they came to testify, argued that Oppenheimer's powers of persuasion surpassed all normal bounds — that, as Dr. Wendell Mitchell Latimer, professor of chemistry at the University of California, put it, "He is one of the most amazing men that the country has ever produced in his ability to influence people. It is just astounding the influence that he has upon a group. It is an amazing thing." No one could resist this influence, said Professor Latimer, not even General Groves; "not only General Groves, but the other members of the committee, Conant and the other members, they were under the influence of Dr. Oppenheimer, and that is some influence, I assure you"; only geographical remoteness, added Professor Latimer, had saved himself; "I might have been [under Oppenheimer's influence] if I had been in closer contact."

Another Berkeley scientist, Dr. Luis Walter Alvarez, professor of physics, reported, "Every time I have found a person who felt this way [that is, against the thermonuclear bomb] I have seen Dr. Oppenheimer's influence on that person's mind . . . one of the most persuasive men that has ever lived." The Gray Board, however, found in Oppen-

heimer not the qualities of Svengali but rather those of Trilby and criticized him for showing an undue "susceptibility to influence."

Yet Oppenheimer's persuasiveness had certainly worked in the past. Groves and Lansdale had known of the Chevalier episode in 1943 and had not withdrawn Oppenheimer's security clearance; David Lilienthal and the AEC had known about it in 1947, when Oppenheimer's clearance was confirmed; Gordon Dean, Lilienthal's successor as AEC chairman, had known about it. Indeed, Lilienthal and Dean headed a remarkable group of public officials, not scientists themselves but men who had exercised grave responsibilities in the weapons field, who now appeared to testify for Oppenheimer. The testimony of both Lilienthal and Dean revealed traces of past friction with Oppenheimer; but both men — Lilienthal, precise and cautious, carefully referring to documents and memoranda; Dean, vivid, lucid, definite, pointed — swore their utter confidence in Oppenheimer's loyalty and his reliability. Other such men appeared: George F. Kennan; John J. McCloy; General Frederick Osborn; Sumner T. Pike — one after another praising the man and pledging their reputation to his probity. Even Bernard Baruch offered an affidavit on Oppenheimer's behalf.

And then the scientists: Dr. Vannevar Bush, dean of the American scientific community, said of Oppenheimer: "More than any other scientist that I know of he was responsible for our having an atomic bomb on time," and affirmed his entire faith in his character. Dr. Hans Bethe said, "I believe that Oppenheimer had absolutely unique qualifications for this job [Los Alamos] and that the success is due mostly to him." Dr. James B. Conant said, "He is 1 of the 3 or 4 men whose combination of professional knowledge, hard work, and loyal devotion made possible the development of the bomb." Dr. Norman Ramsey said, "He did a superb technical job, and one which also made all of us acquire the greatest of respect and admiration for . . . his loyalty and his integrity." Dr. I. I. Rabi said, "Oppenheimer set up this school of theoretical physics which was a tremendous contribution. In fact, I don't know how we could have carried out the scientific part of the war without the contributions of the people who worked with Oppenheimer." Dr. L. A. DuBridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, said, "I feel that there is no one who has exhibited his loyalty to this country more spectacularly than Dr. Oppenheimer. He was a natural and respected and at all times a loved leader." And Bacher, Bradbury, Compton, Fermi, Fisk, Lauritsen, Von Neumann, Whitman, and Zacharias spoke to the same effect — all eminent scientists who had played the most essential roles in the American weapons program.

Yet from the start another note sounded: other men — other eminent scientists — had different

things to say. The discordant theme had its origin in three places — in Dr. Edward Teller; in the scientists clustered around Professor Ernest Lawrence at Berkeley (whom Teller has since joined); and in the Strategic Air Command and especially in the former Air Force scientist, David Griggs.

Teller had received his first mention in Oppenheimer's own testimony. He appeared there as a brilliant and stormy figure, dissatisfied with the progress of research at Los Alamos, anxious that Fermi or Bethe or Oppenheimer himself take charge of the thermonuclear work. Then Gordon Dean described Teller as "a very, very able man . . . a genius . . . a very good friend of mine . . . a very difficult man to work with." Dean added: "You can't break up a whole Los Alamos laboratory for one man, no matter how good he is." Said Hans Bethe, "He did not want to work on the agreed line of research. . . . He always suggested new things, new deviations." Said Sumner Pike, "Dr. Teller was never one to keep his candles hidden under bushels . . . a very useful and a very fine man, but . . . lopsided." Dr. Bradbury, present head of Los Alamos, told of the circumstances which led to Teller's final departure from Los Alamos. And yet Professor Latimer of the Berkeley group, when asked whether Teller was a hard man to work with, replied vigorously, "I can hardly think of a statement that is further from the truth. . . . In any friendly climate, Dr. Teller is a perfect colleague, scientifically and personally."

It was Teller who believed in the thermonuclear bomb, worked for it from 1944 on, strove single-mindedly on its behalf, resented any diversion from it, and, in 1951, produced the invention which made it possible. But the great battle over the thermonuclear bomb — over Super, as it was termed in the scientific-military world — had been fought two years earlier. The Soviet achievement of an atomic explosion in September, 1949, had detonated the American thermonuclear effort. Simultaneously Professor Lawrence and his Berkeley colleagues and the generals of the Strategic Air Command saw in Super the only means of recapturing American weapons superiority; and Teller now had the chance to make his dream come true.

The Gray Board made a great deal of Oppenheimer's opposition to Super; the Atomic Energy Commission, in the end, excluded it as a factor in the case. But, whether a formal factor in the final decision, it was certainly the primary factor in setting in motion the train of events which brought Robert Oppenheimer to Room 2022, Building T-3, of the Atomic Energy Commission, on April 12, 1954. For the opposition to Super fixed in Teller's mind the belief that Oppenheimer was acting "in a way which for me was exceedingly hard to understand"; after the Super debate Teller concluded that the vital interests of this country should be "in hands which I understand better, and therefore

trust more." The opposition to Super persuaded Ernest Lawrence and the Berkeley group that there was a doubtful if not sinister pattern in Oppenheimer's behavior. And the opposition to Super launched David Griggs of the Air Force on his campaign to save the Strategic Air Command from Oppenheimer's ideas and influence.

From a dramatic viewpoint, Teller's eventual appearance before the Board, after all the build-up, must have been something of an anticlimax. A Hungarian by birth, a student in Germany, a teacher in England, a research fellow in Denmark, a professor at American universities since 1935, Teller seemed troubled, earnest, and, in obvious intent, fair-minded, torn between his concern for the United States and his desire not to do an injustice to Oppenheimer. He said of Oppenheimer at the start, "I have always assumed, and I now assume, that he is loyal to the United States. I believe this, and I shall believe it until I see very conclusive proof to the opposite." In his testimony, he tried hard to draw a just balance sheet on Oppenheimer's activities. Gordon Gray, seeking something more clear-cut, finally put the direct question: would it endanger the common defense and security to grant clearance to Oppenheimer? Teller replied that, so far as loyalty was concerned, he saw no reason to deny clearance; but "if it is a question of wisdom and judgment, as demonstrated by actions since 1945, then I would say one would be wiser not to grant clearance. I must say that I am myself a little bit confused on this issue." He did, indeed, seem confused about the nature of the security problem, since the giving of bad advice has not usually been considered to make a man a security risk. But Gordon Gray replied: "I think that you have answered my question."

The Berkeley group — Alvarez, Latimer, Pitzer; Lawrence himself was prevented by illness from testifying — added to this only the emphasis on Oppenheimer as the great persuader. The more intense attack on him came from a man who had only been a minor and transient figure in the early testimony — from David Griggs, formerly Chief Scientist of the Department of the Air Force.

4

THE broad Air Force view had been first presented by General R. C. Wilson, en route from command of the Air War College at Maxwell Field to the Third Air Force in England. But General Wilson had begun by saying firmly that he wanted the record to show "that I am appearing here by military orders, and not on my own volition," and that he had no question concerning Oppenheimer's loyalty. He did feel, he conceded under questioning, that Oppenheimer's advice on strategic questions had threatened to jeopardize the national defense. But by this, it became clear, General Wilson simply meant

that Oppenheimer's strategic views were opposed to the theory of the Strategic Air Command — the theory that the central reliance of our national defense should be on SAC and the hydrogen bomb. "I am first of all a big bomb man," General Wilson explained.

The General remained a reluctant and reserved witness, testifying only because he had been ordered to do so by the Chief of Staff of the Air Force. David Griggs was less inhibited. A geophysicist, now at the University of California at Los Angeles, Griggs had served as Chief Scientist of the Air Force from September, 1951, to July, 1952.

His testimony was nervous, detailed, and copious. He announced his suspicions of Oppenheimer's loyalty and further alleged the existence of a scientists' conspiracy, headed by Zacharias, Oppenheimer, Rabi, and Lauritsen, which operated, he said, under the name of ZORC, and which was pledged to the destruction of the Strategic Air Command. His words, as he candidly warned the Board, throbbed with strong emotion. He even produced a memorandum describing an occasion when he told Oppenheimer face to face that he could not be sure whether or not Oppenheimer was pro-Russian. Oppenheimer "then asked if I had 'impugned his loyalty.' I replied I had. He then said he thought I was paranoid. After a few more pleasantries our conversation came to an end."

Those who used to know Griggs when he was around Harvard in the late thirties remember him as a man of violent feelings, working out aggressions against a world which he conceived to have injured him. He told now of watching Zacharias write the initials ZORC on a blackboard before fifty or a hundred people in a meeting in Cambridge in September, 1952; yet Zacharias and other participants at the meeting deny that such an episode ever took place; Zacharias, indeed, swore that he had never heard of the initials until he read them many months later in an article in *Fortune*. Similarly Griggs imputed to Zacharias, as the proponent of continental defense, the statement that it was necessary to give up American strategic air power, at a time when a strengthening of the Strategic Air Command was an essential part of Zacharias's theory of continental defense. And he similarly charged Thomas K. Finletter, then Secretary of the Air Force, with making remarks about Oppenheimer's loyalty which Finletter has since said he never made.

Griggs strongly favored the thermonuclear bomb, and it is certainly true that Oppenheimer opposed it. It is even true that Oppenheimer opposed it — and the strategy of making atomic retaliation the main reliance of our defense — with passion and anger. Oppenheimer thus seems to have believed, and perhaps even to have repeated, stories about Finletter as a bomb-brandishing imperialist which were patently false and vicious. Yet many other re-

sponsible people opposed the bomb, too — some, like Conant, before Oppenheimer had crystallized his own opinion. One ground for opposition was the reasonable belief that the cost of the thermonuclear effort in terms of plutonium bombs might well result in the weakening of American defense.

Oppenheimer's own reasons were more complicated than that — so complicated, indeed, that the problem of his motives thoroughly fascinated the Gray Board, which concluded that he had not been "entirely candid" in his statements on the issue. There are real puzzles here. Oppenheimer, for example, expressed in 1949 a moral distaste for Super which he did not seem to feel for the atomic bomb; yet in 1945 he had supported the research which led to Super, and in 1951, after Teller's brilliant invention, he seemed, according to some witnesses, wholly sympathetic to the thermonuclear project; others thought he was still dragging his feet. To complicate the affair, the thermonuclear bomb, as it was finally built, was, because of Teller's invention, a quite different matter from the bomb which had been discussed in 1949. By Teller's own testimony, Oppenheimer said that if the new style of bomb had been suggested earlier, he would never have opposed the project. Oppenheimer's record of vacillation here is manifest, though it would, of course, be a hopeless government in which officials did not feel free to change their minds or to express their dissenting opinions. Vannevar Bush stated the issue with eloquence when he discussed before the Gray Board the original bill of particulars against Oppenheimer. The AEC letter, Bush said, "is quite capable of being interpreted as placing a man on trial because he held opinions, and had the temerity to express them. . . ."

"I think this board or no board should ever sit on a question in this country of whether a man should serve his country or not because he expressed strong opinions. If you want to try that case, you can try me. I have expressed strong opinions many times, and I intend to do so. They have been unpopular opinions at times. When a man is pilloried for doing that, this country is in a severe state."

In the end, the H-bomb problem settled itself. Truman, Acheson, McMahon, Finletter, Louis Johnson, Teller, Griggs, and the other supporters of the thermonuclear effort were vindicated. And, in the end, Oppenheimer's opposition to the effort was not to be formally held against him by Lewis Strauss and the AEC. Yet few who read the record are likely to doubt that, if Oppenheimer had not opposed Super in 1949, he would not have had to stand trial in 1954.

5

IF the thermonuclear debate was eliminated, what was left in the record to cast doubt on Oppenheimer's loyalty or security? One would presume

something fairly weighty; for the Gray Board by a 2-1 vote and the Atomic Energy Commission by a 4-1 vote concluded that Robert Oppenheimer was a security risk, not to be trusted with secret information without danger to the United States. The AEC majority, which had the final say, rested its decision on two main allegations: "imprudent and dangerous associations" and "substantial defects of character."

On the question of associations, the AEC majority reproached Oppenheimer not only with his early and admitted Communist relationships, but with "persistent and continuing association with Communists" in the years since the war. In terms of the record, this last phrase is perplexing; and the AEC itself only specified one association — that with Chevalier — to support the "persistent and continuing" charge. As for Chevalier, whom the AEC assumed without proof to have been still a Communist in 1953, Oppenheimer dined with him one night in Paris that year, and on the next day drove with him to meet with André Malraux. Malraux, of course, is not only the pre-eminent literary man of France but is also an intimate political adviser of General de Gaulle and a fanatical anti-Communist. It seems unlikely that any friend of Malraux would be an active Communist today. (But Gordon Gray and Thomas Morgan, in discussing this incident, could only refer vaguely to the distinguished writer and notable anti-Communist as "a Dr. Malraux.")

Beyond the Chevalier incident, the record reveals no other post-1946 associations with Communists or even ex-Communists on Oppenheimer's part, save for occasional chats with his brother, a chance meeting in 1949 with two Fifth Amendment physicists while leaving the barbershop in Princeton, a scolding of the Harvard ex-Communist, Dr. Wendell Furry, for having employed the Fifth Amendment, and perhaps brushes with persons at scientific conventions. Did these brief and random meetings over a decade really constitute a sinister and deliberate pattern of association with Communists? If so, one wonders what will now happen to Vannevar Bush, Bethe, Fermi, Rabi, and the other scientists who will doubtless continue to associate with Oppenheimer — and thus will have far more of a record of "persistent and continuing" association with a certified security risk than Oppenheimer himself has had since the war.

On this whole problem of associations, George Kennan reasonably remarked to Gordon Gray, "I suppose most of us have had friends or associates whom we have come to regard as misguided with the course of time, and I don't like to think that people in senior capacity in the Government should not be permitted or conceded maturity of judgment to know when they can see such a person or when they can't." Kennan added, "I myself say it is a personal view on the part of Christian charity to try to be at least as decent as you can to them." But

neither the Gray Board nor the AEC majority were prepared to accord to high government officials the exercise of maturity, or to indulge them in impulses of charity. The higher the government official, contended the AEC, the less latitude should be permitted him.

Oppenheimer's truly damaging pattern of association took place, of course, before the war and might be presumed to have been offset by his war and post-war record. That record, as unfolded in the hearings, was, after 1943, a not unimpressive one. Before 1943, he was, like so many scientists (and like some of his colleagues who retain clearance today), a political sentimentalist, soft-headed and unsuspecting. But as early as 1943 he could tell the Los Alamos security officer that present membership in the Communist Party was in his judgment incompatible with loyalty to the atomic bomb project. After the war he ignored even liberal opinion in the scientific community to testify in favor of the May-Johnson bill, fearing lest the disintegration of Los Alamos might weaken American defense. He resigned from the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions in 1946, when its pro-Communist tendencies became apparent to him. He helped formulate the principles in the Baruch plan which the Communists found least acceptable; and when General Osborn took over the job of negotiating for atomic control in the United Nations, Oppenheimer flew from San Francisco to urge him to discontinue negotiations because of the hopeless attitude of the Communists. When his counsel was sought by scientists in trouble for past political associations, he told them not to plead the Fifth Amendment; and in 1949 he freely testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee concerning the Communist relationships of at least one atomic scientist. As hostile witnesses testified, he was more responsible than anyone else for educating the Army and even the Air Force to the potentialities of tactical atomic weapons and for integrating such weapons into military plans; and, as they also testified, he played a substantial role in the fight for adequate air defense against possible Soviet attack. No one before the Board charged him with a "soft" or pro-Communist utterance in the last half dozen years. In writing, in speech, and in conduct, Oppenheimer would seem to have acted like a passionate and even obsessed anti-Communist through most of the last decade; Dr. Rabi even told the Board that Oppenheimer had seriously discussed the advisability of preventive war.

6

THE problem of "substantial defects of character" is even harder to pin down. The AEC majority assembled half a dozen apparent ambiguities and equivocations, purporting to demonstrate Oppenheimer's basic unreliability. Some of these had to

do with lapses of memory. Nor, judging by the hearing, was Oppenheimer the only scientist liable to such lapses. Indeed, noting the fallible memory exhibited by one scientist after another, one began to wonder whether there was something about the scientific focus which, in the purity of its concentration, left human relationships in a vague and easily forgotten penumbra. In one such incident, Oppenheimer denied having received a letter from Dr. Seaborg though the government had the letter in its possession, having taken it from Oppenheimer's files. Obviously, if Oppenheimer had recalled the existence of the letter, he would have gained no advantage by denying it, for he would have known that the government had it. With the exception of the Chevalier episode, the six examples cited by the AEC majority were about of this weight. On the basis of this, would Oppenheimer's character as disclosed in the hearing seem more defective, say, than Griggs's? At least Oppenheimer's demonstrated lies were in the past and were freely conceded. Yet, despite the misrepresentations in Griggs's testimony, it can be assumed that Lewis Strauss had made no move to withdraw Griggs's Q clearance.

The whole concept of "defects of character" seems a hazardous one. The American government from 1789 on has always had a large share of people — including some of the ablest men in it — who had, by AEC standards, "substantial defects of character." Yet even if characters become so deplorable that one fears contamination from them, one still shudders to have the concept of "security risk" so tortured that it becomes a synonym for a character less righteous than one's own. By the Lewis Strauss interpretation of "security risk" Alexander Hamilton and Grover Cleveland would have been fired out of government service as adulterers, U. S. Grant as a drunkard, and so on. Would such exclusions have improved the safety of the republic? Bureaucratic infighting in the government has always been bitter and acrimonious; it is likely to be, when dedicated men strongly believe that the safety of the republic depends on their policies; and each side characteristically regards the other as deficient in morality. But when the winning side starts trying to outlaw the losers as "security risks," as happened in the China service and is now beginning to happen in the scientific-military world, one wonders what sort of people our future governments will attract.

7

THE culmination of the AEC case against Oppenheimer's character had to do with something else: it had to do with Oppenheimer's attitude toward the security system — as the AEC majority put it, his "persistent and willful disregard for the obligations of security." But once again the AEC was astonishingly weak in bringing forward concrete

evidence. The decision mentioned only the Chevalier case — which was, after all, eleven years old — and referred, without specification, to "other instances."

It is true that there had been ambiguous incidents during the war, and the Chevalier episode was certainly much more than that. But, as General Groves testified, all the scientists chafed under security restrictions; and, as others testified, Oppenheimer was far more security-conscious than most. General Groves told how he had once warned Niels Bohr not to talk about certain things at Los Alamos; "he got out there and within 5 minutes after his arrival he was saying everything he promised he would not say." Groves had a similar experience with Ernest Lawrence; and he also reported that Lawrence had bucked when Groves told him to get rid of a security risk in the Berkeley laboratory. Colonel Lansdale recalled that Lawrence "yelled and screamed louder than anybody else about us taking Lomanitz [a Communist for whose draft deferment Oppenheimer made perfunctory intercession] away from him." Yet, in 1954, only illness prevented Lawrence from bearing testimony against Oppenheimer. Similarly, as much substantial testimony was brought forward in the hearing to show that David Griggs had tried to retard and sabotage the project for continental defense as was brought forward to show that Oppenheimer had tried to retard and sabotage the hydrogen bomb project.

The AEC majority had begun by defining the issue as whether Oppenheimer should continue to have access to "some of the most vital secrets in the possession of the United States." This definition suggested that a security risk was a person who could not be trusted with vital secrets because, deliberately or inadvertently, he might allow them to reach the enemy. Yet no serious person faintly contended that Oppenheimer's defects of character and association, over a period of a dozen years, had been responsible for the loss of a single secret. Colonel Pash, a hostile witness, swore that he had no information "of any leakage of restricted data through Dr. Oppenheimer to any unauthorized person."

Nowhere was Oppenheimer charged with doing concrete injury to the national security through mishandling of secrets. His essential crime, as the Gray Board finally suggested, was lack of "enthusiastic support of the security system"; as Commissioner Murray argued at length in an AEC concurring opinion, "loyalty" should mean, not just loyalty to the nation, but "obedience to the requirements of [the security] system." Oppenheimer thus became a security risk, not because anything he had done had harmed national security, but because he had declined at times in the past to collaborate with professional security officers. Yet even here the AEC majority cited no specific instance of such non-collaboration later than 1943!

When Groves kept Oppenheimer at Los Alamos

in 1943, he overrode the recommendations of the professional security officers. Possibly if the Gray Board and Lewis Strauss's AEC had been in existence then they would have kept Oppenheimer well out of the Manhattan District. Yet it seems hard to believe that our national security over the past dozen years would have been greater today if Oppenheimer had been barred from atomic work. And, unless one would argue this, it would seem even harder to argue that our national security is now to be greatly strengthened by barring an older, wiser, and more chastened Oppenheimer in 1954.

The Gray Board was prepared to excuse Groves's 1943 decision on the ground that there might then have been an "overriding need" for Oppenheimer's services; such a need, the Board contended, no longer exists in 1954. Conceivably our weapons program will not suffer unduly from the elimination of Oppenheimer: physicists are said to age fast (though Oppenheimer is only four years older than Teller) and a new generation has come along to take up the research burden. But is it not an error to construe the Oppenheimer decision as having no greater effect than subtracting a single overage scientist from government weapons work? Will the new generation of physicists now flock so eagerly into the government laboratories? And what will the consequences be for American security if they don't? It is of importance that the two official protests against the purge of Dr. Oppenheimer — by Dr. Evans of the Gray Board and by Dr. Smyth of the AEC — came from the only scientists to take part in the review of the case. Dr. Smyth, pointing to the role of "powerful personal enemies" in bringing the action against Oppenheimer, could only conclude with a despairing appeal to thoughtful citizens to read the record.

The AEC made its decision at just the point when we have begun to realize that the Soviet Union is fast cutting down our lead in the weapons race (or at least so the man in charge of these things at the Pentagon, Donald Quarles, has said; his boss, Charles E. Wilson, has denied it). This is surely a race which may mean life or death for us all. At just this point, one would think, the government might be doing what it could to enlist the ardor and devotion of the scientific community in our weapons program. Instead, one of our great scientists has been struck from the program, not because of any specific harm he has brought — or is considered to be likely to bring — to national security, but because his character and his associations are disapproved by professional security officers. In so doing, the administration has evidently spread consternation through the scientific community and has made it harder than ever for our allies to trust our judgment and accept our leadership. In the name of a wholly ritualistic conception of "secu-

rity," the administration may have done irreparable injury to the substance of America's national interest. "Our internal security system has run wild," Dr. Vannevar Bush has said. "It is imperative to our real security that the trend be reversed."

John J. McCloy, speaking before the Gray Board, pointed to what he called the "relative character of security." Security had two aspects, he proposed: the negative aspect of preventing the loss of secrets, and the affirmative aspect of making sure that we have a continuous supply of secrets to be protected. The fervor which stimulates thinking, the freedom which gives it scope — these, McCloy contended, were just as much a part of the security problem as the blocking of espionage. "If anything is done which would in any way repress or dampen that fervor, that verve, that enthusiasm, or the feeling generally that the place where you can get the greatest opportunity for the expansion of your mind and your experiments in this field is the United States, to that extent the security of the United States is impaired. . . . If the impression is prevalent that scientists as a whole have to work under such great restrictions and perhaps great suspicions in the United States, we may lose the next step in this field, which I think would be very dangerous for us."

McCloy made this point with great earnestness; but the Board (except perhaps Dr. Evans) did not react. "I don't want to cut you off at all," said Gordon Gray, cutting him off, "but you were getting back about something of the Nazis during the war." And, in his own report, Gray emphatically rejected McCloy's notion of the relative character of security. National security, said the majority of the Gray Board in solemn language, "in times of peril must be absolute."

Absolute security? Might this not be the most subversive idea of all? Dr. Evans in his dissent demurred: "All people are somewhat of a security risk." George Kennan has elsewhere observed that "absolute security" is an unattainable and self-devouring end — that its frenzied pursuit must incline toward absolute tyranny. The problem of security, as Kennan sees it, is not to seek "a total absence of danger but to balance peril against peril and to find the tolerable degree of each."

Is absolute security possible short of an absolute state? Robert Oppenheimer was doubtless at moments a cocky, irritating, even arrogant man. But surely no arrogance of Oppenheimer equals the arrogance of those who, in the frightening words of the Gray Board, affirm that "it has been demonstrated that the Government can search . . . the soul of an individual whose relationship to his Government is in question."

The government which claims to do this would hardly seem a government for Americans.



JACQUELINE COCHRAN is the first woman to pass through the sonic barrier to beat the speed of sound. Already the holder of most of the men's world speed records for propeller-driven planes, she made three new world's records for men in jet planes during the summer of 1953. A waif who at the age of eight was working a twelve-hour shift in a cotton mill, Miss Cochran is today the owner of three cosmetic firms. She was the recipient of the Billy Mitchell Award for 1937, has won the International Harmon Trophy for most of the years since 1937, and for her accomplishments in jet flying received in Turkey last month the Gold Medal of the *Fédération Aéronautique Internationale*. She is in private life a wonderful cook, a delightful hostess, and the wife of Floyd B. Odium. Her autobiography, *Stars at Noon*, from which this chapter has been taken, will be published this month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

WORLD'S RECORD IN A JET

by JACQUELINE COCHRAN

I

ON JUNE 2, 1953, I had every intention of being in London to see a charming princess being turned into a queen. But Fate had other plans for me. While Queen Elizabeth was riding back from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace in the royal carriage, flanked on either side by crowds of loving subjects, I was having a memorable day of my own. Just 200 feet above a dry alkaline lake bed in the California desert at a speed of about 700 miles an hour I was piloting a Sabre-jet plane back and forth over a measured course in an attempt to set a new all-out speed record. Except for the official timers and a half-dozen friends, desert rats and prairie dogs constituted my only audience. I completed the necessary four runs that morning and returned to the airport only to learn that the timing equipment on the ground had failed to function and all my efforts had been for naught.

Since I started flying in 1932 until the jet phase came along, I had been in the center of aviation. But the jet phase was threatening to pass me by. I wanted a real touch of it. I had searched for a way to get my hands on the controls of a jet plane for some speed flights. A short flight in a jet plane back in 1944 had convinced me that new horizons had been opened. But for a woman to get a good fast jet plane was a difficult business. I first approached the head of Lockheed Aircraft Company, who appeared sympathetic but said every jet in that company's possession was government property and therefore Air Force consent would be necessary. I am a pilot in the Air Force Reserve but women are not on flying status. I have been a close friend of every Chief of Staff of the Air Force

to date, but for that reason would not ask them for a personal favor.

A Canadian group of acrobatic jet pilots attending the Cleveland Air Show offered to let me fly of an early morning one of their Vampire jet planes, but after deliberation I concluded I might get them into serious trouble with their top brass, so declined with thanks. The head of the French Air Force, also a good friend of mine, invited me to come to France and fly one of their British-built jet Vampires. I was all set to go when my husband stopped me for the reasons that I would be flying during winter season in a strange country, the instruments and controls in the plane would be strange, and my advisers would be speaking either in my language, which they might not speak accurately when accuracy was essential, or in a language I understood hardly at all. He was right but I was disappointed. Madame Jacqueline Auriol, daughter-in-law of the then President of France, was later allowed to fly that Vampire and with it established a women's record for the 100-kilometer closed course. Madame Auriol is a friend of mine, and a good pilot who has stayed with flying, notwithstanding a horrible crash (with someone else at the controls) which necessitated many plastic-surgery operations to restore her facial beauty. She came to this country in the early spring of 1952 and visited us at our ranch. While in the United States she was given a flight in a Lockheed T33 two-place jet training plane. I thought somehow that would open the door to me, for, courtesy or not, it was an open flight by a non-military woman in a military plane. But nothing happened. So I turned my eyes to other countries.

Canadair, Ltd., was making Sabre-jet planes in Montreal for the United States, British, and Canadian Air Forces. It was the fastest model of the Sabre-jet, the only one that could pass the sonic barrier even in a full-power dive. The Canadian authorities were about to try out a Canadian-designed and -built Orenda engine in the Sabre-jet. I was present at Detroit in 1951 when Colonel Fred Ascani of our Air Force broke the previous 100-kilometer speed record with a speed of 635 miles per hour. After his flight he told me that if I could get the Canadian-built Sabre-jet with the Orenda engine he thought I could beat his record by 15 miles an hour and he would help me do so. That was a sportsmanlike gesture from a great pilot, a fine soldier and gentleman. And it energized me into action.

I wrote a long letter to Mr. John Jay Hopkins, head of General Dynamics, American owner of all the stock of Canadair. I did not mention my desire to beat the speed of sound or to better Colonel Ascani's record. That might sound too fantastic. So I put it on the basis that I had much experience in high-speed flying, I could probably be of help to them in testing out the Orenda-powered job, and in the process perhaps I could be clocked for a women's record or two with some resulting benefit to the Canadian firms involved. If he had checked my activities he would have learned that I was opposed to women's records as such and had not tried for one in several years. I wanted to break men's records only.

I was finally hired by Canadair as a flight consultant. It was agreed that when the Sabre-jet with Orenda engine was ready I could put it through some speed tests in Montreal. By way of planning I could survey and have a 100-kilometer course certified by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. I went to Montreal and put in some flight time and I arranged for representatives of the National Aeronautic Association to go to Montreal and have the course surveyed.

Those representatives reported to me that, because of lack of any nearby points in the government's official survey into which to tie for exactness the surveyor's work and certification, the survey would be expensive, and also that the winter weather in Canada would be tough to buck. The general public does not realize that warm air temperature gives increased speed. Heat increases the speed of sound, and the actual performance of a plane is related to the speed of sound, known as Mach 1. The speed of sound can get down as low as 660 miles per hour in very cold air and up close to 800 miles an hour in very hot weather.

The American timing officials asked why I did not do the records where a course was already established, with warmer air available. About this same time I learned that Canadair wanted to send the plane to Edwards Air Force Base in California

to have some calibration and other tests done that could not be done in Canada. I had courses already surveyed in the desert near our ranch about 160 miles south of Edwards Air Force Base, so it seemed a great opportunity. I asked that I be allowed to do my speed tests in the plane while it was in California rather than after it had been returned to Montreal.

Canadair agreed. But I subsequently wished many times that I had never thought of this because a simple test arrangement then developed into an international problem and a major project.

2

FIRST of all, there were two facts which prevented my own courses in the desert being used. The available airports had runways too short for Sabre-jet operation and were too far away from the measured courses, inasmuch as the fuel-carrying capacity of the plane would be a limiting factor on speed. In addition, the range of mountains around our valley would prevent the necessary low-altitude high "G" turns on the 100-kilometer and 500-kilometer courses. One G is the force of gravity. When a plane is pulled out of a dive or put into a sharp bank it builds up Gs. The plane is built to stand a certain number of Gs, above which it will pull apart. A pilot without a G-suit is likely to be in trouble with more than four Gs, even for short periods, and with less than four Gs if long continued. My flights would call for turns involving about three Gs.

Rogers and Rosamond dry lake beds adjoin the Edwards Air Force Base in the California desert area and provide ideal emergency landing facilities. These lakes are wet during the winter months but as dry and almost as hard and smooth as a billiard table during late spring and summer months. I approached General Vandenberg to see if the Air Force would permit me to lay out measured courses over these lakes, which courses would be available thereafter to the Air Force. They were needed. He agreed and confirmed that as a pilot in the employ of Canadair I could fly a Canadair plane at Edwards just like any other Canadair pilot, and that Canadair, by previously existing arrangement, had the privilege on request of calibrating and testing its new Sabre-jet with Orenda engine at Edwards.

With this everything seemed set except the consent of the Canadian Air Force authorities to let me serve as one of the test pilots. They finally gave approval to Canadair and stated that the plane was in Canadair's possession and control for a period of ninety days.

I held my breath until the plane left for Edwards. I continued thereafter on the anxious seat until the flight was back of me.

The preliminary tests by the Canadian pilot were finally completed and the following day I was to fly the plane. The weather right then was very good

for speed tests. It was discovered, however, that the photographic film used to record the instruments during these preliminary calibration tests, for some unaccountable reason, had turned out unexposed. All the tests had to be run over. A valuable week was lost. Then bad weather set in. Two weeks more passed before I could get into that Sabre-jet plane. A part of the engine time I had counted on had been used in the retesting. And the three months' period, at the end of which the plane had to be turned over to the Canadian government, was fast drawing to a close. A newspaper or two learned about my flying plans and I practically begged them on my knees not to publish a story. Publicity would have been fatal to my program.

3

ON MY first flight in the Canadian Sabre-jet I took it up to 30,000 feet and by putting it into a gentle dive I registered .97 of Mach 1, which is on the edge of trouble. For this kind of flying there is about one hour's fuel supply. The next day I went to .99 of Mach 1. "Chuck" Yeager, the first man to go past the sonic barrier, was flying not too far away and asked me to look at him and tell him what I was seeing. I could see the shock waves actually rolling off my canopy like a fine film of water on a window. The atmospheric conditions have to be just right to see as well as to feel the shock waves and they were right that day. On the climb to high altitude, which is a fairly slow process, I went down to the Mexican border and back and showed the plane's contrail over our ranch as greeting to my husband. This contrail is really a trail of ice crystals formed when the hot exhaust gas strikes the cool air at altitude and forms water vapor, which then freezes if the conditions are right.

There was nothing left for me to do now on the third flight in that Sabre-jet except to pass Mach 1. Because no one on the ground knew my plan the explosions would give them a surprise. There are two clear ones in sharp succession and usually a third that is sometimes referred to as an echo of one of the others. In effect, one is flying inside an explosion at Mach 1 or above, and when the plane is slowed down and pulled out of the dive this explosive shock wave carries on to hit the ground in what had been the line of supersonic flight of the plane.

I climbed to about 45,000 feet. Then I did a "split S" to start the full-power and almost vertical dive and headed straight down for the airport as my target. I counted aloud the changing readings on the Mach meter so that Chuck, who was in the air in another plane, could hear them over the radio. Mach .97, Mach .98, Mach .99, Mach 1, Mach 1.01. At Mach .98 the wing suddenly dipped. Then it overcorrected and the right wing dipped. At that point the nose tried to tuck under, which means that the plane wanted to fly on its back in

the first phase of an outside loop. The turbulence was great and the shock waves violent. I started to pull out of the dive gently so as to level off before getting below 18,000 feet altitude. Down there, in that heavy air, a pull-out might tear the plane apart; also, below 18,000 feet a flight under certain conditions can result in a compressor stall in the engine. The pull-out causes a slow-up of speed which means coming back past the sonic barrier again with a repetition of the shocks and the turbulence and the strange antics of the plane.

As I climbed for this dive past the barrier, I noticed that the sky above was growing darker until it became a dark blue. The sun is a bright globe up there above but there are no dust particles at that height to catch and reflect the sun's rays, so there is not what we know as "sunshine" down on the surface. Yellow has given way to blue. The gates of heaven are not brilliantly lighted. The stars can be seen at noon.

I landed with one more barrier behind me and was much pleased. As my friends congratulated me I felt as if I were walking about 10 feet above the ground. The men on the flight line heard the two explosions but they had not been recorded in the control tower. What should be done about that? The answer was easy. I would do it over again.

So, at the end of an hour, I went up once more, only this time I wanted to do a little better, so I climbed to 46,000 feet. Up there I felt as if I were teetering on the top of a rubber ball just before I did that split S to start the dive. A split S maneuver keeps a positive force related to air and the pull of gravity working on the plane toward its underside at all times. A negative force could result from just pointing the nose of the plane over into a dive and such negative G might disrupt the fuel and hydraulic systems, apart from its possible serious effect on the pilot. It is being found out that a pilot can stand little more than three negative Gs and then only for a few seconds. Blood is forced into the head and what is known as a red-out results with almost immediate occurrence of numerous small hemorrhages in the whites of the eyes. There is also such a thing as a "zero gravity" and when in that state the pilot just floats in the air with no weight whatsoever. How long a pilot could carry on with zero gravity is not known. It has been done by Chuck Yeager for forty-five seconds as an experiment. That is about as long as it is possible for even a great expert to hold a plane in the exact flying attitude that will give zero gravity.

This time I stayed with the dive until I registered well above Mach 1 on the plane's Mach meter. The tower reported it recorded the explosions and heard me counting the progress of the needle on the Mach meter. So I was highly satisfied.

I was a part of the plane in these flights. I was, in fact, attached to it ten different ways, for strapping on of the parachute, for strapping of myself to

the seat, for oxygen, and for listening and speaking. If something had gone wrong, it would have been impossible to open the canopy manually and bail out. The speeds are too great for this. So in such an emergency there is a lever to pull which sets off an explosive charge and blows the canopy off. Then another lever is pulled and pilot, seat, and parachute are exploded out of the plane upward and toward the rear. All the pilot has to do after that is to maintain his composure and count to a certain number while falling and disengaging himself from the seat. Then he can open the parachute and start a slower drop to earth. That is, he can if he has taken his small bail-out bottle of oxygen with him, for the air up there is too rare to maintain consciousness. But the pilot won't have use for the bail-out bottle unless, before pulling the trigger that sets off the explosive charge, he has propped his head back against the head rest and propped his feet into special bail-out pedals because the force of ejection would otherwise injure him severely. Furthermore, if the parachute is opened at high altitude, quick freezing will be the result to any part of the body not well protected. It is best to make a "free" fall until close to 15,000 feet of altitude.

Pressurization in the cockpit can be lost as a result of a break in the canopy or otherwise. Then it is necessary, short of a bail-out, to dive fast to lower altitude because it takes both oxygen and pressurization to keep one going very long above 30,000 feet.

4

I HAD five short flights in that Sabre-jet plane before I flew it around the 100-kilometer course for a new world's record — for man as well as woman. The course was circular and around twelve pylons. For purpose of measurement, it was in a series of straight lines from pylon to pylon to aggregate 100 kilometers, which is about 63 miles. The circumference of the circle was therefore necessarily longer than the series of straight lines, and also each pylon had to be passed on the outside, all of which added to the flight course. The height of flight above the course was 300 feet — this low in order that the photographic timing device could catch me accurately as I passed the start and the finish points of the circuit. But there were hills at one side of the course which I had to skim over by rising a bit at that point. Two observers were at each pylon. Two sets of judges were on hand, each with an automatic electric timer, accurate to one ten-thousandth of a second, and with cameras that allowed even this timing to be corrected by fixing the position of the plane with respect to the start and finish line at instant of timing. Official observation planes were in the air with barographs. There was a sealed barograph in my plane. Chuck Yeager was in a chase plane to act as observer around the course. I had fuel enough at full power to fly the course twice,

provided I would turn onto course promptly after take-off and land immediately after completion of the speed run. That would give me a margin of two minutes of fuel.

The plane in its calibration and other tests showed that at full power it had a top speed of 675 miles per hour. But this was in a straight line over a short distance. What could it do in a banked position of thirty degrees over a 63-mile circular distance? There were varying opinions among the Edwards test pilots. They ranged from 630 miles per hour to a maximum of 650 miles per hour.

On my first run I obtained 652 and a fraction miles per hour. On my second run I was a mile per hour slower. The first run was naturally taken for certification of record to the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale in Paris. Their representative in the United States is the National Aeronautic Association and Mr. Charles S. Logsdon, Chairman of the Contest Committee, was on hand as chief judge. All in all there were about forty judges, timers, and observers.

The first to congratulate me was Colonel Ascani, whose record of 635 miles per hour I had broken. The next day he sent me the following letter: —

21 May 1953

DEAR JACKIE,

Even though you visit us here at Edwards almost daily, I feel the need of writing these few lines to offer my sincerest and warmest congratulations on your new record. I genuinely am tickled pink that it was you who broke my record and know of no more emphatic way to convince you other than this simple statement. Naturally, we have been a little concerned about the 100 km, not about your ability or capabilities, but about the possibility of any little thing going wrong.

I realize that Chuck Yeager has been of considerable assistance, but I want you to know that I feel very strongly you did this all by yourself and all the credit is yours. This proves you don't have to take a back seat to anyone, male or female.

I have missed the television newscasts, Jackie, but I have heard that you said some nice things about me. I appreciate it and again would like to say that the credit all belongs to you. You have done a tremendous thing with your many accomplishments in a jet airplane, *including* your high Mach dives, and I rank you on a par with our best Air Force pilots. There still are literally hundreds of our own jet pilots who haven't dived through Mach 1. In my book, you have accomplished the impossible and have shown what a little determination can do.

Hats off to a wonderful pilot and I'll pray for your continued success.

Sincerely,
(signed) FRED

The telegrams started pouring in from Air Force people and other friends abroad and at home. But I appreciated the Ascani letter most because he knew what I had gone through.

The following week a morning opened up with conditions satisfactory, except for a 15-knot wind, and I went around the course five times for a 500-kilometer record of 590 miles per hour. The plane, without the carrying of external tanks, had fuel for only seventeen minutes of full-power low-altitude flying, so for this longer run I had to carry the external tanks, which slowed the plane down by about 40 miles per hour. Even so, I had only fuel for twenty-seven minutes of full-power flying, which was insufficient, so had to make the runs pulling 94 per cent of full power rather than full power. I landed on the dry lake bed just as I did after the 100-kilometer run and again with two minutes of fuel remaining.

5

THERE were two more records I wanted to try for—the 15-kilometer straightaway and the 3-kilometer straightaway. The first was important to me; the second was comparatively unimportant because I doubted that the plane for this distance could beat Captain Slade Nash's record of 699 miles per hour made in December, 1952, in a similar Sabre-jet but equipped with an after burner to give it more power.

Edwards Air Force Base is in the desert where the nights are cold and the days hot. With the rising sun the heat thermals started up from the desert terrain, causing by noon air turbulence to such a degree as to make full-out close-to-earth speed flying dangerous.

Record speed runs therefore had to be made in the late morning after air temperatures had risen to give better speed but before excessive turbulence had set in. But day after day passed with unsatisfactory conditions. Finally June 2 opened up with weather that was not good but was flyable. I had intended, as I have said, to be in London that day for the Coronation. I decided to do both runs this morning because only four days were left before the plane had to be returned to Canada.

At ten o'clock in the morning I started the 3-kilometer run. The passes were at 200 feet above the course and all the turns had to be made at low altitude and high speed, either to meet the rules or to keep up high-speed momentum. I did the 3-kilometer first because I could take a little more turbulence on the 15-kilometer later in the day. I could make that later run at 500 feet and also I could rise higher during the longer turns. Back and forth I went over the 3-kilometer course four times, having the greatest difficulty in holding the plane on course in level flight, because of a wing roll tendency at top speed, aided and abetted by turbulence. To get even 200 feet on one side of the course or the other meant that the cameras could not clock me. I had made the record and landed, only to learn that the timing equipment had broken

down. The four supplemental stop watches had timed me at about 690 miles per hour but stop watches are only accurate to one tenth of a second and are not officially accepted. The air was already too rough to try the 15-kilometer that day, so I was pretty disheartened. Furthermore, the rough air had tossed me so badly on the first pass over the course that the connection between my G-suit and the plane's pressure system was jerked loose and in consequence I felt rather pulled apart after the flight.

That 690 miles per hour, which could have been as much as 697 miles per hour with accurate timing, led me to believe I had at least a chance to beat Captain Nash's record. So up the next morning I went for another try. I made two passes, under very trying conditions, and when it was evident that I could not better the 699-mile-an-hour mark, I aborted the flight and returned to base. I did not want a women's record, which I could easily have had, mixed in with the men's records I was after.

The plane was immediately refueled and the timing devices were shifted to the 15-kilometer course. That took about two hours and the roughness in the air was building up by the minute. A pass in each direction over the 15-kilometer course was needed for an average speed, as against four passes over the 3-kilometer course. I had fuel enough for four passes. The average of any two consecutive passes could be taken. The first pass from south to north was at a speed of 680 miles per hour. That result was relayed to me by air from my own Lodestar, which was parked on the lake bed near the judges' equipment. The second pass from north to south, with the wind against me, was at a speed of 670 miles per hour. I determined to make a third pass, even though the plane had developed a bad left-wing down roll at high speed and was in consequence next to unmanageable over the level flight course and its approaches. On this third pass I decided to take a long dive at the conclusion of which I would level out before reaching the approach to the course. I did this but, on leveling out, the controls again "froze" on me with the plane determined to roll over to the left. I used both arms to pull on the controls and one knee as well for leverage but with no effect. Another second or two and the plane would have been over on its back and into the ground. I prevented this only by slowing it down. At the moment I pulled back on the power there was an automatic temporary overcompensation of the direction of the plane to the right of the course and, as a result, the timing camera did not catch me on that third pass.

That ended the flight. I made the long turn for a landing and Chuck Yeager, in his chase plane, closed in behind me. He instructed me to leave the throttle untouched as much as possible and to land on the lake bed. I wanted to put the plane down on the runway where the ground crew was waiting

but Chuck insisted that I put it down on the lake bed where I could take a high-speed landing and long roll. I took off my oxygen mask and smelled fuel in the cockpit. When the wheels touched ground and the roll had about stopped, Chuck told me to cut the throttle and switches and get out as quickly as possible because I had a bad fuel leak which he had seen from his plane. A stream of fuel about the size of one's thumb was gushing out of the bottom of the main section of the left wing. A sergeant ran up just as I was about to jump (a short stepladder would ordinarily be used) and I asked him to come close and break my fall. He replied he was not going to get near a hot plane with that much fuel gushing out of it. But I finally convinced him the greatest danger had passed. Just as the sergeant helped me down from the wing a National Broadcasting Company camera truck drove up. I moved around to the nose of the plane and let them photograph and interview me without limitation so that their attention would be diverted from the leak.

It looked as if a fuel line had given way or a tank had cracked open. That would mean a repair job taking several days and a delay in delivery of the plane to Montreal. Therefore I immediately released the plane to the Canadian Chief of Crew. A close inspection in the hangar disclosed that the continual vibration caused by the high speed in rough air had opened a wing fuel tank. It was a close call for me. If that loose fuel had gotten back into parts of the fuselage behind me, where an engine was turning out in thrust the equivalent of 12,000 horsepower, there would have been a violent explosion. That would have been the end of the plane and the end of me. Someone would probably have blamed it on the fact that a woman was doing the flying.

6

THE Sabre-jet is a good plane. The Orenda engine is a fine engine and one of the smoothest jet engines I have ever flown. The things that happened in my flights by way of wing roll and frozen controls were the direct result of trying to push the plane beyond its design limits.

The timed flights by me in that plane took a total of about one hour. For these flights the insurance on the plane cost \$10,000. Had I embarked on these flights as a considered risk? I certainly had. I knew that Lloyds were pretty accurate in figuring risks. I knew that statistically I had fifty thousand times the chance of a mishap in every flight of that plane that I would have in every flight of a Convair Liner or Constellation. I knew that at two or three hundred feet above the ground, if anything happened, it would be next to impossible to get out

through the explosive ejection of the canopy and seat. One considers these things and prepares ahead for emergencies, but getting on with the flying is more satisfying than contemplation of risks.

For every hour in the air I have put in at least two hours on the ground in preparation. In this case the ratio of ground hours to air hours was nearer one hundred to one. It took two years of planning and work to make thirteen flights in that jet for a total of six hours' flying time, during which I established three men's speed records, tried for a fourth, and dived three times past the sonic barrier to beat the speed of sound. But I flew at least 10,000 miles back and forth across the country, to Washington, to Montreal, and to New York, to make these few short flights possible. And then I had to put in weeks of study of the pilots' operating manual to familiarize myself in advance with every detail of that complicated piece of fine precision mechanism known as a Sabre-jet. What the test pilots at Edwards Air Force Base had well absorbed over years of jet flights I had to absorb, at least to a workable degree, in a very short time. These pilots were extremely helpful to me. Without their help it would have taken much longer to carry out my program. They are the greatest pilots in the world, in my opinion, and do the most difficult test flying of new experimental aircraft as a part of the day's routine.

I am often asked what sensation of speed one gets in fast, low flights. It is terrific. Consider yourself in an automobile going not 80 miles per hour but about 700 miles per hour and you will have a fairly good idea of the flight sensation, particularly if you lift the automobile off the road and hold it level about 200 feet high above the ground. Now tip the automobile into about a thirty-degree bank and hold it there for a number of minutes while flying a perfect circle. In these maneuvers you have duplicated the flight pattern of the closed circuit flights discussed above. Don't think that your automobile is too heavy to fly as I have suggested. Even your heaviest car, say a Cadillac limousine, has a lighter wing loading — that is to say, number of pounds of weight per square foot of flying surfaces — than the Sabre-jet. The flying surfaces of the Cadillac consist of the underside of the body and the mudguards. Give that automobile power enough and structural strength enough and it would fly. Of course the underside would be smoothed out a bit and a part of it pressed out at the sides as wings and another little part extended at the back as a tail. Thus the car would be given control surfaces as well as lifting surfaces.

I have had my fling in the jet phase of aviation. The rocket is just around the corner. Will Father Time let me wait for this? I hope so.



An Atlantic Story



FRANK O'CONNOR, the Irish author who has been giving courses at the Harvard Summer School on the writing of fiction, was asked how he approached his own short stories. Said Mr. O'Connor, "With me it's a difficulty of temperament. Mine is lyrical, explosive. I write a story with a feeling of slight regret for poor Shakespeare's lack of talent and wake up with a hangover that makes poteen look like cold water. Then, having cursed life and forsworn literature, I start rewriting. If I can work up the Shakespeare mood often enough I may get it right in six revisions. If I don't I may have to rewrite it fifty times. This isn't exaggeration." The story which follows is one of a new collection, *More Stories*, to be published this month by Knopf.

THE TRAM

by FRANK O'CONNOR

REVOLUTIONS? I never had any interest in them. A man in my position have to mind his job and not bother about what other people are doing. Besides, I never could see the good they did anybody, and I see more of that kind of thing than most people. A watchman have to be out in all kinds of weather and at all hours. He have to keep his eyes open. Destruction was all I ever seen out of things like that. And who pays for the destruction? You and me and people like us, so that one set of jackeens can get in instead of another set of jackeens. What is it to me who's in or out? All I know is that I have to pay for the damage they do.

I remember the last one. I remember it well. It was a holiday, and when I turned up to the depot, I was told there was a tram after breaking down in town, and I was to go in and keep an eye over it. A lot of the staff was at the races, and it might be a couple of hours before they could get a breakdown gang. So I took my lunch and away with me into town. It was a nice spring day and I thought I might as well walk.

Mind you, I noticed nothing strange, only that the streets were a bit empty, but it struck me that a lot of people were away for the day. Then, all at once, just as I got to town, I noticed a handful of them Volunteer boys in the street. Some of them had green uniforms with slouch hats; more of them had nothing only belts and bandoleers. All of them had guns of one sort or another. I paid no atten-

tion. Seeing that it was a holiday, I thought they might be on some sort of maneuver. They were a crowd I never had anything to do with. As I say, I'm a man that minds his own business.

Suddenly, one of them raises his gun and halts me. "Halt!" says he. "Where are you bound for, mate?"

"Just down here, to keep an eye on a tram," I said, taking it in good parts.

"A tram?" says he. "That's the very thing we want for a barricade. Could you drive it?"

"Ah, is it to have the Union after me?" says I.

"Ah, to hell with the Union," says a second fellow. "If you'll drive it we'll rig it up as an armored train."

Now, I did not like the tone them fellows took. They were making too free altogether, and it struck me as peculiar that there wouldn't be a bobby there to send them about their business. I went on a couple of hundred yards, and what did I see only a second party. These fellows were wearing khaki, and I recognized them as cadets from the college. They were standing on the steps of the big hotel overlooking the tram, and the young fellow that was supposed to be their officer was very excited.

"That tram is in the direct line of fire," he says. "It's not a safe place."

"Ah, well," I said, "in my job there's a lot of things aren't safe. I hope if anything happens me you'll put in a good word for me with the Tramway Company."

Mind you, I was still not taking them seriously. I didn't know what I was after walking into. And the first thing I did was to go over the tram to see was there anything missing. The world is full of light-fingered people, and a thing like that, if you only left it for five minutes, you wouldn't know what would be gone. I was shocked when I seen the upstairs. The glass was all broken and the upholstery ripped.

Then the shooting began, and I had to lie on the floor, but after a while it eased off, and I sat up and ate my lunch and read the daily paper. There was no one around, because whenever anyone showed himself at the end of the road, there was a bang and he ran for his life. Coming on to dusk, I began to worry a bit about whether I was going to be relieved at all that day. I knew Danny Delea, the foreman, was a conscientious sort of man, and if he couldn't get a relief, he'd send me word what to do, but no one came, and I was beginning to get a bit hungry. I don't mind admitting that a couple of times I got up to go home. I didn't like sitting there with the darkness coming on, not knowing was I going to be relieved that night or the next week. But each time I sat down again. That is the sort I am. I knew the light-fingered gentry, and I knew that, firing or no firing, they were watching, and I wouldn't be out of that tram before one of them would be along to see what could he pick up. I would not give it to say to the rest of the men that I would leave a valuable thing like a tram.

2

ALL at once, the firing got hot again, and when I looked out what did I see in the dusk, only a girl coming from behind the railings in the park and running this way and that in an aimless sort of way. She looked as if she was out of her mind with fright, and I could see the fright was more a danger to her than anything else. Mind, I had no wish for her company! I saw what she was, and they are a sort of woman I would never have much to do with. They are always trying to make friends with watchmen, because we are out at all hours. At the same time, I saw if I didn't do something quick she'd be killed under my eyes, so I stood on the platform and shouted to her to come in. She was a woman I didn't know by sight; a woman of about thirty-five. Cummins her name was. The family was from Waterford. She was a good-looking piece too, considering. I made her lie on the floor to get out of the shooting but she was nearly hysterical, lifting her head to look at me and lowering it not to see what was going on.

"But who in hell is it, mister?" she says. "God Almighty, I only came out for a bit of sugar for me tea, and look at the capers I'm after walking into! . . . Sacred Heart of Jesus, they're off again. . . . You'd think I was something at a fair, the way

they were banging their bloody bullets all round me. Who is it at all?"

"It's the cadets in the hotel here, shooting at the other fellows beyond the park," I said.

"But why don't someone send for the police? Damn soon them fellows would be along if it was only me talking to a fellow."

"'Twould take a lot of police to stop this," says I.

"But what are they shooting for, mister?" says she. "Is it for Ireland?"

"Ireland?" says I. "A fat lot Ireland have to hope for from little whippersnappers like them."

"Still and all," says she, "if 'twas for Ireland, you wouldn't mind so much."

And I declare to God but she had a tear in her eye. That is the kind of women they are. They'll steal the false teeth from a corpse, but let them lay eyes on a green flag or a child in his First Communion suit, and you'd think patriotism and religion were the only two things ever in their minds.

"That sort of blackguarding isn't going to do any good to Ireland or anyone else," says I. "What I want to know is who is going to pay for the damage? Not them. They never did an honest day's work in their lives, most of them. We're going to pay for it the way we always do."

"I'd pay them every bloody penny I have in the world this minute if only they'd shut up and go away," she says. "For God's sake, will you listen to them!"

Things were getting hotter again. What was after happening was that some of the Volunteer fellows were after crossing the park behind the shrubbery and were firing up at the hotel. They might as well be firing at the moon. The cadets were after knocking out every pane of glass and barricading the windows. One of the Volunteers jumped from a branch of a tree over the railings and ran across the road to the tram. He was an insignificant little article with a saucy air. You could tell by his accent he wasn't from Dublin. I took him to be from somewhere in the North. I didn't like him much. I never did like them northerners.

"What are ye doing here?" he says in surprise when he seen us lying on the floor.

"I'm the watchman," says I, cutting him short.

"Begor, a watchman ought to be able to watch himself better than that," he says, and without as much as "By your leave" he up with the rifle butt and knocked out every pane of glass in the side of the tram. It went to my heart to see it go. Any other time I'd have taken him and wrung his neck, but, you see, I was lying on the floor and couldn't get up to him with the firing. I pretended not to mind, but I looked at the glass and then I looked at him.

"And who," I said, "is going to pay for that?"

"Och, Mick MacQuaid to be sure," says he.

"Ah, the gentleman is right," says the woman. "Only for him we might all be kilt."

The way she about-faced and started to soft-solder that fellow got on my nerves. It is always the same with that sort of woman. They are people you can't trust.

"And what the hell is it to anyone whether you're killed or not?" I said. "No one asked you to stop. This is the Tramway Company's property, and if you don't like it you can leave it. You have no claim."

"We'll see whose property this is when it's all over," says the man, and he began shooting up at the windows of the hotel.

"Hey, mister," says the woman, "is that the English you're shooting at?"

"Who else do you think 'twould be?" says he.

"Ah, I was only saying when you came in that I'd never mind if 'twas against the English. I suppose 'twill be in the history books, mister, like Robert Emmet?"

"Robert Emmet!" I said. "I'd like to know where you and the likes of you would be only for the English."

"Well, do you know," she says, as innocent as you please, "'tis a funny thing about me, but I never cared much for the English soldiers. Of course, mind you, you'd meet nice fellows everywhere, but you'd never know where you were with the English. They haven't the same nature as our own somehow."

Then someone blew a whistle in the park, and your man dropped his rifle and looked out to see how he was going to get back.

"You're going to get your nose shot off if you go out in that, mister," says the woman. "If you'll take my advice, you'll wait till 'tis dark."

"I'm after getting into a tight corner all right," says he.

"Oh, you'll never cross that street alive, mister," she says as if she was delighted with it. "The best thing you could do now would be to wait till after dark and come round to my little place for a cup of tea. You'd be safe there anyway."

"Och, to hell with it," says he. "I have only to take a chance," and he crept down the steps and made for the railings. They spotted him, because they all began to blaze together. The woman got on her hands and knees to look after him.

"Aha, he's away!" says she, clapping her hands like a child. "Good man you are, me bold fellow. . . . I wouldn't wish for a pound that anything would happen that young man," says she to me.

"The shooting on both sides is remarkably wide," says I. "That fellow should have more sense."

"Ah, we won't know till we're dead who have the sense and who haven't," says the woman. "Some people might get a proper suck-in. God, wouldn't I laugh."

"Some people are going to get a suck-in long before that," says I. "The impudence of that fellow, talking about the Tramway Company. He thinks

they're going to hand it over to him. Whoever is in, he's not going to see much of it."

"Ah, what matter?" she said. "'Tis only youth. Youth is lovely, I always think. And 'tis awful to think of young fellows being kilt, whoever they are. Like in France. God, 'twould go to your heart. And what is it all for? Ireland! Holy Moses, what did Ireland ever do for us? Bread and dripping and a kick in the ass is all we ever got out of it. You're right about the English, though. You'd meet some very genuine English chaps. Very sincere, in their own way."

"Oh, they have their good points," says I. "I never saw much to criticize in them only they're given too much liberty."

"Ah, what harm did a bit of liberty ever do anyone, though?" says she.

"Now, it does do harm," says I. "Too much liberty is bad. People ought to mind themselves. Look at me! I'm on this job the best part of my life, and I have more opportunities than most, but thanks be to God, I can say I never took twopenceworth belonging to my employers nor never had anything to do with a woman outside my own door."

"And a hell of a lot of thanks you'll get for it in the heel of the hunt," says she. "Five bob a week pension and the old woman stealing it out of your pocket while you're asleep. Don't I know all about it? Oh, God, I wish I was back in me own little room. I'd give all the countries that ever was this minute for a cup of tea with sugar in it. I'd never mind the rations only for the bit of sugar. Hi, mister, would you ever see me home to the doss? I wouldn't be afraid if I had you with me."

"But I have to mind this tram," says I.

"You have what?" says she, cocking her head. "Who do you think is going to run away with it?"

"Now, you'd be surprised," says I.

"Surprised?" says she. "I'd be enchanted."

"Well," I said, "the way I look at it, I'm paid to look after it, and this is my place till I'm relieved."

"But how the hell could you be relieved with this merry-go-round?"

"That is a matter for my employers to decide," says I.

"God," says she, "I may be bad but you're loony," and then she looked at me and she giggled. She started giggling, and she went on giggling, just as if she couldn't stop. That is what I say about them women. There is a sort of childishness in them all, just as if they couldn't be serious about anything. That is what has them the way they are.

3

So the night came on, and the stars came out, and the shooting only got louder. We were sitting there in the tram, saying nothing, when all at once I looked out and saw the red light over the houses.

"That's a fire," says I.

"If it is, 'tis a mighty big fire," says she.

And then we saw another one to the left of it, and another and another till the whole sky seemed to be lit up, and the smoke pouring away out to sea as if it was the whole sky was moving.

"That's the whole city on fire," says I.

"And 'tis getting mighty close to us," says she. "God send they don't burn this place as well. 'Tis bad enough to be starved and frozen without being roasted alive as well."

I was too mesmerized to speak. I knew what 'twas worth. Millions of pounds' worth of property burning, and no one to pour a drop of water on it. That is what revolutions are like. People talk about poverty, and then it all goes up in smoke — enough to keep thousands comfortable.

Then, all at once, the shooting got nearer, and when I looked out I saw a man coming up the road. The first impression I got of him was that he was badly wounded, for he was staggering from one side of the road to the other with his hands in the air. "I surrender, I surrender," he was shouting, and the more he shouted, the harder they fired. He staggered out into the middle of the road again, stood there for a minute, and then went down like a sack of meal.

"Oh, the poor misfortunate man!" says the woman, putting her hands to her face. "Did you ever see such barbarity? Killing him like that in cold blood!"

But he wasn't killed yet, for he began to bawl all over again, and when he got tired of holding up his hands, he stuck his feet in the air instead.

"Cruel, bloody, barbarous brutes!" says the woman. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves. He told them he surrendered, and they won't let him." And without another word, away with her off down the street to him, bawling "Here, mister, come on in here and you'll be safe."

A wonder we weren't all killed with her. He got up and started running towards the tram with his hands still in the air. When she grabbed him and pushed him up on the platform he still had them there. I seen then by his appearance that he wasn't wounded but drunk. He was a thin-looking scrawny man with a cloth cap.

"I surrender," he bawls. "Kamerad."

"Hi, mister," says the woman, "would you for the love of the suffering God stop surrendering and lie down."

"But they won't let me lie down," says he. "That's all I want is to lie down, but every time I do they makes a cockshot of me. What in hell is it?"

"Oh, this is the Rising, mister," she says.

"The what?" says he.

"The Rising," says she. "Like they said in the papers there would be."

"Who's rising?" says he, grabbing his head.

"What paper said that? I want to know is this the d.t.'s I have or isn't it?"

"Oh, 'tisn't the d.t.'s at all, mister," she says, delighted to be able to spread the good news. "This is all real, what you see. 'Tis the Irish rising. Our own boys, don't you know? Like in Robert Emmet's time. The Irish are on that side and the English are on this. 'Twas the English was firing at you, the low scuts!"

"Bugger them!" he says. "They're after giving me a splitting head. There's no justice in this bloody world." He sat on the inside step of the tram and put his head between his knees. "Like an engine," he says. "Have you e'er a drop of water?"

"Ah, where would we get it, man?" says the woman brightening up when she seen him take the half pint of whiskey out of his hip pocket. "Tis a mystery to me still it wasn't broken. "Is that whiskey you have, mister?"

"No water?" says he, and then he began to shudder all over and put his hand over his face. "Where am I?" says he.

"Where should you be?" says she.

"How the hell do I know and the trams not running?" says he. "Tell me, am I alive or dead?"

"Well, you're alive for the time being," says the woman. "How long we're all going to be that way is another matter entirely."

"Well, are you alive, ma'am?" says he. "You'll excuse me being personal?"

"Oh, no offense, mister," says she. "I'm still in the queue."

"And do you see what I see?" says he.

"What's that, mister?"

"All them fires."

"Oh," says she, "don't let a little thing like that worry you, mister. That's not Hell, if that's what you're afraid of. That's only the city burning."

"The what burning?" says he.

"The city burning," says she. "That's it, there."

"There's more than the bloody city burning," says he. "Haven't you e'er a drop of water at all?"

"Ah, we can spare it," she says. "I think it must be the Almighty God sent you, mister. I declare to you, with all the goings-on, I hadn't a mouthful to eat the whole day, not as much as a cup of tea."

So she took a swig of the bottle and passed it to me. It is stuff I would never much care for, the whiskey, but having nothing to eat, I was feeling in the want of something.

"Who's that fellow in there?" says he, noticing me for the first time.

"That's only the watchman," says she.

"Is he Irish or English?" says the drunk.

"Ah, what the hell would he be only Irish?"

"Because if he's English, he's getting none of my whiskey," says the drunk, beginning to throw his arms about. "I'd cut the throat of any bloody Englishman."

Oh, pure, unadulterated patriotism! Leave it to a boozier.

"Now, don't be attracting attention, like a good man," she says. "We all have our principles but we don't want to be overheard. We're in trouble enough, God knows."

"I'm not afraid of anyone," says he, staggering to his feet. "I'm not afraid to tell the truth. A bloody Englishman that would shoot a misfortunate man and he on the ground, I despise him. I despise the English."

Then there was a couple of bangs, and he threw up his hands and down with him like a scarecrow in a high wind.

"I declare to me God," says the woman with an ugly glance at the hotel, "them fellows in there are wound up. Are you hit, mister?" says she, giving him a shake. "Oh, begod, I'm afraid his number's up."

"Open his collar and give us a look at him," says I. By this time I was sick of the pair of them.

"God help us, and not a priest nor doctor to be had," says she. "Could you say the prayers for the dying?"

"How would I know the prayers for the dying?" says I.

"Say an Act of Contrition so," says she.

Well, I began, but I was so upset that I started the Creed instead.

"That's not the Act of Contrition," says she.

"Say it yourself as you're so smart," says I, and she began, but before she was finished, the drunk shook his fist in the air and said, "I'll cut the living lights out of any Englishman," and then he began to snore.

"Some people have the gift," says she.

Gift was no word for it. We sat there the whole night, shivering and not able to get more than a snooze, and that fellow never stirred, only for the roar of the snoring. He never woke at all until it was coming on to dawn, and then he put his head in his hands again and began complaining of the headache.

"Bad whiskey is the ruination of the world," says he.

"Everyone's trouble is their own," says she.

And at that moment, a lot of cadets came out of the hotel and over to the tram.

"Will you look at them?" says the woman. "Didn't I tell you they were wound up?"

"You'll have to get out of this now," says the officer, swinging his gun.

"And where are we going to go?" says she.

"The city is all yours," says he.

"And so is the Bank of Ireland," says she. "If I was only in my own little room this minute, you could have the rest of the city — with my compliments. Where are you off to?" she asked the drunk.

"I'll have to get the Phibsboro tram," says he.

"You could order two while you're about it," she says. "The best thing the pair of ye can do is come along to my little place, and wait till this jigsaw is over."

"I have to stop here," says I.

"You can't," says the officer.

"But I must stop till I'm relieved, man," says I, getting angry with him.

"You're relieved," he says. "I'm relieving you."

And, of course, I had to do what he said. All the same, before I went, I gave him a piece of my mind.

"There's no need for this sort of thing at all," I says. "There's nothing to be gained by destroying valuable property. If people would only do what they were told and mind their own business, there would be no need for any of this blackguarding."

The woman wanted me to come into her room for a cup of tea, but I couldn't. I was too disgusted. Away with me across the bridge, and the fellows that were guarding it never halted me or anything, and I never stopped till I got home to my own place. Then I went to bed, and I didn't get up for a week, till the whole thing was over. They had prisoners going by in droves, and I never as much as looked out at them. I was never so disgusted with anything in my life.





In the past decade THOMAS K. FINLETTER, a New York lawyer, has come to know as much about our air power, and that of our enemies, as any man in the United States. He was appointed Chairman of the President's Air Policy Commission in 1947, and the report which he and his committee members made was one of the most exhaustive studies of our national defense ever made in time of peace. That report established quotas of air power which we badly needed when aggression broke out in Korea; it pointed the way for a new strategic policy which, as Secretary of the Air Force, Mr. Finletter himself had the opportunity to implement from 1950 to 1953. That we can muster the strength to prevent a Russian attack is the kernel of his argument here and in his new book, Power and Policy, soon to be published by Harcourt, Brace.

THE STRENGTH TO WIN

by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

1

IN AN article in the September *Atlantic* I pointed out that we are about to enter a new phase in the air-atomic race with Russia when the Soviets will have the airplanes and the fission and hydrogen bombs with which to destroy the cities and the industry of the United States in a sneak attack; that the United States therefore must have a military force-in-being, centered on a fleet of atom bombers so powerful that the Russians will not dare incur its counterattack. I expressed the opinion that the United States will not have such a military force and such a fleet of atom bombers unless it revises radically its present military planning. It is therefore a critical fact that we will not be able to make this revision in our military planning under the present procedures of the Department of Defense as established by Acts of Congress and by custom. For these procedures make it impossible to calculate the size and composition of our Armed Forces in accordance with a system of priorities; and without priorities we cannot have the kind of military force-in-being which will make the Russians fear to attack us.

The failure to use priorities in deciding the size and composition of our military establishment is not the result of any disagreement about the basic purpose of our foreign policy or the role of our military forces in supporting it. Nor is it caused by any particular differences of military opinion except those which come from normal and desirable inter-service competition. The failure comes from the fact that under the present structure of the United States government the force-level decision (the size and composition of our military forces) is made by what we may call the Division-by-Services

System. Under this system 1) the decision as to the total amount of money to be appropriated for our Armed Forces in any year is affected far too much by fiscal considerations and by the immediate, and perhaps passing, mood of the international scene; and 2) the money which is made available to the Armed Forces is allocated by compromises among the Army, Navy, and Air Force rather than in strict accordance with the priority needs of the country's security.

The actual figures are instructive. The following are the total appropriations for the Armed Services from fiscal year 1950 (pre-Korea) through fiscal year 1955 (in billions of dollars):

Truman Actual Est.						
1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1954	1955
14.2	47.3	59.9	48.4	40.1	33.7	28.8

The low pre-Korean figure was the result of our post-war hopes for peace, plus our then overwhelmingly superior air-atomic position. But the fiscal year 1950 budget was prepared in 1948 and early 1949 and became effective June 30, 1949, a few months before the Russians exploded their first fission device. Many Americans were then saying that Russia could not get the atom bomb for a long while. The atmosphere was one of U.S. monopoly of atomic power. The fiscal experts in government dominated the size of the military budget.

The log jam was broken in 1951. Korea was the stimulus. The increase in appropriations went far beyond the needs of the Korean War. They were for an over-all build-up in American military power intended only in small part for Korea and mainly

to counter and nullify the rising Russian threat. Part of the increase was in U.S. air-atomic power. The theory was not at all that there was some one date of maximum danger of war with Russia toward which all this planning was pointed. The theory was that a new plateau of danger, a rising plateau, was ahead; that this plateau would be upon us sooner than our technicians had thought; that to get the best insurance we could to prevent war we should increase our military power as soon as possible to a level which would nullify the Russian air-atomic threat and keep it nullified.

The lower figures of \$33.7 billion for fiscal year 1954 and \$28.8 billion estimated for 1955 reflect a renewed emphasis on fiscal considerations. With, however, an increasing realization of the seriousness of the Russian possession of the hydrogen bomb and the knowledge that Russia has now turned to building long-range jet bombers, there is a new stimulus from the outside which should reduce the influence of fiscal considerations and should produce an increase in the appropriations for military purposes in fiscal years 1956 and later. And of course this stimulus may be sharper if international tensions increase, and sharper yet if there is local fighting with U.S. troops involved.

This is not the best way of fixing the over-all size of our military establishment. Our military power should respond to rationally calculated estimates of the international situation. In theory the National Security Council is supposed to provide just that. In practice it cannot. It lacks one indispensable component: an appraisal of the military situation as authoritative and influential as the Secretary of State can bring with respect to our foreign relations and as definitive as the Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Budget can bring with respect to the fiscal problems of the government. The reason for the weakness of the presentation of the military position in the National Security Council lies in the organization of the Department of Defense.

The steady pull of the present organization of the Department of Defense is toward a condition which will divide up the Defense Dollar into three quotas of 33 cents each. We should not be deceived by the occasional deviations from the norm. They happen, and then the next fiscal year they are undone. The system is stubborn.

There may prove to be one exception to this. It may be that the obviously supreme importance of air-atomic power will be a constant force pulling at the pendulum and keeping it steadily, fiscal year after fiscal year, somewhat off dead center. This has not yet taken place. And desirable though it would be if it were to happen, it would be only a part-way solution. There is no avoiding the fact that we will not have the right kind of military force-in-being we so urgently need unless we decide that it is more important to have such a force than

to preserve the traditions and methods of the past. That means a system of priorities, strictly applied without consideration of the effect the system would have on the relative importance and roles of the various Services.

Here an important point must be understood. The present system has a double effect. It wastes the taxpayer's money, and it gets us a military force which is inadequate for our needs. But we cannot expect the priority system to save much money, for a while. The savings we would make from not having to pay for forces of low priority which are relatively unnecessary would nearly all be used up, for a few years, by the additional expense of building the top-priority forces which we are not now building, and also, probably, for increased Mutual Security aid to our NATO allies. After a few years, when the proper force-in-being has been built, a level-off would be reached and then the priority system would show a saving to the taxpayer — provided, of course, that war or a serious increase in international tensions does not take place. In the meantime the advantages of putting a priority system into effect are that we would be building the right kind of force to serve our national and foreign policy; that the chances of war would be reduced because Russia would be less likely to seek general war; and that the country would be much safer.

We do not get and we will never be able to get the kind of force-in-being we need under the Division-by-Services method; the only way we can get it is by a priority system rigorously applied. The reason is that there is, in peacetime, a dollar ceiling through which Defense expenditures cannot go; that therefore if we try to build two kinds of force at once, the A-Day force-in-being to strike the day a war begins, and also a force for the long war, the dollar ceiling will make it impossible for us to have either kind of force at proper strength.

This dollar ceiling in peacetime is very real. It does not come through legislation or openly avowed policy. It comes from the political inability or unwillingness, when there is not the stimulus of war or a crisis, of any Administration to ask for (in the case of the Executive Branch) or to enact (in the case of Congress) a level of Defense appropriations which would seriously increase taxes or affect the balance of the budget.

2

BEFORE and after World War II there were two Services only — the Army and the Navy. Force-level planning therefore was simple administratively. This has changed. There are now three Services instead of two, and a new and growing Department of Defense over the three Service Departments in addition — a very complicated administrative arrangement.

The force-level decision is the most important decision which this complicated organization has to make in peacetime. It is the method of arriving at this decision which makes it impossible for us to have the kind of military establishment we need.

In theory the decision is made this way: The Joint Chiefs of Staff, composed of the Chiefs of Staff of the Army and Air Force and the Chief of Naval Operations, presided over by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (who has no vote), make a recommendation as to the number of divisions, warships, and air wings the Army, Navy (including the Marines), and Air Force should have. This decision is supposed to be free of any consideration of economic policy or of foreign policy.

This force-level recommendation then goes to the Secretary of Defense or directly to the President. The National Security Act of 1947 which created the Defense Establishment states that the Joint Chiefs of Staff are the principal military advisers to the Secretary of Defense and the President, thus authorizing, by implication, the Chiefs to deal directly with the President without going through the Secretary of Defense. Then the recommendation is studied by the Secretary of Defense or the President in the light of economic and foreign policies of the United States, is again studied with the same over-all viewpoint by the National Security Council (a top-ranking kind of War Cabinet presided over by the President), and either is approved or is modified.

The National Security Council is intended to be the melting pot where the military policies are fused with, and modified by, domestic policies (of which the cost of the military establishment is the most important) and foreign policies. The membership of the National Security Council includes the President, the Vice President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, the Director of Mutual Security, and other officials invited by the President. These last include always the Secretary of the Treasury and sometimes the Director of the Budget.

The theory thus is that the military experts in the Defense Department — the Joint Chiefs of Staff — arrive at a purely military decision: namely, how much military strength and what kind are needed for the military protection of the country. This purely military decision then goes to the President directly or through the Secretary of Defense — it is unimportant which, since the theory is that the matter is a purely military one. The President then, after listening to his foreign policy adviser, the Secretary of State, decides whether 1) the Joint Chiefs' purely military decision coincides with the foreign policy of the United States; and 2) the country can afford the cost of the military forces which the Joint Chiefs say are necessary for the safety of the country.

The practice is different from the theory. It could not be otherwise since the theory is based on

two fallacies. One is that the force-level decision is a purely military matter. The second is that a unanimous decision can be reached among the three Services which will objectively reflect the military needs of the country.

The first point is important. If the theory were carried out and the Joint Chiefs of Staff were allowed to make recommendations as to the force level the country should have, without being told that their recommendations had to come within a fixed dollar limit, the recommendations they would make would have a heavy content of economic and foreign policy in addition to their military component. It is impossible to make a purely military recommendation on force levels. Inevitably, the decision as to the forces to be recommended would be made only after preliminary judgments concerning the amount of appropriations which are politically possible with the existing temper of public opinion and the attitude of the Administration. And also inevitably, the decision about the forces to be recommended could be reached only after certain assumptions were made as to what our foreign policy was or should be. Military policy must be the servant of foreign policy. But when the military men recommend that the military strength of the country should consist of so many divisions, warships, and air wings, they necessarily have in mind the use to which these military units will be put, where they will be deployed, and thus the foreign policy which they will serve.

On a few occasions this is the way the force-level decision in fact has been made. There have been times when the Joint Chiefs of Staff have made the recommendation as to the size and composition of our Defense Force with no dollar limit imposed on them in advance, and when this recommendation has gone through the whole Executive Branch and the Congress, exactly as the Joint Chiefs of Staff put it forward. The theory, that is, on occasion has been applied. But not often.

The civilian officials of the government know that for all the current opinions to the contrary the force-level decision is in large measure a foreign policy decision. They know also that the cost of the military establishment is the single most important fact in the country's fiscal policy. The high fiscal officials of the government therefore step in and ask that a dollar limit be imposed on Defense appropriations in advance of any final action by the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the National Security Council.

They are usually listened to; the dollar limit is almost always imposed, not perhaps at exactly the point the fiscal advisers would like, but usually, if the international tensions of the moment do not interfere, at close to the figure they ask for.

The economic officials thus come close to deciding the size of the country's Defense Force. Sometimes this dollar limit is given openly in advance; some-

times it is given to the Joint Chiefs of Staff unofficially as a "target figure" or as a "bench mark." Sometimes it comes with a rejection by the National Security Council of the proposed Defense Department budget. Sometimes these formalities are disregarded entirely, and so much money is lopped off budgets of the individual Services without any advice from the military experts as to the effect the cuts will have on the national security.

The normal practice thus is that the Joint Chiefs of Staff get into the decision on force levels only after the over-all size of the military establishment is decided upon. Their function is to determine the composition of the three Services within the limit in dollars given to them.

Nor does the Secretary of Defense have a proper influence on the decision as to the over-all size of the military establishment. Because of the fiction that the force-level decision is a strictly military matter, the Secretary of Defense takes very little if any part in the deliberation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and is therefore not equipped to present the military case to the National Security Council and is not recognized as the final authority within the government on the military policy of the country. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Director of the Budget are, on the contrary, fully equipped to present the fiscal case.

The effect of the false assumption that the force-level decision is a purely military matter thus is paradoxically to take the most important part of this decision — how big a Defense Force the country will have — largely out of the hands not only of the military experts but also out of the hands of the civilian head of the Department of Defense and to give the fiscal experts in government the right to make the most authoritative recommendations to the President on the subject.

This, however, is not as important as the second false premise about the force-level decision: the idea that an objective judgment, regarding only the national interest, can be made under a system by which the force composition of the three Services must be unanimously agreed to by the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force. Of course the heads of the three Services, acting as the Joint Chiefs, do their best to put the national interest first, ahead even of the interests of their own Services. No criticism of the way individual heads of Service have handled the force-level decision is justified. It is not the men but the system that is at fault. The heads of Service would be superhuman if each did not believe that his Service was especially necessary to the defense of the country. Others than Joint Chiefs have been known to identify their loyalties with the higher good. And the three Chiefs of Service would be doubly supermen if each of them did not respond somewhat to the pressure of his Service that it be given a proper position in relation to the other two.

The system is too strong for any individual. It compels compromise. It can even be argued that such was the intention of Congress when the National Security Act was passed, for in 1947 the idea of balanced forces was popular. During World War II balanced forces were necessary — that is, forces in which ground, sea, and air, and various kinds of each, were fused in the proper quantities to make up an integrated fighting force. The National Security Act intended to codify this kind of balance. It did not succeed. It codified the equality of the Service Departments.

3

THE first step on the way to getting a priority system and thereby the kind of Defense Force we need is to recognize the change in the stakes for which we are playing. If we know that the safety of the country depends on it, we will insist that top-priority forces be built. To be able to do this we will need some changes in the Act of Congress under which the Department of Defense is organized. The compromise system within the Joint Chiefs of Staff can be cured by giving the Secretary of Defense the responsibility for making the force-level recommendation. If this were done the recommendation would be the result of an objective decision of a judicial nature instead of a compromise agreement among three equal participants, each of whom has the right to refuse to accept the result unless his claims are recognized.

The burden on the Secretary of Defense, if he were to take on this task, would be heavy. He would probably assemble a panel of himself, the Deputy Secretary, possibly the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Comptroller), and the three Service Secretaries. The last could not qualify as wholly objective. But they should take part in the deliberations of the panel to be sure that the views of their respective Services were fully considered. They would, however, have no voice in the final decision as to the force levels to be recommended to the President. That decision would be made by the Secretary of Defense alone.

During the deliberations of the panel, the Secretary of Defense would consult with his colleagues, with the Secretaries of State and the Treasury, and with the Director of the Budget. He might ask them to present their views to the panel. The Secretary of Defense could not escape the fact that his recommendations would necessarily have a great effect on the foreign and fiscal policies of the government. They would determine in large part the effectiveness of our foreign policy. They would be the single most important fact affecting our fiscal and monetary policies. They would, if possible, be composite recommendations of the Secretary of Defense and of the Secretaries of State and Treasury. If agreement among the three Cabinet

officers is not possible, the area of their differences would be identified and put to the President, acting within the National Security Council, for decision.

If this were done certain important results would follow. We have mentioned the first: the substitution of an objective quasi-judicial judgment for a compromise. Next, the views of the responsible Cabinet officers in charge of foreign policy and economic and monetary matters would have been taken into proper consideration, after a full and detailed debate of the issues involved. And finally, the excessive influence of fiscal considerations and current emotion resulting from the immediate happenings of the international scene would be much reduced.

It does not follow at all that the military budget would necessarily be higher because the influence of the fiscal officials of the government on the force-level decision would be reduced. An objective study of this kind might reduce the military budget.

4

IT HAS been argued that a Secretary of Defense is not qualified to make a decision which has so high a military content. The argument is invalid. It comes from the mistaken notion that there is something unique about military questions which makes them, alone of all subjects with which government has to deal, a matter to be abandoned to the experts. Nowhere in government do we find a self-denial of jurisdiction which in any way corresponds to this abdication of authority by the civilian heads of the Defense Department over the force-level recommendation. The problems of a Secretary of State are more difficult than those of a Secretary of Defense, yet no Secretary of State would abandon his right to make recommendations to the President on every phase of foreign policy. Nor would any other head of department admit that there were matters within the jurisdiction of his department with which he should not deal freely, subject to the overriding authority of the President and Congress. The present practice within the Department of Defense does not carry out properly the principle of civilian control in government.

One exception must be made to this statement that Secretaries of Defense are qualified to make these difficult decisions. This is that the civilian officials of the Defense Department change often. They usually come in with little previous experience in military matters and for a good part of their tenure are learning their business.

This could be remedied by having permanent Under Secretaries in the Defense Department and in the Departments of the Army, Navy, and Air Force. By permanent we mean an official designated for, say, five years, with the right of reappointment and with a policy declaration in the Act of Congress creating the post that it is to be re-

garded as nonpolitical. We have a similar practice in various other posts in the United States government, notably in the Joint Chiefs of Staff and its Chairman, who are named for a fixed number of years, are nonpolitical, and by custom are supposed not to be affected by changes in the Secretaryship of Defense or in the Presidency.

With the knowledge and experience of a permanent Under Secretary available to him, any Secretary of Defense would be able to listen to the arguments of the three Services and to make a proper decision on this question of force levels. Also, the experience of a permanent Under Secretary would help the Secretary in making the other decisions he now has to make, most of which are complicated and need the knowledge which comes from experience. The Under Secretary, for example, would see to it that the Secretary of Defense had available to him the results of objective studies of competing weapons systems — the lack of which now causes such overlapping of functions and much of the lack of emphasis on the top-priority missions.

There would be not much point in changing the present system so as to have the Secretary of Defense make the recommendation as to force levels unless there were a permanent Under Secretary of Defense. The system will not work without a continuity of knowledge on the part of a high-ranking civilian assistant to the Secretary.

Amendments to the National Security Act to establish the practice of having the Secretary of Defense make the force-level recommendation could consist of as little as 1) a legislative direction that such was to be the practice; 2) the creation of permanent Under Secretaries in the Department of Defense and in the three Service Departments; and 3) a revamping of the Armed Forces Policy Council (the top-ranking policy board of the Defense Department), which now consists of the Secretaries of the four Departments and the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, into a review panel of only the Secretaries of the four Departments and the permanent Under Secretary of Defense.

The amending process itself has been made easy. It is now possible to amend the Act by a reorganization plan which becomes law unless it is rejected by the Congress. This comes close to giving the Executive the power to make amendments in procedure of the kind we are describing. The 1953 amendments to the National Security Act were made in this way.

There is nothing in the National Security Act which requires the force-level recommendation to be made by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or decrees that it shall not be made by the Secretary of Defense. On the contrary, the Act clearly puts on the Secretary the responsibility for making all the major decisions of his Department. The force-level recommendation is the most important of all. As it goes, so will go the power and cost of our Defense Force.

Two factors hinder our planning system from creating the drastic changes in military concepts which are necessary for our safety. One is the drag of the past which makes it normal to continue with the weapons and tactics of former years; the other is the fast-moving future which is immediately ahead of us. The one makes for a tendency to stick by the tried and proved weapons of past wars. The other makes it almost impossible to grasp the conditions for which our planning should be done.

There is always the drag of the past in the plans of a defensive-minded nation. The aggressor planning revenge is not bound by any respect for the weapons and tactics that brought about his defeat. And he can plan for a day certain in the future of his own choosing. It is normal for an aggressor to look forward.

The opposite is true for a country like the United States that was on the winning side in the latest war. We have no day certain in the future toward which we may plan. We have only the dismal prospect of keeping ready for the indefinite future for a war we do not want.

One of the most dangerous examples of this thinking is the idea that the industrial potential of the United States is its strongest military asset. This idea is widespread in U.S. military thinking. It is understandable that it should be. United States industrial power did swing the balance in World Wars I and II. But this was under conditions that have gone forever.

The danger of the industrial-potential idea is that it accepts the inevitability of war, concentrates our military planning on the long fighting after a war will have started, and thereby takes the emphasis away from the forces that should be available the day a war begins — the forces which, if they are strong enough, may stop the war from happening.

Air-atomic power has changed one of the fundamental premises of pre-atomic warfare, and we must adapt our military planning to meet this change. The new premise must be that when opponents are equal, each side can strike at the vital sources of strength of the enemy at the start of a war. Thus a war can be decided in its opening weeks or days.

This change should be revolutionary in its effect on strategy, tactics, and military planning. Heretofore the ground troops could get at the sources of power of the enemy — its industry and its governmental and communications centers — only after the enemy army had been utterly defeated. Back of the fighting lines all the resources of the nation could work to supply the fighting forces at the front. Terrible stalemates like the trench warfare of World War I and the long, murderous campaigns of World War II were the result.

In World War II air power came of age, by-passed the ground defenses, and battered at the basic sources of power of the enemy. The damage it did was terrible; and it shortened the war in the Pacific

and in Europe. But until those last moments at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Air was using only TNT and incendiaries; and the damage it did was trivial compared with what an air-atomic blitz of the future in the time of the atomic absolute would do.

TNT and incendiaries could not quickly destroy the warmaking power of the enemy. Atom bombs can. The German Army was driven back into the heart of Berlin and Hitler had killed himself before the Reich broke up. Two cities had been wiped out by atom bombs before the Japanese sued for peace. But if anyone thinks those are precedents for what would happen in an atomic war, he has failed to understand what atomic bombs are. There would not be anything left to fight for or with after an atomic attack of the violence that soon will be possible. The two bombs on Japan were not even an indication, they were so relatively small, of what could happen on a colossal scale in the first days of an atomic war.

The United States or any other country may not be able to build up its military forces and rely on its industrial potential after the war has begun. This nostalgic idea that our industrial power is our greatest military asset can ruin our military planning. Our industrial potential may be smashed at the outset, and the war be over before we can recover. We must build our military force on the exact opposite of this industrial-potential notion. We must have a force-in-being ready to fight at peak power the day a war starts. We need such a force because the overriding purpose of our national policy must be to prevent war.

The stakes have never been so high. It was not particularly important, it was certainly not vital, how we planned our forces when we were protected by the oceans, provided only that we and our allies kept control of the seas. Our politico-military policy then was uncomplicated. It was to concentrate on close relations with Britain, with its naval power in the Atlantic, and to have a strong Navy of our own to counter the Japanese fleet in the Pacific. Even after air-atomic power came on the scene in 1945, as long as the United States had the monopoly of atomic weapons, we could still count on our industrial potential to save us if we became involved in war. The oceans and naval power guaranteed us the time within which to arm.

This phase has now passed. The fact that Russia's air-atomic power is now well under way and is approaching the absolute point must make us intolerant of the uncritical planning of the kind which was usual, and permissible, when no enemy could get at us. Now the danger is too great and too immediate for us to allow anything — attachments to past methods, respect for Service traditions, or anything else — to interfere with our having the kind of military force-in-being which may prevent World War III.



The grandson of Charles Darwin and himself a writer, sagacious and charming, BERNARD DARWIN was for four decades the golf correspondent for The Times and one of the best amateurs in the British Isles. For going on sixty years he has known and played with the great competitors on the famous links and has watched their behavior under the most exasperating conditions when the wind was high and the greens fast as lightning. When not golfing — or thinking of golf — Mr. Darwin is the Justice of the Peace for Kent.

GOLF IN A HIGH WIND

by BERNARD DARWIN

I

IF a ball at rest be moved or the lie altered by any outside agency except wind" — so begins No. 27 of the Rules of Golf and goes on to lay down that the player shall replace his ball without paying any penalty. But there is no such leniency in the case of the unsleeping and inexorable enemy, wind. It makes a plaything of the ball and its antics must be endured with constancy. The golfer must learn to hold his own as best he can in this eternal battle: he must not allow the wind to be his master; he must try to make it his servant.

We in Britain incline to believe that our golf courses are more violently attacked by this old enemy than are those in America. This may be a little harmless vanity on our part, since an American friend complains to me of the westerly breezes of September and the "storm wind of the Equinox." However, a larger proportion of our courses are by the sea and that is where the wind blows fiercest. I have felt it blow reasonably hard, unless my memory fails, on the National Golf Links at Southampton and I have no doubt that it can blow at Kittansett and elsewhere. I claim no superiority for British seaside winds as such; I only say that they play a greater part in our golf. There was a time when we believed that having been brought up to fight this foe, our men would do better on a windy day. Before an international match some deluded Briton might in nautical fashion whistle for a wind. We have long learned better from humbling experience. The man with the best method, who hits the ball most truly, will do best in a wind. If ever we uttered such arrogant prayers before a Ryder or a Walker Cup match, we do so no more.

At the same time each one of us is, I think, proud of his native gales. He is disinclined to admit that it can ever blow quite so tempestuously on another man's course as it does on his. I am not prepared to say that it blows harder at Hoylake, that nursery

of great golfers, the home of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, than it does elsewhere, but I know that the men of Hoylake think it does. Let the innocent stranger go there and rashly expatiate on the gusty buffets he has received. "Wind!" his hospitable friend will exclaim. "We don't call this a wind at Hoylake — this is only a gentle breeze." Well, I will admit he has a right to be proud; it does blow there, and this is emphasized by the constant menace of out-of-bounds territory. An old friend of mine, member of a distinguished golfing family, used to boast that he had been out of bounds at seventeen out of the eighteen holes at Hoylake. I can confirm him that it is a conceivable if difficult achievement, for I once put so many balls out of bounds at a single hole there that I had to give up the battle from lack of ammunition.

It was the winds of Hoylake, moreover, that had a hand in educating the greatest amateur golfer we here have ever possessed — the now almost legendary John Ball. It was he who, having returned an incredibly low score in a gale of wind, remarked, with delightfully modest understatement, that he happened to be hitting a ball of the right height for the day. The other great Hoylake golfer, Harold Hilton, was a master of using the wind, now with a hook and now with a slice, in a way seldom seen today and perhaps indeed seldom needed with the modern ball, which can bore its way through the storm. I do not intend to pose as a praiser of the past, but no one who did not play with a gutty ball has any real notion of what the wind can do. That now semivenerable personage has got to be old, since Mr. Haskell conferred on golf the doubtful benefit of his rubber-cover ball about the turn of the century; but he need not be yet in his dotage.

A friend of mine once gave to a patentee a testimonial in the words: "Your club has added fifty

yards to my slice"; but fifty yards represented a comparatively small slice. When the wind really got under the tail of a sliced ball it could whirl it to the ends of the earth. On a certain course in Wales, an obscure schoolmaster not otherwise famous made himself immortal by slicing onto the railway line at eight of the first nine outward holes. Could a man do such deeds with the pampering rubber-core? Perish the thought. The ball could be and sometimes was blown back over the striker's head. At Westward Ho there is a black and Stygian ditch some forty or fifty yards from the first tee, and on a medal day of mighty wind only one man carried it with his tee shot. At least so it was said, but that wind may have risen with the years.

Such a wind as that with a gutty ball had rather to be circumvented than encountered in open fight. An old golfer long dead, Mr. J. R. Hutchison, a good player of the elder school, told me how he had once been playing Sir Walter Simpson, the friend of R.L.S., author of that admirable book *The Art of Golf*. It was a day of furious wind by the sea and Mr. Hutchison was stealthily progressing by half cleeck shots which kept the ball close to the ground. Sir Walter, never a great golfer though full of theories on the subject, was exposing his rather elaborate swing to the full force of the gale with calamitous results. "Look at Mr. Hutchison," said his caddie. "He's no playing a proud game."

There are hurricanes, no doubt, that can reduce golf to a farce. Not so a good, stiff wind, which emphasizes all the greater virtues of a golfer's method, his power of standing firm on his feet, his mastery of balance and rhythm and control. Such a wind in a championship separates the wheat from the chaff, the sheep from the goats. It did so most surely in the days of the gutty, but it always provides a touchstone of quality. I remember J. H. Taylor telling me once how he and James Braid were sharing a room at a championship. Braid was first out of bed in the morning and, looking out of the window, announced a fine day. "Well, that's a blessing anyhow," said J.H. Braid strongly demurred; such a day would make golf easy for plenty of people "who are far better putters than you and me." Taylor was certainly altruistic in his praise of fine weather, for if ever there was a great player in bad weather, he was the man. To see him pull his cap down over his eyes and plant his feet like two rocks on the ground was to see the defiance of Providence carried almost to the point of blasphemy. He made no adroit allowances; his ball flew straight through the gale, as if making a hole in it. If the wind was reinforced by sheets of rain, so that he could pitch his mashie shots right up to the flag on the sodden greens, then he was supremely happy.

Another who reveled in the wind was Arnaud Massy, a splendid figure of a man sprung from fisher folk and bred up at Biarritz amid Atlantic storms. Asked on the eve of a championship for

his taste in weather, he expressed the hope that it would blow hard enough to blow down every tree in Sandwich.

I have watched many of our championships, both open and amateur, won by American golfers, but I cannot recall any of them being played in a real gale. A good strong wind there often was — notably, if memory serves, on the last day of Snead's Championship at St. Andrews — but nothing in the nature of a storm. I am not suggesting that it would have made the least difference to the result if there had been. Gene Sarazen in particular I should reckon a player second to none in a high wind — of just the right shape, so firm and compact, four-square, fronting the elements with so cheerful a confidence.

2

SEASIDE winds afford a fine education for a golfer, perhaps in all but one regard: I fancy they sometimes destroy his courage on the green. To be forced to give the ball the most timid of little prods lest it run away down wind far past the hole on an ice-keen green cannot be the best way to learn putting. What is wanted is an essentially free stroke, and that can probably be best acquired in still weather on reasonably grassy greens. Having once gained smoothness, boldness, and freedom, the player will not lose it in more testing circumstances. I remember playing with that delightful man and fine golfer, the late George Rotan, on his first round of the National Golf Links. There was a breeze, the greens were keen, and he could for a little while make neither head nor tail of the putting. He was used to the greens of his native Texas, which are, I believe, inclined to be slow and grassy. But he was a good putter and after a round he quickly adjusted himself.

In all other respects the wind must be a good teacher unless, indeed, it is in alliance with a ferociously narrow course. If the young player is too frightened of his ball being blown into impenetrable bushes, his hitting may become cramped and short. "I don't like to see a young one too careful," I once heard John Ball say, and I am sure it was a wise saying.

The golfing winds are as distinct from one another as are winds in general. When one did Latin verses at school and was well acquainted with Eurus and Boreas, Zephyrus and Favonius, one might have applied their names to the winds of golf. Since classical names have now grown dim, I think of them rather under four main titles in plain English; there is the wind against, the wind behind, and, of side winds, the wind on your back and the wind on your face. Of the four, three are definitely hostile; the fourth, the wind behind, intends, I believe, to be friendly but too often overdoes his friendliness. He is a rollicking, boisterous fellow, who really does mean to do us a good turn by bowling our ball

along for huge distances in front of him. Unfortunately he applies the same principle to our approach shots and helps them forward so vigorously that they end in horrid places beyond the green. On the green, too, he is tactless in his good nature. He does not in the least understand the terrors of a down-wind putt on a slope. It is all the same to him; with the very best intentions he just blows us to perdition.

The fact is that he is rather stupid. The same thing is mercifully true of the wind against. He is a completely honest foe, with nothing in the least tricky or shifty about him; he just tries to stop us as hard as he can. If we can persuade ourselves not to hit too hard — not, in short, to play too proud a game — much of his enmity will be wasted. When it comes to approaching, he is a positive friend if we can only make up our minds to bang the ball right up to the hole. Moreover, he gives us one of the most delicious of golf's sensations, that of a ball struck perfectly clean and flying low into the wind's eye.

The two side winds are in every way far less pleasant characters. They are crafty and evilly disposed creatures and essentially bullies. If they see that a man is frightened of them they are ruthless. The poor slicer aims farther and farther to the left, and the wind on his back, realizing that he has a coward to deal with, blows his ball farther and farther to the right. But if the slicer takes his courage in both hands, makes no allowance, and even stands boldly for a hook, the bully wind will often surrender on the spot. Conversely, much the same is true of the wind on your face, but as more of us are slicers than hookers, so most of us fear him the less. He tempts rather than precipitates us to destruction. Driving with a hook is a flattering amusement, since the ball seems to run forever. Sooner or later, of course, will come one hook too long into the heart of a gorse bush — but it was fun while it lasted. I said these side winds were bullies; and they are also snobs. When they meet a really great player who can master them, they grovel before him and slavishly do his will.

Yet another of the wind's unattractive traits is its low cunning. It has a habit of hiding behind a hill, so that the player on the tee feels himself in a blessed calm. Scarcely has the ball left the club, however, when out rushes the wind from its hiding place and sweeps the ball far away.

The wind has other knavish tricks that it can play upon us, admittedly of a minor character. It can flap the mackintoshes of spectators, if we are so fortunate as to attract any, in a manner extremely disturbing to the concentration. It is no doubt a rather ridiculous confession, but I can well remember a certain nineteenth hole in a certain tournament, when I believe my second shot was flapped into a disastrous place by an innocent mackintosh. I can still hear the sound of it in my

dreams. For that matter, the wind can flap our own trousers as we are dealing with a crucial putt. And then it has a habit of whining through the anatomy of a shooting stick, with what Robert Louis Stevenson would have called "an infinite melancholy piping." It would be as absurd to complain of it as of the lark pouring out its song above our head, but it can be on occasions strangely disconcerting.

Now and again the wind can implant in our breasts some flattering beliefs. I once played a whole week's golf on a frozen ground in a strong east wind. It was bitter work even though there was benedictine after lunch and divine apple jelly for tea when we had climbed up a steep hill homeward. But heavens! how beautifully far the ball did go with that wind behind it. As we came in to lunch, each one of us had his little boast of some landmark passed, some inaccessible bunker reached. Of course this was but a touching delusion on everybody else's part. Poor old fellow! he would never learn to drive an inch farther. But, for ourselves, surely we had discovered a little something, hard to explain but impossible to have imagined, which would make us longer drivers forevermore.

Now that I can play no more I love to lie snug in bed or hear the wind rumbling in the chimney on the eve of some great match. The sight of the flags standing out straight and straining at their sticks gives the course on a medal day morning a fine relentless air. I might not feel the full charm of it had I still to hear my name called aloud by the cold, passionless voice of the starter and go out to face the tempest. Today when it is pleasantly still and warm, I incline to say disparagingly, "Oh — anybody can do a good score on a day like this." Yes, circumstances do alter cases, but still, play or watch, walk or sit, I shall maintain that golf would be a poor game without our old enemy. A reasonable wind gives a spice to golfing life.

Let me quote what a very wise golfer, John L. Low, wrote of it. "We must regard the wind as a friend that may be treated as a nodding acquaintance. We must recognise its presence, but not make obsequious obeisance when we meet it on our journey. If a ball be freely hit the wind will affect it but slightly; it is when we try either to use it too freely or to counter it in anger that we make our worst play." Those are words to be taken to heart, at once brave and prudent.

"The only argument available with an East wind," said James Russell Lowell, "is to put on your overcoat." The stouthearted golfer will hardly confess to so cautious, almost cowardly a policy. Mittens perhaps and a woolly waistcoat, for no wise man disdains armor for the fight, but a genuine stand-up fight it will be. He will never capitulate; he will hit through the wind low, piercing shots that shall be blown neither to the right nor the left. And when he has carried the last cross bunker, all the trumpets shall sound for him on the other side.



This is the first in a series of leading articles on the American public schools. HENRY I. WILLETT, a native son of Virginia's tidewater, has been head of the Richmond, Virginia, public school system since January, 1946. He served as a teaching principal of Sugar Grove School in southwest Virginia, as principal of combined high and elementary schools in Churchland and Cradock, and as director of instruction in Augusta County schools. When war workers engulfed the Norfolk County area, bringing with them the problems of swollen enrollments and school and housing shortages, Superintendent Willett began dealing at close hand with urgencies which are no less pressing today.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS UNDER PRESSURE

by HENRY I. WILLETT

THE attitude of the American people towards public education during much of the first half of the century was one of uncritical trust. There was an almost "blind faith" in education on the part of the masses as the answer to the fulfillment of their hopes and aspirations for their children. During the early years of the century, however, scant thought was given by the general public to the *kind* of education since the curriculum of the schools afforded little diversity or flexibility. Furthermore, the majority of the parents, with little formal education themselves, were slow to analyze or criticize the school curriculum. The people generally did not concern themselves with the operation of the schools, and this lack of involvement on their part was to result over the years in a lagging financial support. You cannot improve schools — or build new ones — without money.

But by 1950 a great change had occurred. Today public education has become a mirror that reflects the frustrations, doubts, and confused concepts of a people who have been caught up for the first time in a series of problems and responsibilities which cannot be solved by the old methods. Our institutions inevitably reflect our individual strengths and weaknesses. And in the uncertainty of today our public school system is under constant scrutiny and criticism.

What's wrong with our schools?

Emerging from the pervading atmosphere of uneasiness and censure which has enveloped the nation, there are focal points of pressure upon the public schools. In the course of this discussion I shall attempt to analyze the following criticisms,

which are heard repeatedly from parents today:

"Pupils do not perform as well in academic areas as they did in former years." This criticism is often accompanied by the comment that too much attention is being given to vocational education.

"Schools are not placing enough emphasis on the three R's; consequently, pupils cannot read, write, or figure as well as they did in past generations."

"Schools fail to develop and to maintain good discipline."

"The public schools are irreligious and godless." Criticisms also come from those who feel that the schools teach too much religion and do not maintain the proper separation between church and state.

"Educators seek to keep the control of education to themselves, and they use a mystic jargon to confuse the public."

"Public schools emphasize coöperative action at the expense of rugged individualism, thereby tending to undermine the free enterprise system." The more extreme critics in this area say very frankly that in their opinion the public schools are becoming socialistic. Criticism of the use of certain textbooks with an allegedly socialistic philosophy has appeared in many sections of the country. This subject will be dealt with separately in an article to follow in this series.

"Report cards contribute to a namby-pamby type of education and do not tell parents what they want to know."

"The public schools cost too much." This issue is fundamental and will go deeper as the tax burden for our schools is increased. The cost factor is felt by some to be the real motivating drive behind many of the other criticisms.

In addition, there is a second body of criticism

which stems from teachers and educational administrators who wish to join hands with laymen in making necessary improvements. In their eyes, all other problems are secondary to this question: How can we recruit and hold the best teachers that our society can afford? Again, how can we educate the masses without imposing classroom enrollments that are far too large for satisfactory results? How can the needs of the slow learner be met more adequately without stultifying and watering down the intellectual performance of brighter pupils? How can the schools become more effective in developing better work habits which will dispel the idea that a person can get something for nothing?

Teachers and superintendents recognize that the public schools must play an important role in recapturing the pioneer spirit that made this nation great, and that this pioneer spirit must now be exercised in the realm of human relations, a task which is more difficult than conquering a wilderness. It will require men who can apply the scientific method to human problems, who can interpret data and suspend judgment until all the facts are available, and who possess a personal integrity that is rooted in deep spiritual convictions.

The changes in curriculum

Many curricular changes have taken place during the first half of the century; fundamentally, they have evolved out of the research and developments of the present scientific age and are not merely the result of theories advanced by a few persuasive educators. The similarity which exists in the educational structure and curriculum of the American schools without the direction and control of a federal bureau of education is a marvel to most Europeans, and gives testimony to the fact that changes in the curriculum have developed out of basic sources that represent all parts of the United States.

Of prime importance in understanding the curriculum of today is recognition of the fact that individual differences do exist in children. In 1900 the idea was prevalent that one child could learn anything as well as any other child if he would but apply himself with equal industry. Under such a concept, ignoring differences in individual abilities, failure could be attributed only to a lack of effort and perseverance, a defect considered to be evidence of weakness in moral character.

The changes in methods

Educators continued to develop their curricular practices around these concepts until psychological research proved these early ideas to be fallacious and pointed the way to more promising practices. For example, psychologists discerned that the axiom "Practice makes perfect" was conditioned by a number of factors. Unless the thing practised had

some meaning for the individual, practice alone did not produce the desired change or improvement. This change in the psychological concept of drill does not mean that it is unimportant, but that practice must be the kind that is needed and that it must take place in situations that have meaning for the learner. Consequently, modern curricular practices attempt to place the teaching of the three R's, for example, in situations involving their continuing and purposeful use.

An older concept taught that knowledge is power, but both psychology and experience indicate that for knowledge to become power it must lead to action. Knowledge about good citizenship or good health does not necessarily produce either. Here again the modern school emphasizes the importance of knowledge, but it also attempts to involve the child in the study and practice of good health and good citizenship.

Teachers also recognize that there is a close relationship between interest and effort. Research indicates that fear and punishment are not as effective motivating forces as interest. Good conduct results less from punishment than from pleasant and friendly relationships. On the other hand, this does not mean that punishment should not be used when necessary. The skilled teacher uses many different techniques to arouse the interest of her pupils and keeps reward and punishment in the proper balance.

Proposed changes are sometimes blamed for existing inadequacies before those changes have been put into operation to a degree that would justify an accurate appraisal of results. For example, in one state the revised curriculum program was blamed for the allegedly poor preparation of college freshmen, in spite of the fact that the revised program at that time had barely been started and was being used only in the eighth grade of approximately fifteen high schools. It is important, therefore, for laymen not only to study the program and to appraise its present weaknesses but also to determine with equal care the causes for such deficiencies.

The influence of John Dewey

There are frontier thinkers among educators as in all professional and business groups. In this group of educators the name of John Dewey has gained more ardent supporters and more vehement critics than any other. His books and his influence contributed to many of the curricular changes. It was his belief that children learn by doing and thinking. He emphasized the solving of problems as being a far more desirable approach to effective learning than isolated memorization of subject matter. The emphasis that he placed upon direct experiences related to the interest of the child and compatible with the best interests of society gave impetus to the development of an expanded and vitalized curriculum.

The ambiguity that is found in some of Mr. Dewey's writings accounts in part for the conflict that has surrounded his philosophy and embroiled some of his more zealous disciples. Worthy of note is the fact that in his later writings he avoided the use of the word "pragmatism" because of the misinterpretation that he felt had been given to certain statements by some of his followers. In fact, as early as 1928 he expressed strong disagreement with many of the so-called "progressive" practices of that period.

It is possible to differ with Dewey's concept of truth, his ideas about religion, and some of his educational views and still be aware of the fact that he did expound and clarify certain important educational truths which have withstood the careful tests of research. These truths cannot be tossed lightly aside because one of their most persuasive exponents happened to propose certain philosophical views which were objectionable to some educators and laymen. Furthermore, there is evidence to indicate that Dewey would agree with some of the present critics of education. For example, it was Dewey himself who wrote, "It is not too much to say that a normal person demands a certain amount of difficulty to surmount in order that he may have full and vivid sense of what he is about, and hence have a lively interest in what he is doing." He did preach a new educational philosophy for his day when he said, "It is absurd to suppose that a child gets more intellectual or mental discipline when he goes at a matter unwillingly than when he goes at it out of the fullness of his heart," but few educators now would fail to agree with the validity of this statement.

In the flush of enthusiasm for new practices some schools did try to make changes too rapidly, and some went to extremes in allowing too much freedom and in giving too little direction. Such cases helped to build a resistance to any changes and to give the word "progressive" a connotation in education that has become undesirable. Education is now passing through a very wholesome period when it is attempting to sift out the best of the old and the new. Out of the discussions, appraisals, and dissensions there is emerging a program which attempts to translate knowledge into desirable action.

The broad and flexible curriculum (that at times admittedly became too broad and too flexible) has now reached the point in the shakedown where few people indeed would wish our secondary schools to return to the narrow, restricted program of the past. It should be remembered, however, that in a broad program choices have to be made. Therefore, parents and pupils, with the assistance of the school, need to select courses with great care in light of what the pupil expects to do.

More pupils are staying in schools for a much longer period of time, but approximately 50 per cent of the pupils who enter school do not stay until

graduation, and a satisfactory terminal program for this group has not yet been developed.

Vocational versus general education

Public schools still tend to do a better job of college preparation than they do in preparing the group that is not college bound. In the first place there has been considerable lost motion over the question of vocational versus general education. Too frequently, both parents and teachers have felt that vocational education was primarily for those who could not pass academic subjects. They have failed to recognize that a pupil with low intelligence could not be, for example, a successful electrician. Consequently, highly technical vocational subjects often became the dumping ground for those pupils who had been unable to find success elsewhere. Since business represented one of the earlier vocational subjects introduced into the public high schools, it became all too common to find among high school graduates pupils of low capacity who were proficient in the use of the typewriter but who lacked the ability to spell and to use acceptable English.

Today both parents and educators are becoming more realistic. Vocational education is being recognized as having a place for many pupils, but the fitting of the individual to the job requires careful guidance and close coöperation with the community. The more expensive guidance functions of placement and follow-up have too frequently been done poorly or not at all. Business leaders, often with just cause, have felt that school administrators were unwilling to give attention to their suggestions and criticisms. On the other hand, businessmen have been tardy in listening to what the school had to offer and in using resources that were available — at times even failing to check with the schools to see if a prospective employee had actually graduated from high school as claimed on the personnel application.

It is encouraging to note that the humanities are being revitalized and that their importance in the curriculum for the less gifted child as well as for the gifted is also being recognized. The present improved situation is partly the result of better clarification of the purposes and functions of vocational education. Some people may not be able to understand Milton's *Paradise Lost*, but it is important for them to read and interpret newspapers and magazines accurately not only as a means of cultural advancement and personal enjoyment, but also as an essential part of the requirement for successful employment and intelligent citizenship. Work with the hands is often used by good teachers to help give meaning to subjects and areas that some pupils learn poorly, if at all, in the abstract. The conflict between vocational education and the humanities is being resolved with mutual helpfulness. The humanities are less likely to maintain an aura of re-

spectability by looking askance at such functional areas as vocational training, and people generally are recognizing that for many persons languages may have vocational values that equal their cultural implications. No other generation has read as much as the present one. This fact is indicated by school records, magazine sales, and public library reports. Certainly the battle for better cultural tastes and appreciation has not yet been won, but progress is being made even in the face of a new and vigorous competition from various media that succumb to mediocrity. The increased knowledge of and enthusiasm for good music is an encouraging example of how the people will improve their tastes when given a reasonable opportunity.

The three R's

This question may then be raised: "We admit that a broad, more flexible curriculum is necessary today, but what about the quality of pupils' performances, particularly in the three R's?" There is sufficient evidence to indicate that today's pupil can generally outperform his earlier cousins in the three R's. For example, Dr. Ralph Tyler made a comprehensive study of the reading abilities of persons inducted into the Armed Services during World War I and during World War II and established the fact that the average inductee was reading on the sixth grade level in World War I and on the tenth grade level in World War II. In the First World War an illiterate was a person who could not read at all, while in the Second World War those persons were classified as illiterate who read below the fourth grade level.

The identical tests that were given to boys and girls several generations ago have been given to a number of boys and girls of the same age today, and with few exceptions the modern child performs as well or better on the same test. This comparison does not take into consideration the fact that such subjects as history and science today cover an ever-increasing scope. If a fair appraisal is sought, it must also be remembered that schools today include nearly all the children up to the age of sixteen or beyond, while a few generations ago it was only "the cream of the crop" of the teen-agers who were found in school.

The secondary schools have been evaluated more in terms of the academic success of their graduates in college than by any other single standard. The majority of public school educators would not agree that this type of evaluation is always a fair appraisal, because it fails to take into account the quality of the instruction in the college, nor does it usually differentiate those students who are recommended by the secondary school from those who may have been admitted by the college for reasons other than scholastic ability. However, despite the cries which are heard that high school graduates cannot read and that colleges must teach reading, outstanding

graduates of the public schools have generally continued to make the same excellent records in college. There are many high schools whose graduates in college pass a higher percentage of classes than is the percentage of promotion in those high schools themselves. Furthermore, the public schools will be found to supply their full quota of honor graduates in college.

Good discipline

The discussion thus far has dealt with the more formal curricular areas. What about the effects of less formalized procedures upon the youth of today? Is it true that discipline has been abandoned and that freedom means doing as you please? It is usually safe to say that the best evidence of good discipline and youth citizenship that is to be found in the community will be found in the schools. If the reader doubts the correctness of this statement or feels that it is not true in his community, I suggest that he visit first his schools and then the homes and other places that serve young people. The schools today place much emphasis on self-discipline, but teachers and administrators recognize that external discipline must be applied promptly and positively when self-discipline fails. The greatest blow to good discipline has come from those few parents who wish disciplinary measures applied to their neighbors' children but not to their own. Many people have an entirely false impression of the discipline that public schools try to foster in the face of tremendous difficulties. The antisocial acts of a few make the front page headlines, but the fact that 90 to 95 per cent behave reasonably well has little dramatic appeal. Compare the treatment and spread which would be given to the following two items of information:—

High school boy arrested for defacing white columns at the entrance to high school building.

The student councils of two high schools work out plan that promotes good sportsmanship between schools at competitive contests.

The best schools today place emphasis on the type of discipline that grows out of self-control and responsibility. Pupils not reacting favorably to this approach meet firm and positive action in the form of external controls. These schools try to be firm but fair. Punishment is directed more toward correction than retribution.

It is true that today's youngsters are more exuberant and express themselves more freely, but they are also more honest in saying what they think. Good discipline emphasizes constructive action rather than repressive conformity. Furthermore, the automobile and other developments of this scientific age present problems and temptations unknown fifty years ago; and the youth in our schools are accepting more responsibility than ever

before to create a climate of opinion that is favorable to good citizenship. A visit to any good student council in action will demonstrate this point.

Religion in practice

Perhaps the most unfair criticism that has been directed at the public schools has been the allegedly godless influence. The place of religion in the schools has been thoroughly canvassed in the *Atlantic*. It is true that public schools do not teach sectarian religion, but they do emphasize a belief in God. The schools seek to be laboratories where moral action is encouraged and practised. It is recognized that this moral action needs the motivating power of religion, the importance of which should be and is taught in the public schools. In referring to how the public schools teach religion, L. P. Jack made the following statement:—

We teach it all day long. We teach it in arithmetic by accuracy. We teach it in language by learning to say what we mean. We teach it in history by humanity. We teach it in geography by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy by reverence. We teach it on the playground by fair play.

A choir singing sacred music, children giving thanks in the cafeteria, a school character committee studying school behavior problems give more eloquent testimony than written words to the moral and spiritual values to be found in the public schools.

The need for plain talk

The impression that educators seek to keep the control of education to themselves is understandable. The earlier reluctance of parents to participate in vital school planning tended to develop in school people a feeling of proprietorship toward the schools which has not always been relinquished with ease and grace. Admittedly, educators have wanted to prescribe and laymen have sought their prescriptions more often than their counsel. This situation shows encouraging signs of improvement through a willingness and sometimes eagerness on the part of both educators and laymen to plan co-operatively in seeking better answers to school problems. The increasing complexity of education has made the operation of schools more difficult and the interpretation to the public more essential.

The mystic jargon that is sometimes criticized may at times have some foundation in fact, but every profession develops a number of terms that have a particularly expressive meaning for the members of the group. Educators, however, are now beginning to emphasize plain talk as never before in order to prevent misunderstandings.

Report cards

Pupil marking and reports to parents have been the subject of considerable discussion in some com-

munities. Teachers generally feel that marking pupils is one of their most difficult tasks. The increased attention that is now being given to individual abilities, interests, and efforts has complicated the job of telling Johnny's parents what they need to know in order to understand and coöperate with the school program. Few public schools now mark on a purely percentage basis for several reasons. Teachers recognize that qualities of human behavior and achievement cannot be measured as accurately as a percentage mark of 85 would indicate. Furthermore, such a mark alone does not tell the parent whether or not the child could and should be doing better in relationship to his ability, nor does it point out his strengths and weaknesses.

Either separately or in combination many school systems are using formal reports with symbols such as A, B, and C, to indicate the child's general achievement level, informal diagnostic notes that attempt to give a word picture of the child's progress, and conferences with parents at which the child may or may not be present. There is also an increasing trend to send home samples of the pupil's work and to invite parents to the school to observe, study, and appraise the child's progress.

Marks and pupil reports are for the primary purpose of keeping essential records, interpreting the child's progress, and soliciting the coöperation of the home. It is very important, therefore, that careful study and planning take place between educators and parents in determining the most effective type of pupil reports that can be used in a given community.

Do public schools cost too much?

This question must be answered by the public; but educators have opinions on and some knowledge of the subject. There has never been a realistic relationship between the amount of money spent on public education and what the public schools were expected to accomplish. The people must decide whether education should be considered as a poor relation for whose sustenance they are required by necessity to provide, or whether appropriations for public schools represent a triple-A investment in the greatest resource of any and every community. The amount spent for educational purposes as compared with amounts spent for many other items and services, including luxuries, would indicate that the importance of education in our democracy is not yet realized; and the hour is growing late.

What can the citizen do?

Educators believe that the schools have done a good job in the face of great difficulties. They also realize perhaps more than anyone else that they must do a better job. The responsibility for such an achievement cannot rest on the professional group alone, who are presumably employed to develop and operate the kind of schools that the people want and

are willing to finance. This fact suggests that the first step must be to involve a greater number of people in determining the job of the schools. Much of the present criticism is a result of non-agreement and misunderstanding relating to areas of school responsibilities. What is the job of the schools? The answer must stem from the will of the people. The question is how to ascertain what the people really want. School problems are too numerous and too complex to be settled by popular vote except on a few basic issues. School boards and administrators must find a variety of ways to answer this question.

More people must visit schools and see at first hand what is going on in order to dissipate rumors and to correct misinformation. Administrators can help immeasurably in making this an easy task.

The citizen has many other opportunities to keep informed about what the schools are doing. He should take an active interest in the P.T.A. and in citizens' committees for better schools. If none of these is available, he has a responsibility to help organize such a group. Many school boards and administrators are appointing committees to help study important problems.

Nearly all communities have organizations to sponsor discussion groups on important educational issues ranging from "Use of phonics in teaching reading" to "Reasons why we need a \$10,000,000 bond issue for new schools." The local press, magazines, radio and television programs, annual reports of school boards, books on current educational problems, interpretative bulletins, school visitation, and questions directed to persons in authority are only some of the sources of information available to a citizen who is interested in the schools of his community.

There is one other source that is readily available but too infrequently used—namely, the child in school. Any school principal can tell you how often the mother has to nudge the father to stand up when the name of his child's teacher is called in the P.T.A. meetings. If you would know something about the school program, then know the teacher of your child at least as well as you know your barber or the mechanic who repairs your automobile.

The shortage of teachers and classrooms

Greater involvement of people in their schools will automatically help to improve the status and importance of public education in the community. Laymen must take the lead in securing greater financial support. The problem is accentuated by a shortage of teachers and classrooms. At the present rate of recruitment we are running behind at the rate of 100,000 teachers a year. Equally serious is the problem of obtaining and holding the

best possible teachers, as contrasted with the employment of any available person who holds even an emergency certificate.

It has been estimated that there is a shortage of 340,000 classrooms with 10,000,000 children already attending school on double shifts. We need an estimated 117,000 additional classrooms annually to keep up with our growing requirements. If we add the facilities necessary to take care of the mentally and physically handicapped and to provide certain desirable resources not now generally available to all children, we can get some idea of the road ahead. But money alone will not solve these problems.

Improving the status of teachers

Teacher status in the community must be quickly raised if any hope is to be entertained for other aspects of the program. This change in status will involve much higher salaries in many communities. An improvement in teacher status will be stimulated by higher standards of teacher training and performance. These standards apply not only to professional training but to intellectual capacity, cultural background, character, and personality.

Status also involves the attitude and respect of other people. Teachers must be accepted by the community as members of a worthy professional group and treated accordingly. Teaching must be a respected profession that a reasonable number of a community's outstanding citizens will be pleased to have their sons and daughters choose.

Teachers must be given more realistic teaching loads, not to make the job easy, but to give them a reasonable chance to experience the satisfactions that come from reaping the rewards of doing an observable and commendable job. They also need time to take part in community activities. The teacher who would stimulate pupils must himself be stimulated.

Public education in the United States has reached adolescence, but not maturity. Like most adolescents, its size overshadows its experience and perspicuity as it attempts to operate in an ever-changing situation. The recent rapidity of its growth produces a natural expectancy far beyond its present ability. The pressure is on the public schools. It could result in power under proper control and direction, or it could cause a series of weakening eruptions that would be destructive to our way of life. What the outcome will be must rest primarily with citizens who care enough to want the best for their children. The issue is not whether public education is better than it was a generation or two ago, but whether it is the force that it can and must be if democracy and the free world are to survive.

The second article in this series, "Teaching Is Hard Work," by Sarah C. Caldwell of the Akron Public Schools, will appear in the November Atlantic.



EDWARD CRANKSHAW, *English author and historian, first visited Soviet Russia as a member of the British Military Mission to Moscow during the war; he went back again in 1947 as a writer for the London Observer and it was in the course of these two tours of duty that he made the observations and drew the conclusions which led to his two authoritative books, Russia and the Russians and Cracks in the Kremlin Wall. When asked to define the most decisive moment in Lenin's career, Mr. Crankshaw chose without hesitation those first few days when, after long exile, Lenin returned to take into his own hands the direction of the Revolution.*

WHEN LENIN RETURNED

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

1

LENIN would have said there was no turning point in his life; he would have said that he followed a straight line, undeviatingly, from the dawn of his political consciousness to the moment of his death. And this was true. There was no turning point because in the moment of supreme crisis Lenin, under overwhelming pressures, continued his straight line and yet was not broken.

The Russian people had wanted revolution. It had to come. What they meant by revolution was the overthrow of an inept and suffocating tyranny and its substitution by some more liberal system. The Provisional Government, if it had immediately sued for peace with Germany and shown more activity about the redistribution of land, could have remained in power, leading Russia into some kind of democratic system. But because it held to the war, as an obligation; because it knew it would depend in future on the favors of the Entente; and because it was patriotic, it could not begin to alleviate the misery of the people, greatly aggravated by the war. It was this misery which Lenin deliberately set himself out to exploit.

He was not, he never pretended to be, an original thinker. From the moment of his discovery of Marx at Kazan University his way was clear. Russia had to have revolution. In this he was at one with the whole of the Russian intelligentsia. The only proper way to bring about revolution was the Marxist way. Revolution in Russia would have to be made by the urban proletariat and the rural proletariat of the poorest peasants, led by professional revolutionaries who understood what was going on. All this was common ground with all the Marxist parties. And, indeed, it is no use looking for the secret of Leninism in any particular theory.

His whole contribution was to practice. Marx for him was a blueprint, a guide to action. The funda-

mental point was the dictatorship of the proletariat. The enemy was liberal reformism. The proletariat had to be educated and raised up politically to the level of a handful of professional revolutionaries, who could not possibly alone produce a revolution. Anything that in any way debilitated the strength of the professional hard core was anathema. And what debilitated was not wrong theory but mistaken strategy and tactics. The word for mistake was compromise. Thus the criticism which dwells on Lenin's theoretical inconsistencies misses the point. He *was* inconsistent. He appealed to Marx as the fundamentalist appeals to the Bible. He had a single burning idea: to bring the Marxist revolution to the world and to Russia. His approach to this problem was the approach not of the revolutionary theorist, like Trotsky, like the Mensheviks, like most of his Bolshevik colleagues, but of the self-made, practical statesman. His political sense found the proper tactics and strategy. His knowledge of Marx then found the text to support his action. His will and personality carried him through. His quarrels with his closest colleagues of the Social Democratic Party were invariably quarrels about tactics and strategy, not about theory: how best to further the Marxist revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the shortest possible time. He found the way. But others, like Trotsky, like Martov even, were the more correct Marxists.

Behind him, Lenin swung into line a vast and primitive country of 150 million souls. Those who held out against the swing were broken. It was a one-man performance unique in the history of the world. The crisis, when, according to all possible calculations, Lenin had to give way or be broken, began late at night on April 16, 1917. He took it at a trot, apparently quite unaware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary.

He took it at a trot quite literally. For eight days, cooped up with an assortment of exiled comrades, he had been traveling across Europe in the famous sealed train from Zurich. For anybody but Lenin those days would have been solemn with soul-searching; the professional revolutionary, trained and self-disciplined and dedicated for years to the moment of action, cast off and toiling ceaselessly in the squalor of foreign exile to keep his comrades up to the mark, was going home to put his ideas into practice. The long, fantastic train journey, arranged by the German government, which saw in this obscure fanatic one more bacillus to let loose in tottering and exhausted Russia to spread infection, was an opportunity for stocktaking of the most elaborate kind. But to Lenin it was merely a slow and tedious way of getting on with the job.

He had been at the job for years. He had been under pressure for years. For years his task had been not to preach revolution but to keep the preachers of revolution up to the mark, so that when the day came they would know what to do. For years he had worked in exile because the police would not let him work in Russia. Now that it was possible to go back to Russia, there was the difficulty of crossing enemy territory. He had thought of every conceivable means and had to abandon plan after plan, until a Swedish Social Democrat had persuaded the German government to put him on a train.

He felt no gratitude. Since the first news of the revolution had reached him in his dismal lodgings in Zurich he had lived for this day, which had now, miraculously, come. Another man would have been betrayed into expressing emotion in the first relief of tension. But not Lenin. Nobody knows what he felt in his heart, but he gave nothing away. He accepted the German offer as his right: they were not doing it for love of him but out of sheer self-interest — as well they might, seeing that he was going back to Russia to end the war! And, while they were about it, there were certain conditions he required them to observe, if he was going to honor them by traveling in their train. He laid down the conditions, like a conqueror; and they were accepted.

So he embarked, with thirty-five fellow revolutionaries, as the most natural thing in the world. The train journey was simply a hiatus in his work. He was fairly certain that he would be arrested the moment he set foot in Russia; and he spent some time preparing a speech in his defense, which he discussed with his comrades.

2

ABOUT Lenin's personal emotions we know nothing. Indeed, the deeper we go into the existing accounts of his life the more glaring becomes the almost total absence of any information which

throws light on his state of mind at any given time.

It is tempting to conclude that he had no emotional life; but it would not be true. Nadezhda Konstantinova Krupskaya, his wife, the companion of his lifetime, his fellow revolutionary, tells us what little we know; and it is enough to show that he was no automaton. From time to time in her memoirs we learn that Ilych was withdrawn, moody, cast down, or in high spirits. From time to time the two of them, usually for Krupskaya's health, would go off into the mountains to be alone with nature, which Ilych loved. He liked hunting in Siberia, and once let a fox, which he should have shot, go off unhurt "because it was so beautiful." He would listen to music, and above all he loved the *Appassionata* Sonata of Beethoven.

He read other things besides revolutionary philosophy and blue books. Particularly in the last days of Swiss exile, with the world at war all around him, he gave more time to the novels he loved; Krupskaya says he had "mellowed" at this time. Nobody knew anything about this. Krupskaya tells how when she was first introduced to Lenin she was told he had never read a novel or a poem in his life. It was much later that she discovered, with surprise (the surprise is characteristic), that in fact he was as well read in the classics as she herself. He read them all again in Siberia. But the world did not know.

The world knew practically nothing. As a child he had respected and admired his brother Alexander, who was hanged for his part in the attempted assassination of the Tsar. That respect and admiration was reciprocated, but, said Alexander, "we do not understand each other." His schoolmasters did not understand him either. The headmaster of his school, none other than the father of Kerensky, whom Lenin was one day to overthrow, did his best for the boy, but complained of his excessive reserve and unsociability. He had "a distant manner even with people he knows and even with the most superior of his schoolmates."

Later on he was to develop an extreme sociability. But it was the sociability of the great headmaster, in Edmund Wilson's phrase. There is no record of any conversation at all with Lenin that was not about the coming revolution, how to make it come, and how best to equip the party to be fit and well and mentally trim for the fight. So he went on being reserved. Perhaps his friendship with Maxim Gorki was his only safety valve. Only with Gorki did Lenin ever allow political differences to be overridden by personal warmth. There is also one note to Kamenev, written when Lenin had to go into hiding after the "July Days," when the Provisional Government put its ban on him. "*Entre nous*," he wrote, "if they bump me off I ask you to publish my little notebook *Marxism on the State* (stranded in Stockholm). Bound in a blue cover. . . . There is a whole series of notes and comments. Formulate it. I think you could publish it with a week's work.

I think it is important, for it is not only Plekhanov and Kautsky who have got off the track. My conditions: all this to be absolutely *entre nous*."

In that little note, forced out of him by an extreme emergency — for the agitation against Lenin as an alleged German agent was then formidable and dangerous — we see perfectly expressed the familiar character, while for once we are permitted a glimpse of the human feelings beneath the normally unflawed reserve.

"All the writing of Lenin is functional; it is all aimed at accomplishing an immediate purpose," said Wilson. This was true of his whole way of living. For the sake of an immediate purpose he ruthlessly cut across old friendships without the least apparent hesitation or regret; and in his public attacks on men who had been his devoted comrades the day before, he employed for the first time that crudely savage invective, the "robber-cannibal" style which has since become the dreary idiom of the Communist Party everywhere. But Krupskaya tells enough to show that he often felt regret. His recurrent joy when Martov, the Menshevik leader whom he loved, returned to the straight and narrow path of Leninism (only to stray again) is proof of this. There is more in Lenin's welcome than the delight of "I told you so!" He knew feelings of tenderness; what he lacked was a sense of doubt. He loved people, thus, with a perfect detachment, as one loves a dog or a pet rabbit. There was no sharing in his love.

Never, at any time, did it occur to him that he might be wrong and others right. Various contemporaries commented on the extreme sensitiveness with which he entered into others' feelings. But it is to be doubted whether he was capable of this. He was considerate to a degree when consideration was politically permissible. There was a deep fund of kindness, which he would switch off when it was politically desirable to do so; but it was kindness from outside. It was the kindness of the man who does not like hurting animals but will kill them, as painlessly as possible, if they happen to get in his way. This has nothing to do with the kindness of understanding.

He was also a romantic of sorts, and naïve. His attraction to the Appassionata Sonata is a clue to this; so is the way in which he glorified his own Machiavellianism and the squalor of the poor émigré's existence. He romanticized his own ascetism. Krupskaya tells how "Ilych was delighted" because one of their Zurich landladies, in a house frequented by thieves and prostitutes, gave them their coffee in cups with broken handles. But it is clear that, whatever Krupskaya may have thought, Ilych did not like cups with broken handles. These for him symbolized the renunciation of a sensitive and fastidious soul. When Kollontai extolled the merits of free love she said that sexual satisfaction was of no more account than drinking a cup of cold

water. When this was reported to Lenin he flashed out: "That may be. But who wants to drink out of a cup that has been used by many others?"

3

By the time of his recall to Russia, Lenin was disciplined absolutely to impersonality, so that it had become his real nature. Because of this I say that he hardly knew what he was doing, or that he was facing the supreme crisis of his life. The journey in the sealed train was a hiatus. His response to the challenge of the revolution had been immediate and direct, like a reflex action. While others rushed round with loud shouts of joy, Lenin sat down then and there and composed a telegram of admonition to the Petrograd Bolsheviks. While others were seeking solidarity with all revolutionary elements, Lenin yelled across Europe the slogan of absolute exclusiveness. "*Never again* along the lines of the Second International! *Never again* with Kautsky!" he wrote to Kollontai in Stockholm. And in his telegram: "Our tactic; absolute lack of confidence; no support to the new government; suspect Kerensky especially; arming of the proletariat the sole guarantee; immediate elections to the Petrograd Duma; no *rapprochement* with other parties." And then again, when he heard that the Provisional Government, supported by some Social Democrats, was for continuing the war, "the imperialist war," and calling it a "war of defense": "Our party would disgrace itself for ever, kill itself politically, if it took part in such deceit. . . . I would choose an immediate split with no matter whom in our party, rather than surrender to social patriotism."

In Petrograd these words seemed to Lenin's foes the shrill cries of a madman; to his friends the ravings of a man who had been out of touch for too long. What did Lenin know of the revolution? How could he possibly understand the power and glory of the tremendous upsurge, which he was now asking the Bolsheviks to cold-shoulder? When he arrived he would begin to understand and see things differently. The first task was to defend the revolution against all attacks from outside. Then they could think again.

But Lenin was arriving to go on saying what he had been saying for years, what he had already said in those first letters and telegrams. Already, in these and in articles for *Pravda*, he had laid down what Trotsky was to call "a finished analysis of the Revolutionary situation." But to those on the spot this analysis seemed irrelevant and absurd. Of the Petrograd Bolsheviks, curiously, only the young Molotov, then in his twenties and quite obscure, had grasped what Lenin was really after. When the revolution hit Russia he was editing *Pravda* and keeping it on Leninist lines. Then Kamenev and Stalin came back from exile in Siberia and took over from Molotov. When, in Stockholm, Lenin

got hold of some copies of *Pravda* and read the editorials, he was horrified; it was indeed high time to go back. And when at the Russian frontier Kamenev and Stalin were there to meet him, ready for an affecting welcome, Lenin's first words were: "What's this you've been writing in *Pravda*? We've just seen some numbers, and we gave you what for!" Krupskaya was so moved by his returning home that she could not speak to the crowd that gathered round. But Lenin found no difficulty in speaking — or in cutting short his speech when the train pulled out. "Are they going to arrest us when they get to Petrograd?" he asked. The welcoming delegation smiled. That question showed, if nothing else did, how much Comrade Vladimir Ilych was out of touch. Within three months Lenin was in hiding for his life. That showed how much the comrades had been out of touch.

Then came the great arrival. At the Finland Station the revolutionaries had taken over the Tsars' waiting room. There they waited with a bouquet and speeches for Lenin. We have this scene from Sukhanov, a non-party Menshevik sympathizer, whom Lenin would not have allowed within speaking distance of his Bolsheviks, but whom his Bolsheviks had taken up as a friend. It was to have been an affecting scene of welcome and reconciliation — and it was to put Lenin in his place, as the respected émigré leader out of touch with the realities of Russian life, who would have to learn to walk all over again before he could run. The head of the welcoming committee was Chkhaidze, one of the leading Mensheviks, and it was to Chkhaidze that Lenin came at a trot.

"Lenin walked, or rather ran, into the 'Czar's Room' in a bowler hat, his face chilled, and a sumptuous bouquet in his arms. Hurrying in to the middle of the room, he stopped short in front of Chkhaidze as though he had run into a completely unexpected obstacle. And then Chkhaidze, not abandoning his melancholy attitude, pronounced the following 'speech of welcome,' carefully preserving not only the spirit and the letter, but also the tone of a moral preceptor: 'Comrade Lenin, in the name of the Petrograd Soviet and the whole revolution, we welcome you to Russia . . . but we consider that the chief task of the revolutionary democracy at present is to defend our revolution against every kind of attack both from within and without. . . . We hope that you will join us in striving towards this goal.' Chkhaidze ceased. I was dismayed by the unexpectedness of it. But Lenin, it seemed, knew how to deal with all that. He stood there looking as though what was happening did not concern him in the least, glanced from one side to the other, looked over the surrounding public, and even examined the ceiling of the 'Czar's Room' while rearranging the bouquet (which harmonized rather badly with his whole figure), and, finally, having turned completely away from the delegates

of the Executive Committee, he 'answered' thus: 'Dear Comrades, soldiers, sailors and workers, I am happy to greet you in the name of the victorious Russian Revolution, to greet you as the advance guard of the international proletarian army. . . . The hour is not far off when, at the summons of our Comrade Karl Liebknecht, the people [of Germany] will turn their weapons against their capitalist exploiters. . . . The Russian Revolution achieved by you has opened a new epoch. Long live the world-wide socialist revolution!'"

4

THAT was the beginning. "Thus," to quote Trotsky, "the February revolution, garrulous and flabby and still rather stupid, greeted the man who had arrived with a resolute determination to set it straight both in thought and in will. Those first impressions, multiplying tenfold the alarm which he had brought with him, produced a feeling of protest in Lenin which it was difficult to restrain. How much more satisfactory to roll up his sleeves! Appealing from Chkhaidze to the sailors and workers, from the defence of the Fatherland to the international revolution, from the Provisional Government to Liebknecht, Lenin merely gave a short rehearsal there at the station of his whole future policy."

What was that policy?

The policy came next day, after further rehearsals. That same night he made a little speech to the revolutionary guard of honor on the platform, spotlighted by searchlights, the sailors standing at attention: "Comrade sailors, I greet you without knowing yet whether or not you have been believing in all the promises of the Provisional Government. But I am convinced that when they talk to you sweetly, when they promise you a lot, they are deceiving you and the whole Russian people. The people need peace; the people need bread; the people need land. And they give you war, hunger, no bread — leave the landlords still on the land. . . . We must fight for the social revolution, fight to the end, till the complete victory of the proletariat. Long live the world-wide social revolution!"

They put him in an armored car and drove him in triumph through cheering crowds to the Kshesinskaya Palace, the gorgeous mansion of the prima ballerina who had been the Tsar's mistress. Krupskaya was overcome by the tumultuous scene. "Those who have not lived through the revolution cannot imagine its grand and solemn beauty." Everybody was overcome, caught up in the tremendous release of primitive power, eager to see brotherhood and concord as the future state of all those who had helped pull down the Tsar. Only Lenin was not overcome. With his speech to the sailors under the searchlights on the Finland Station he had called for a new revolution: a revolution against the

Provisional Government. And he went on calling. He spoke from Kshesinskaya Palace. To the mob he gave no rest. They were pleased with themselves for what they had done. Lenin told them it was not enough. To his fellow revolutionary leaders he brought a shock of reality and a sense of dismay.

And next day he made a formal speech to a meeting inside the Palace which lasted two hours.

"On the journey here with my comrades I was expecting they would take us directly from the station to Peter and Paul. We are far from that, it seems. But let us not give up the hope that it will happen, that we shall not escape it." From savage irony, directed at those who thought they could come to a compromise with the liberals and the capitalists in the Provisional Government, he went on to the downright expression of views which seemed to his audience to have no connection at all with what was really happening. They were as pleased with their revolution as a dog with two tails. They thought they had done wonderfully well. And here was Lenin, who had watched all from the safety of Switzerland, throwing it in their teeth—not a word of congratulation or praise, just scathing contempt, like a lash. And in its place? Here again, Sukhanov:—

"He swept aside agrarian reforms, along with all the other policies of the Soviet. He demanded that the peasants should themselves organize and seize the land without any governmental interference. 'We don't need any parliamentary republic. We don't need any bourgeois democracy. We don't need any government except the Soviet of workers', soldiers', and peasants' deputies.'"

The audience felt they had been hit over the head. Next day came the celebrated April Theses. In Trotsky's summary: "The republic which has issued from the February revolution is not our republic, and the war which it is waging is not our war. The task of the Bolsheviks is to overthrow the imperialist government. But this government rests upon the support of the Social Revolutionaries and Mensheviks, who in turn are supported by the trustfulness of the masses of the people. We are in the minority. In these circumstances there can be no talk of violence on our side. We must teach the masses not to trust the compromisers and defensists. 'We must patiently explain!' The success of this policy, dictated by the whole existing situation, is assured, and it will bring us to the dictatorship of the proletariat, and so beyond the boundaries of the bourgeois regime. We will break absolutely with capital, publish its secret treaties, and summon the workers of the whole world to cast loose from the bourgeoisie and put an end to the war. We are beginning the international revolution. Only its success will confirm our success, and guarantee a transition to the socialist regime."

Lenin was alone. The April Theses were offered in his name. They infuriated the Mensheviks and

drove many Bolsheviks into the Menshevik camp. He did not mind. "Do not be afraid to remain in a minority." And he proposed a formal break with the Mensheviks. He would no longer share with them the name of Social Democrat. "Personally, and speaking for myself alone, I propose that we change the name of our party, that we call it the Communist Party." Not one of the members of the conference agreed to that final break with the Second International, which had betrayed itself when its members voted war credits to their own government in 1914. "You are afraid to go back on your old memories?" he jeered. "Don't hang on to an old world which is rotten through and through. Have the will to build a new party . . . and all the oppressed will come to you."

"Have the will to build a new party," this extraordinary man demanded in the moment of the party's triumph. Six months later the deed was done, but not before Lenin himself had been driven into hiding to escape from Peter and Paul.

How was it done? What was it all about?

The October revolution was produced by the impact of two distinct forces. One was immense, undisciplined, unsettled as to purpose, and a mass of contradictions; the other compact, maneuverable, and single-minded. One was the people of Russia in revolt, who in March had overthrown the Tsar; the other was the extreme left wing of a single revolutionary party among many, the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party. At the moment of crisis this party was reduced for all practical purposes to a single individual, Vladimir Ilych Lenin, born Ulyanov, who had made Bolshevism, sustained it, preserved its inviolability against bitter odds, identified it absolutely with himself, and yet, on the eve of its triumph, was on the verge of resigning from it. The Bolshevik Party in crisis was nothing but Lenin's will and the men who were prepared to submit to it absolutely. If Lenin had resigned after his return to Russia in 1917 it would have lost its identity, swallowed up by the Mensheviks and the "Compromisers." Lenin would have formed another party, but too late to win for himself the government of Russia; there would have been no Soviet Union. On the other hand, had Lenin given in to the popular demand and allowed his most trusted colleagues to persuade him into compromise, he would have lost his own identity and Bolshevism would have lost its meaning; there would have been no Soviet Union. Lenin made his unbelievable stand when he trotted into the Finland Station in his bowler hat and found himself face to face with Chkheidze.

It was Lenin's personality and tactical skill alone which enabled him, in the name of Marx, to make skilled Marxists follow him against the teachings of Marx. He did this, in the end, by the means he outlined in the April Theses. In the suffering and confusion of revolutionary Russia he held aloof from

those who were trying to make the revolution work. He harassed them and embarrassed them with absolute ruthlessness. He appealed to the people, the workers, the soldiers, the peasants, for whom generations of revolutionary intelligentsia had sacrificed themselves, over the heads of the men who had at last helped the people, the workers, the soldiers, and the peasants, to carry out the revolution. He appealed to their most selfish instincts: the desire for bread, for land, for peace. And, in the end, he got them on his side sufficiently to overthrow the government of Petrograd. For this he substituted the dictatorship of the proletariat, which meant, in effect, the dictatorship of Lenin's will.

He was a man selfless and without ambition. He was *absolutely* lacking in imagination. He loved the people as animals, not as people. He pitied them,

but he did not respect them. He was, in the last degree, a sentimentalist. He wanted to save the people from the dreadful tyranny of the Tsars — but in his way and no other. His way held the seeds of another tyranny. He did not see this. If he had been able to see this, he would not have had the superhuman single-mindedness which carried him through all the isolation of the years in the wilderness, denouncing like a minor prophet all those, however beloved, who saw differently from him, on to the Finland Station, at a trot, to declare war, and sustain it to victory, against a revolution which promised to give the people of Russia all that they had ever asked. His sustaining faith, his scientific base, as he would have called it, was that the world revolution, which alone could sustain the Russian revolution, was at hand. He was wrong.



DIRECTIONS FOR FAREWELL

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

How shall we say farewell to Summer,
The painted and prodigal? —
Dust the bluest of her skies
On frostflowers on the hill.

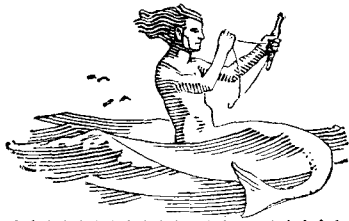
Embalm a bee in golden light
Of a squash-flower's bloom,
Let a single echoing hound
On mountains bay her doom.

Paint the maples red for death
And yellow for despair,
Make a turquoise of the sky,
An amber of the air.

Silence every cricket's song,
Seal the frog's green mouth,
Head each rainbow of a bird
Bright-eyed towards the south.

Let furry creatures brown with sun
Creep into their holes,
Let men's thoughts turn sad and deep,
Cautious as the moles.

Hang quiet on the doomlit year
For our lovely lost,
Under the high cold morning star
Write epitaphs of frost.



An Atlantic Story



A student of economics now working towards his doctorate, RICHARD T. GILL is a Harvard graduate who finds the atmosphere of Cambridge conducive also to the writing of short stories. He has enjoyed the stimulus of working under Archibald MacLeish and Frank O'Connor, the Irish storyteller, and for the past two summers has been assisting Mr. O'Connor in his short story course at the Harvard Summer School. Mr. Gill's first story, "The Secret," was published in the April Atlantic.

THE TEN-DOLLAR BILL

by RICHARD T. GILL

I LIVED through most of the Depression with the idea that we were really very well off. I knew, of course, that my father's partnership had been dissolved early in '31, but he made such a great thing out of being "independent" that I always thought it had been a matter of choice. He was a commercial artist, and in the mid-twenties he went in with a Mr. Gregory to form an outdoor advertising firm. Within a matter of months the business was booming, and by the time of the "crash" they were employing upwards of a hundred men. Just when trade was beginning to grow slack, they received an order from a national soft-drink concern to do a network of signs over the entire mid-Atlantic area, and without so much as a second thought my father put all our past savings into extra equipment. Six months later the soft-drink concern went bankrupt, and a month after that the partnership, with all our savings, was dissolved.

For the next few weeks my father tried desperately to place himself with one of the large city outfits. When this failed and what was left of our money was gone, he set up a business of his own and began piecing together a bare living by doing posters for the A&P, "clearance" signs for furniture stores, and, in general, anything that came along.

I was eight when we lost everything; but, as I say, I had no inkling of our financial position. My father was in the habit of talking to me in a grown-up way, even at that time, and we often "discussed" the disastrous state of the world, but somehow I always came away with the impression that our family, luckily, had escaped all this. In fact, I considered it my duty to feel sympathy for

the poor, unemployed, undernourished people whose hardships he so frequently described to me. "Ah, it's a crime," he would say. "They want work and they're willing to work and some of them have kids home needing food — but they can't find a thing. Imagine, standing in line for a cup of soup! Ah, I tell you, it's a crime!" When he talked about the Depression, he would stick out his chin in a stubborn, pugnacious way and look threateningly about him as though, if he found out who was the responsible party, he would certainly teach him a thing or two. "It isn't the poverty so much," he told me one day, "it's the indignity of it . . . the humiliation. I say to you that when a man has to beg for honest work, things have come to a sorry state!" And I would shake my head gravely, as I always did when we were talking about large social issues, feeling grateful that no such terrible thing had happened to *my* father.

Of course, there were certain things that seemed rather odd in view of our apparent good fortune. He often took me along for company when he was downtown looking for jobs, and it was a very discouraging business for me. He would have me wait outside while he went in to carry on his transactions, and when he came out he was usually in an ugly temper, and he would stride down the street so rapidly that I had to run to keep up with him. As far as I could see, he never got any work on these rounds of his. As it turned out, he always had some other job under way and we could be thankful that he didn't have to waste his time doing some stupid little paper signs that weren't worth the bother in any event. He was a great one for proving

to me that when you made allowance for the cost of his time — and it was a very impressive allowance that he made — it actually cost *him* money to do the odd work that merchants occasionally threw his way. I often wondered why, under these circumstances, we went out at all, but he had an explanation for that too. "When you're in business on your own," he told me, "sometimes you have to do this nuisance work just for the good will. At that, it's better than taking orders from somebody else. No, I'm glad I didn't go to work in the city. . . . What do you think, Jimmie?" And, of course, I agreed.

Another thing that required explanation was the fact that we never had any money in the house. I soon gathered, however, that my mother had no money sense. She and my father had it out about once a week, usually on Saturday morning just before she was off to the store on her weekend shopping. It seemed that he had given her some very large sum early in the week and that she had so mismanaged our affairs that we were left with nothing to show for it, and for this reason we would not have meat that Sunday.

I couldn't understand why Mother wasn't more careful. I knew she didn't spend the money on herself — she had a pair of house dresses that she alternated wearing week by week and which got to be so faded that I was a little embarrassed when my friends came to the house — but apparently she was reckless about small things. He was always insisting that she make out a list and she was always threatening that she *would* make out a list, but nothing ever came of it. Each Saturday evening, he made up to her. I felt that, in view of this weakness of hers, he ought to be more firm with her, but before supper was over she would be on his lap and he would be telling me what a fine mother I had and how I ought to be especially nice to her. As if *I'd* been fighting with her!

2

It's really remarkable that I could have gone on so long without realizing how hard up we were. About six months after the business folded, for example, my father switched from Camels to rolling his own cigarettes. He had been talking about giving them up altogether for about two months, and finally he compromised by buying this Bugler. It came in a large blue package, costing only a dime, and you could roll any number of cigarettes out of it. He never really learned how to do it. He never seemed to be able to get enough tobacco in the paper, and when he lit it and half of it went up in flame he went almost purple and shouted out a stream of profanity that was a little shocking even to me. Still, I failed to see through his claim that he *preferred* Bugler to Camels, and even in that cruel year 1933, when I was a ripe ten years old

and he had given up smoking completely, I somehow managed to preserve my illusion about our family's good fortune. At that time, he was almost completely idle. He went out on his rounds every morning as usual but often he would come back before lunch, haggard and tired, and lie down on the couch to spend the rest of the afternoon sleeping or reading.

Except for the Saturday disagreements, Mother had been very patient through it all, but around this time she began getting after him about going "on relief." I didn't really know what "relief" was, except that I had a general impression that it was what all those poor, undernourished people that I was forever thinking charitable thoughts about were on. He got his back up when she raised this subject. "I'll bring in the money all right," he'd snap at her. "Don't you worry about that! You just worry about how you *spend* it!" Then he would take me aside and tell me that he was damned if he was going to ask the Government for any favors and, in any event, it wouldn't be legal for us to go on relief since we were earning far too much money. I agreed with him wholeheartedly and the two of us would sit there, shaking our heads gravely and thinking how little women understood of the ethical issues of accepting Government money unlawfully. But after he had exploded to me, he was always out into the kitchen after her, and before long she was in his lap again and it was being suggested that *I* ought to be nicer to Mother.

Of course, there was some work. He did the banner for the NRA parade and fixed the sign on the Rex theater. I remember that commission well because they paid him in passes and, for several weeks, we were at the movies almost every night. No one could convince me that we were among the unfortunates that summer! But, in the fall, even that ended, and, for about six weeks, my father didn't do a day's work.

It was at that time that I realized what our position actually was. I had gone off one weekend in October to be with my aunt and uncle in Bayonne. They ran a clothing store and each fall I was sent to them for a few days, returning with a suitcase full of socks and underwear and a new suit or sweater. I was under the impression that they were even more well-to-do than we were, the way they gave things to me. Of course, the truth was that the store was losing money badly and they were looking, so far unsuccessfully, for someone to take it off their hands. In the meanwhile, they wanted to outfit their nearest of kin as well as they could.

My aunt was a warmhearted, misty-eyed woman who had no children of her own, who fussed over me from the moment I arrived until the moment I left and who was continually giving me odd nickels from the cash register and pretending that we mustn't let my uncle know. If anything, however, he was more generous than she, and while we waited

for the bus to take me home he would always slip a bill into my jacket pocket. On this occasion, in fact, he gave me ten dollars — which is for a boy at any time, and particularly for a boy at *that* time, a simply fantastic amount. It was so shockingly large that, greedy as I felt at the sight of it, I realized I should not take it. But they would not listen to me, and the more I made myself protest the more misty-eyed my aunt became until, finally, she swept me up in her arms and kissed me over and over again, all of which struck me as being very undignified for a boy my age, particularly at a bus depot and in front of my uncle. So I stopped protesting, shook hands with both of them in a manly way, and boarded the bus with my hoard of clothing and my crisp, green fortune.

It was a delightful trip! The man across the aisle was eying me rather curiously and I had a distinct suspicion that he had seen the money pass into my hands. But I soon forgot about him and fell to dreaming of the future. I hadn't much idea about what things cost in general but I soon calculated that, in terms of movies, at ten cents a throw, it came to a hundred movies; and not having pencil and paper handy, I wasn't at all sure but that it was really a thousand movies. In any event, it was clear that, barring any interference from across the aisle, it was to be a life of luxury for me from that time on.

3

THE bus arrived at the stop in front of our house shortly before three that afternoon and I quickly unloaded my suitcases and dragged them up the path still in this most blissful state of mind. My mother and father, in the dining room, did not hear me coming up the front steps, and when I entered I heard her talking in that weary, complaining tone she used whenever she was speaking about money. He was sitting at the dining-room table, his head resting on one hand, a deep frown lengthening his face. When he saw me, he brightened up a bit. "Well, by God, Jimmie boy!" he exclaimed. "How's the traveler?"

She broke off what she was saying and smiled, although it struck me that she looked very tired. But she came over and kissed me and we all settled in the living room to look at my new clothes and talk about my trip. I started from the beginning and told them about the ride to Bayonne and how my aunt and uncle had met me at the depot and how, on the first night, they had taken me to a late movie; but I noticed that both of them, far from being engrossed as they usually were by the least details of my activities, were somehow abstracted. At times, they hardly seemed to be listening at all. Once when I was telling about an amusing thing my uncle had done, a frown descended over my father's face and I thought

he was angry with me. But then he snapped himself up and said "Now tell me, Jimmie, tell me again what your uncle said."

After I had repeated it and they had both laughed, my mother rose, saying that she had a little headache. She made me promise that I would tell her everything she missed and then she went upstairs to her room. I continued with my story and my father kept nodding and smiling, but once again I felt I wasn't engaging his full attention. So I decided to tell him my exciting news.

He began to take interest at that, and pleased by his reaction I went on to recite the innumerable things I had in mind to purchase with my new money.

"Well, that's quite a list, isn't it?" he said when I was finished, but I could see by his expression that he was thinking of something else. In fact, my mention of the ten dollars appeared to have plunged him into some deep meditation. I tried to stir his interest again by describing, rather more vividly than I should have, the appearance of the man across the aisle, but in the middle of a sentence he leaned forward and interrupted me. "Look, Jimmie," he said. "Ah . . . come over on the couch with me for a second, will you?"

I went over to him only reluctantly. When I was at his side, he glanced at me from the corner of his eye and then looked up at the ceiling.

"To tell you the truth . . . well, the fact is, we're a little strapped right now," he said at length, his eyes still on the ceiling. "You know, some people don't pay their bills on time and, of course, it leaves you temporarily in the hole . . ." He took a long, deep breath. "We'd get it back to you, of course," he continued. "Oh, I should have it by Tuesday or Wednesday at the latest. It's just that we need a little something to tide us over tomorrow. Otherwise, I'd never think of asking you."

I understood what he was talking about but I said nothing, hoping he would change the subject.

"So if you wouldn't mind letting me borrow it, I'll be able to get straightened out tomorrow and then we'll get squared away, well, by the end of the week at the very latest. You understand, don't you?"

I looked down at the crisp new bill in my hand. Ten dollars at the end of the week would be pleasant to look forward to, but there was something terribly substantial about that bill right there in my hand at that moment. When I looked up, he was watching me, his chin thrust out the way it was when he talked about the Depression.

"Of course, it's your money . . ."

I hesitated for a moment, then shook my head and handed him the bill. He quickly put it out of sight in his pocket, then rose and patted me on the head. "Now you run along and play," he said. "I'll go up and see how your mother feels."

I nodded and, without looking up, rose from the couch and started shuffling slowly out of the room. I had the feeling he was watching me go but I did not turn around. I jammed my hands into my empty pockets, gave a little twist of my shoulders to show him how I felt, and continued my slow, deliberate shuffle out of the living room and towards the rear of the house. Before I was out of sight, he called me back. I pretended I hadn't heard and went on into the back yard.

The truth was I was just a little irritated. I was irritated with the people who didn't pay their bills on time. I was irritated with Mother because she was forever mismanaging our affairs so that we were always in one tight spot or another. I was even a bit irritated with my father. It occurred to me that we couldn't be *too* well off if he couldn't piece together enough money to get by the first of the week. For a moment I wondered if we might not actually be quite poor. Then I remembered that he had said there would be money coming in later in the week. As I thought about it, it seemed to me that it would have been very simple for him to ask the person he was going to pay to wait for a few days. Apparently *other* people didn't always pay their bills on time.

I walked slowly around the yard, my hands in my pockets, feeling generally miserable. As far as I was concerned, ten dollars later in the week was perfectly useless and I was not at all sure that I would accept it then. I thought, in fact, that I might not even accept it on Tuesday or Wednesday. There was a loose clump of grass in my path and I gave it a vicious kick. Just as I did so, I noticed that my father was standing on the back steps and watching me.

"Come here, Jimmie," he called sharply.

As soon as I heard his voice, I was ashamed of myself. I could tell that he knew what had been going on in my mind. I started walking rather fearfully towards him but before I'd taken three steps he was coming across the yard.

When he reached me, he took out the ten-dollar bill and thrust it into my jacket pocket. "Keep your damn money," he snapped. He turned around immediately and started back for the house.

I was miserable with shame. I ran towards the house and caught up with him on the back steps.

"Here, I don't want it!" I cried. "You keep it!"

"I don't need your money."

"I don't *want* it!"

"That's up to you."

"I won't keep it. I'll give it to Mother."

"Do what you like. I won't touch it."

He wouldn't even look at me. He was staring down at his feet, his hands clenched, his eyes narrowed and blazing. I was desperate. I took hold of his coat and tried to put the money in his pocket.

He pushed my hand away brusquely. "It hasn't come to this yet, boy," he exclaimed, staring right into me. "That's one thing you can be sure of!"

"*Why* won't you take it?" I cried out. I could feel the tears beginning to form around my eyes.

He looked at me intensely for a moment as though he were going to shout at me. Then, quite suddenly, he put his hand on my head and began to ruffle my hair.

"Ah, Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmie," he said, sighing. "I can't take your money. I wouldn't have it next week. I don't know when I'd have it . . ."

He rubbed his hand over his forehead and very slowly up through his hair, his eyes gazing distantly across the yard. He looked very old. His shoulders were slightly stooped and there were dark hollows around his eyes and a deep ridge between his brows that I had never noticed before.

He smiled haggardly. "No, you keep it and buy yourself something nice with it . . ." he said. And then, very slowly and mechanically, as if he had just enough energy to move, he opened the back door and went into the house.

I knew then that we were poor. Everything that had happened during the past months suddenly lit up. I understood exactly what he had been living through all that time. The tears were now streaming down my face.

I ran into the house and found him in the living room with Mother. He was sitting on the couch, his chin in his hands, and she was beside him stroking the back of his neck with her hand. I went over to them and told them I realized how poor we were and that I would never spend my money for anything and that immediately — on Monday morning — I would leave school and get a job. I talked on and on about the things I would do for them, and they both smiled at me and then my father got me up on his lap and got his arm around Mother at the same time. "The two of you," he said squeezing her shoulder and mine, "the two of you . . ." and then he closed his eyes and did not finish.

And we sat there on the couch, the three of us, for the longest time, and none of us seemed to care that we were poor.



The wife of Colonel Francis T. Spaulding, former Dean of the Harvard School of Education whose untimely death in 1950 robbed us of one of our most beloved leaders in education, SUSAN SPAULDING describes in the paper that follows the sensitive, often difficult predicaments with which she was confronted when suddenly left alone. As a Dean's wife she had learned to hold her peace but to give advice when it was sincerely sought. There are many women who will thank her for what she says here.

STATUS: WIDOW

by SUSAN SPAULDING

I

ALMOST immediately hundreds of letters poured in. Protected by that blessed numbness that strikes simultaneously with bereavement, I read them all without full realization of what had happened. Then suddenly, out of a note from a woman whom I had not seen since my childhood, sprang the words "and now you are a widow," and awareness came with them. I had lost one status and acquired another.

Within the next few days I began to learn what that new status represented to other people. For the widow herself it is a status to which there is neither a rapid nor a piecemeal approach, but it receives instant and alarming recognition from society. Swooping down from all sides come the Law, friends whose imagination and experience have given them comprehension, friends who have neither imagination nor experience, vampires whose chief prey are the bereaved.

The word *status* appears on many blanks that must be filled out in this modern world. I have now written in *widow* so many times that I have learned finally to do it without emotion. That is a long time to be a widow, a long time in living if not in fact. So it seems to me that I can illuminate for people who want to offer the right kind of help to a newly widowed friend the tensions which beset a widow. I hesitate to suggest that my thoughts apply to widows alone, for many of the same problems confuse all survivors. The loss of a beloved mate, however, is a peculiar loss which in essence leaves the survivor as truly crippled as would the loss of a limb. I emphasize *beloved*.

Not long ago a woman between whom and her late husband all love had been lost said to a friend of mine whose marriage had been a noticeably happy one, "I have felt awfully sorry for you since your husband died; you lost so much. As for me, when mine died, I didn't care a damn."

For such a woman, I imagine, the main problems are money and how to receive gracefully, without embarrassing them, her friends' sympathy. The problems of a widow who loved her husband are something more than these.

The immediate ones are legal. The Law is at the widow's side the very instant her husband dies. It is a great protector; a grabber, too, and a bewildering one to a person not used to legal terminology.

My husband was a considerate and solicitous person, not rich, not poor. Though he had reached eminence, his profession was one in which the rewards are not financial. What property he owned at the time of his death he had earned by his own labors. What backlog there was we had saved together. We had tried to be reasonably provident in joint planning and management, and occasionally joint earning, for the future. He, like most responsible men, had been chiefly concerned to leave me and our children as well protected as possible in case of his death; so he had taken special pains, in buying our house and in deciding with me how to arrange our property, to discover what procedure would be to my greatest advantage.

Doubtless there are thousands of husbands who, in the interest of their wives, seek the advice of bankers and lawyers. From the conversations I have had with friends, with lawyers, with tax officials and others in recent months, I believe that many men get the same advice we got: that joint ownership — "either or survivor" — fully protects the survivor, be it husband or wife. And so it does, in one respect. It thwarts effectively and completely any designing kinsfolk or other persons who might try to claim the property. But it does not mean that the survivor has without due process of law the right of access to funds, or the right of disposal of other property, or freedom from an inheritance tax if the total value of all the property

exceeds the tax-free limit. Jointly held property, as my lawyer so repeatedly and bewilderingly expressed it, "belongs to both but to each in entirety." This is not double talk; it is legal talk. What it means simply is that a widow *inherits* any property held in her husband's and her own name jointly.

Because of its interest in a possible inheritance tax, and because it wants to be sure that all just taxes owed by the deceased have been paid or shall have been paid before the estate comes under the control of the survivor, the Law clamps a firm control on all inherited property. From the instant her husband dies until the Court of Surrogate issues to the executor the necessary testimonial letters and tax waivers, the widow cannot use jointly held bank accounts or sell or transfer jointly held real estate, including her home, or stock certificates, government bonds, or any other property. With the exception of a negligible sum of money, every bit of property which my husband and I had owned together was in our joint names. Laws vary from state to state, but in my own case the bank which had assured my husband that the joint account would fully protect me in case of his death now had to tell me that I could not touch it until the will was probated.

For ordinary people there is a good deal of talking at cross purposes with bankers and lawyers. A man planning for his wife's protection thinks partly in terms of availability of funds for her at the time of his death; bankers and lawyers apparently think in terms of predatory claimants. A widower, if he is the family earner as is usually the case, is not embarrassed by temporary inaccessibility of funds, since his earning continues and he has ready means. A husband should be advised, however, that this is not the case when his wife is the survivor; she should have some accessible money, say in a savings account in her name only.

Death brings instant expenses. Children must be brought home; in the case of death away from home, transportation expenses must be paid; and current expenses of running the house must be met.

I was lucky in that a relative came to me at once and put some money into my hands. He knew nothing about my circumstances and he didn't ask. "You'll need something to operate on until you get things cleared up," he said. I could have borrowed from my bank on the collateral of our impounded account. But as a friend of mine said later, "Of course you could have, at three per cent interest." That interest would have been just another expense when small and large expenses were multiplying rapidly. For many widows a loan with interest could mean a hardship.

2

FAST on the heels of the realization that there is no usable money comes the probating of the will.

This is a job for a lawyer, but I doubt that any widow can be entirely free of some connection with it. Much to my surprise my lawyer asked for the addresses of the witnesses to my husband's will. Fortunately I was able to give them, but I was curious as to why he wanted them.

"The witnesses have to appear," he said, "before the clerk of the court, and testify that the signatures are theirs."

"But they are in another state," I said. "Supposing they can't appear?"

"In that case, a court in their state can handle it for us. The will can't be probated until we have their testimony, and if there are delays on their part, we shall be delayed here."

I recollected that when my husband and I had made our first wills the lawyer who had drawn them up had called in to witness our signatures two painters who were working in the corridor. These painters were elderly men, unknown to us, as were their addresses. I told my lawyer about this incident and said, "What would have happened if that first will had stood?"

"In this state," he replied, "that would have meant a search that could have taken months. The witnesses would have had to be traced, and if found not to be living, then some relative or associate would have had to be found who could testify to their signatures."

My husband had made two wills in his lifetime. In neither case did the lawyer involved suggest that he should review the will occasionally and make sure that the witnesses were still living and reasonably available for the place where the will was likely to be probated. The tendency, once a will is made, to put it out of one's mind is apparently a universal failing. My lawyer told me later with a rueful smile that our conversation had prompted him to look over his own will. He found that his witnesses were dead, and made a new will.

Our witnesses, as it happened, were able to appear within two weeks, and gave their testimony. Then there was a second delay. Because we had traveled together a good deal, my husband and I had thought that we should consider the possibility of both of us dying at the same time, in a motor or train accident, for example. He had therefore named a second executor in case of my inability to serve. Now I was told that this second executor had to waive rights! Since I was alive and obviously able to serve, it seemed to me that the legislators had merely cooked up still another way to keep the lawyers prosperous. Why should a second-choice executor, named to serve only if I could not, have rights, and why should these rights have to be waived? The explanation, if I remember correctly, made some sense. Supposing a testator dies leaving a will of so many years' standing that the first-named executor has slipped into his dotage and is no longer capable of being a responsible executor.

The second choice then has a right to protest the first executor's serving. Providing of course that the second choice is still capable, this right to protest actually protects the heirs.

After a not unreasonable delay because of the alternate executor's living in another state and the necessity of acting through a conveniently located court, my lawyer completed the business of probating and I was given testimonial letters which, for every transaction involving release to me of property held by my husband singly or with me jointly, established my right to act. I was also provided with tax waivers and certificates of death. For these there were fees.

I seemed never to come to an end of the demand for certificates of death, which went on relentlessly for months as one small thing after another had to be settled. Most people have had, as small children, the sensation of a face, small in the distance; growing larger and larger as it rushed toward them. The reiterated demands for proof that my husband was dead began to give me a similar sensation. After repeated trips to the clerk of the court, I finally eased the situation for myself by getting a supply of photostated copies.

It is true that such emotional strain can be lightened by engaging a lawyer to take care of all details. He can watch for the proper dates and opportunities to sell or transfer property. But there are good reasons for not employing a lawyer for these affairs: one is the cost; and the other, the education of the widow. A woman who is suddenly left responsible for a family and for the property which must henceforth wholly or partly support them must take herself in hand and learn what she has, what she needs, and how she can reconcile the two. This is a tough assignment at a time of numbness and strain; but it has the advantage of showing her, more forcefully than any lawyer's or friend's advice and instruction, exactly where she stands.

For a woman who can take it, it is the best prod I know to keeping the chin up and standing on one's own feet. For me the knowledge that I was learning a necessary lesson did not make repeated shock easier, but after a few months I developed a preparation for shock and an ability not to show it on the surface.

There is another kind of repetitive shock for which there is no preparation. I have mentioned the vampires whose prey are the bereaved. They are people who build up thriving businesses by turning to their profit the bereavement of another. A survivor, they appear to reason, has certain emotions: grief, confusion, helplessness, even vanity or social ambition. This customer is already softened up.

My first experience with these creatures occurred a few days after my husband's death. He had been a veteran of two wars, and numerous letters were coming from the Veterans Administration; so when one arrived with the word *Veterans* in the corner

heading of the envelope, I assumed that it, too, was from the Veterans Administration, and slit it open without further thought. Out dropped a large headline screaming my husband's death at me, with a press photograph and a letter requesting a dollar for this souvenir.

I think that was the moment when I was first jolted out of numbness; for what I saw instantly in my mind was not myself, a reasonably tough and seasoned customer, but some inexperienced and impressionable widow of a young veteran, who could easily suffer serious shock from mail of this kind. Needless to say, the letter was not in any way connected with the Veterans Administration, nor could they take any action whatever about the use of a heading so cleverly worded as to give an indiscriminating reader the impression that the letter was from a bona fide veterans' organization.

There were other nice little rackets which were a nuisance and which I presume to be routine for many widows. The "genuine gold miniature" of the deceased, sent unsolicited through the mail. Fifteen dollars, please. And the publishers of biographies who know how to appeal to survivors who have family pride or social ambition or only the desire to feel that their loved one had been a man of importance to his community or to his country. As a device for separating a mourning wife or daughter from some of her inheritance, the historical biography is distinctly superior to the one- and fifteen-dollar varieties. The biography, written with no trouble to the survivor, who is asked only to check it, will cost her nothing. But there's a catch. You've guessed it! A photograph! This time it will cost the survivor four hundred to two thousand dollars, according to how the photograph is finished for publication. The young man who tried me out on this one had all the tricks in the book at his command, including the declaration that I couldn't have loved my husband since I was not willing to set up this kind of memorial to him, and a false statement that my husband had himself arranged for this biography and agreed to pay for the photograph. Such an arrangement would not have bound me, but he took a chance on my not knowing that.

3

THE tensions which I have mentioned so far are more or less temporary. There is another that appears at once but is a continuing one. It is one for which at least one husband, I. C. Rogers, has made an effort to prepare not only his own wife but other men's wives in a little book called *Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow*. His concern is chiefly management of money. My first baffling experience, moneywise, was with insurance.

Without the least understanding of the language in the contracts or the remotest idea of how to tell

which procedure was to my best advantage, I found myself compelled to decide whether to take the money in one lump sum, in installments, or as an annuity.

While my husband had given me the facts about the amount of insurance, he had not gone over the contract with me, assuming, no doubt, that I could read and understand it. He had always taken it for granted that I could make decisions and that I would not meet a crisis timidly. Furthermore, he had gradually turned over to me, as his own professional work increased and left him with diminishing time for family affairs, much family business that is usually the province of the male head of a family. I was, therefore, prepared to weigh alternatives, make a decision with whatever speed was necessary, and call it done.

A wise friend gave me two rules to go by, and I pass them on here because I think they are good rules for any widow to follow. One was "Don't let yourself be hurried"; and the other, "Remember it's *your* money you're managing. Seek the best advice you can get, but feel free to check that advice with as many people as you want to." These rules stood me in good stead.

But I had another rule of my own: once a decision was made and irrevocable action taken, the matter was a closed issue. No looking back, no going over the problem, no regretting. One friend who was doubtful about the necessity of my selling my house said two years later, "If you had only held your house, you might be selling it now at a great profit." So I might. But the house is sold. Period. Forget it.

To decide about one's home: to keep it or not; if it is kept, how to support it; if it can be supported, can life alone in it be endured; if it is sold, where to go? The books that have associations beyond their own value, the furnishings that represent a long living and building together — what to be kept, what to be given away, sold for a song, thrown away, or stored at a cost for possible use by one's children? Roots are torn out whichever decision is made.

All this "settling" involves repeated review and deciding within an emotional framework which no widow can escape and which would be burdensome indeed to her family and friends if they were constantly made aware of it. Life must be lived for the living. A constant reviewing of decisions and mistakes (and no estate was ever settled without mistakes) is the surest path I know to chronic morbidity and to an insuperable barrier between one's self and one's family or friends.

For some weeks after my husband's death I had an impulse to hold people off. It seemed to me that my trouble was my own and my children's and did not really concern anyone else, that all the efforts our friends were making to help us were merely conventional gestures. Perhaps there was

some defensive necessity to feel that I could stand alone. I remember realizing after a while, with a dull sort of surprise, that my husband's friends were sorrowing and bereaved, that he had belonged to them as well as to me, and that it eased them to feel they could help me. And so I learned to talk things over with some of them, and to ask advice or assistance that I knew they could give. One gave me a great deal of help in the management of money. Another, who had been through World War II with my husband, went to the Veterans' Bureau and got "all the dope" for me. A crew of men who had worked under my husband gave up their lunch hour one day to come to my house and do whatever was to be done that needed strong arms. Two others wrote, "Our home is yours and your children's, any time you want to come," and showed that they meant it by providing a key for me and initiating me into the idiosyncrasies of the heating and plumbing systems so that I could "come home" even when the families were away.

I think that perhaps the hard thing for most people to comprehend is how long the numbness, the shock, and the adjustment to a husbandless existence take; and I am not thinking in terms of a mournful widow. Most widows nowadays do not go about in weeds, physically or mentally. They are more likely to seem cheerful. But of necessity they exist in a present detached from past or future, because for the time being the present is all they can support. They live on the surface of life and know it, but they cannot explain this to their friends, and the friends may have no suspicion of it. It is a state that continues, however, for a long while. A sudden mention of her husband on an occasion when she would not expect it, an unanticipated expression of sympathy — especially in a public place — throw her, without a chance to get her guard up, precipitately into the past and undo her out of all proportion to the incident. This I say only to suggest that a woman who distresses her friends by an unexplainable show of emotion after the period when she has supposedly "made her adjustment" (this is a popular phrase; I am not sure that I know what it means) is not necessarily nursing her grief. It only means that a widow who loved her husband has a very thin guard. Realization of finality is a long time coming.

But it comes. Long before her armor is tight and impenetrable, she is able to chuckle over some past conjugal incident, to enjoy some experience because her husband would have enjoyed it, to be amused with her family and friends by some recollected silliness of his. Curiously enough, the last surprises some people. They are the ones who have not trodden the same path and do not recognize the symptom that indicates that she has reached the great contradiction in a widow's status: the emotional acceptance of her husband's death and the realization that he still lives.



Pierre Emmanuel's article in the August Atlantic, "Americans as Students," seems to have occasioned some searching of hearts among our educators. One of them, HARRY LEVIN, while Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature at Harvard, was largely responsible for the invitation that enabled Mr. Emmanuel to gather his impressions. Meanwhile Mr. Levin, as exchange professor at the Sorbonne in 1953, has had a chance to make some counterbalancing observations.

THE GULFS OF ACADEME

by HARRY LEVIN

I

PASCAL confessed that, wherever he went, he was accompanied by a sort of private abyss. I thought of this when I read the trenchant report on American students by Pierre Emmanuel. Perhaps I should have thought of it earlier, when I read the original syllabus for the course that Mr. Emmanuel offered at the Harvard Summer School. All men have their abysses, teachers as well as students; and the most dangerous gaps are those that open today, wider than the Atlantic, between American and European culture. If education cannot cross the hemispheric line, is there any benign force left which can? We must be grateful for such candid efforts to explore the gulfs of misunderstanding as Mr. Emmanuel makes — and as Perry Miller made in these pages a few years ago under the arresting title, "What Drove Me Crazy in Europe." There he criticized the regimentation he found in Continental universities with as much energy and eloquence as Mr. Emmanuel now shows in criticizing the mental chaos of our higher education.

These two sets of reflections, far from conflicting, lend each other mutual support. The irony of Mr. Emmanuel's position is that he stands so very far from being what his compatriots would call *universitaire*. He is not a beribboned savant nor a bearded academician nor, in any sense, an intellectual snob. Neither unfriendly nor ill-informed, he has weathered our climate and mastered our language. Though he is still young enough to experiment with techniques and attitudes, he is old enough to have played a dynamic role in his country's wartime Resistance. As a gifted poet and a unique personality, we welcomed him to our classes; and we hope very much that his critical reservations will not prevent him from coming again. He knows very well, much better than we do, that the French universities have no place for a living man of let-

ters, pay no attention to contemporary literature, and reckon their appointments strictly in terms of theses, degrees, and above all seniority.

Here, on the other hand, is Professor Miller. Despite his flair for making theology readable, he is an expert's expert, a virtuoso of specialization. He qualifies as an editor of texts, a writer of monographs, and a mentor of seminars, a pillar of the Modern Language Association and a keystone of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Yet, since he is still more an American than a scholar, he is slightly allergic to the smell of the lamp; whereas for Pierre Emmanuel our schools are not sufficiently scholastic. We need not agree, but we should certainly understand the basis of this disagreement. Whenever we call a matter "academic," we imply that it has lost its meaning. The same adjective in French reverberates with honor, glory, even immortality. Those of us who are fated to be professors regard our walk of life as a humble one, and often strive to conceal the marks of professional deformation. Whereas our French colleagues are proud of belonging to what is at once a priestly hierarchy and a government bureaucracy.

France is the most institutionalized of countries, in many ways, and America the least. Hence our very institutions of learning tend to avoid institutional formalities. Mary McCarthy has caricatured this tendency, and Randall Jarrell has recently caricatured the caricature. Pierre Emmanuel corroborates their fiction, when he describes himself discussing Nietzsche with a coed on a sand dune. Yet what is this idyllic picture but an up-to-date and extracurricular version of our basic educational paradigm — Mark Hopkins, a boy, and a log? Because we consider learning a sequence of processes rather than forms, we think of teaching as a personal association rather than a public

ceremony. No beadies usher our lecturers to their classrooms; their audience is not required to rise politely upon their entrance or to applaud perfunctorily at their exit. Frequently we feel that the best applause is a sharp round of questions afterwards. In France it is for the professor to ask the questions, and he all too rarely exchanges a word with the student until they meet at the oral examination.

2

WHEN Europe educates America, either by sending teachers or receiving students, we seem involved in a normal relationship. More lately, in what seems a reversal of roles, Americans have been teaching Europeans, via the Fulbright Act, the Salzburg Seminar, and such other arrangements as that which took me from Harvard to the Sorbonne. Having studied there briefly twenty years ago, I could regard my recent term at the University of Paris as a resumption of my own neglected education. Decades are as nothing before the centuries that have sought knowledge by climbing the hill of Saint Genevieve. But youth remains the common denominator in that endlessly varying procession which throngs up from the Boulevard Saint-Michel. At this bookstall browses a young archeologist who may some day emerge as prime minister of his kingdom in the Middle East. A dark-skinned girl, reading at a sidewalk table, may return to Latin America and become its leading poetess. No one who has ever felt his vocation at the sight of new faces on an October campus can pass by without responding.

But we must not mistake the Latin Quarter for the University. Those charming cafés serve an existential function, for the student has nowhere else to go between classes. When — as often happens — a cup of coffee is an extravagance, he can try the library, wait an hour for a book, and — more often than not — stand up while reading it. One quickly comes to realize how pampered our students are, and how little they appreciate the resources so casually placed at their disposal. Many blocks southward the Cité Universitaire, combining the features of a Middle Western campus and a world's fair, houses a small fraction of a sixty-odd thousand enrollment. The majority must lead a *vie de bohème* under conditions we would regard as fairly desperate. But most of them seem to enjoy it, taking their studies no more and no less seriously than yesterday's Bohemians took their painting. The fact that so many of them are transient foreigners charges the air with its cosmopolitan sense of freedom, innovation, diversity.

All this, however, is peripheral; the rigid core of the official system is conformity. The serious French student grinds with a wary purposefulness and an innate conventionality which far outstrip his American counterpart. Indeed he can scarcely

afford to do otherwise, in a society where respectable status depends so much upon trained intelligence. As a schoolboy, he is daily made conscious of his numerical standing in every class; and the competition goes on, intensifying for those who survive it, through the Ecole Normale, where grades determine careers. Only a few — as many as the current number of vacant posts in state schools — are allowed to pass the rigorous examinations for the crucial degree, the *agrégation*; and not a few candidates celebrate that happy event with a nervous breakdown. The results can be counted not merely in the prodigal waste of human efforts but also in the disaffection of more original minds. One understands the nonconformism of Jean-Paul Sartre when one sees what he has been rebelling against: the *bon élève* has turned, turned into an *enfant terrible*.

Perhaps the most interesting products of any system are its rebels. Those who practise assiduous assimilation, on the other hand, habitually propagate their kind and consolidate the regime under which they thrive. Though the program varies from year to year and subject to subject, the method of instruction at the Sorbonne has not greatly changed since the Middle Ages, when the professor dictated from and commented on a manuscript. Printing has made it possible for the student to own a handful of texts, but it cannot be assumed that he has much access to secondary works. He is therefore examined upon a limited series of set books, which he has been trained to interpret analytically. This training in *explication* is admirably suited to the study of literature, though it would seem to have certain disadvantages in a field like sociology. Even the literary interpretation seems less concerned at times with an author's meaning than with some arbitrary pattern of preconceptions. Having been taught that style should always be unambiguous, and believing that cosmic speculation is sophomoric, French students bitterly resist *Moby Dick*.

Though French universities are essentially graduate schools, in one respect they resemble our teachers' colleges: they face the responsibilities of pedagogy. Most of their professors have previously taught in secondary schools, and are mainly engaged in preparing teachers for *lycées*. Consequently the *agrégé* is readier for the classroom than our average Ph.D., who is better versed in scholarly procedures. The doctorate is exceptionally long-drawn-out in France, and scholars are amply justified in their usual lament that they have no time for research. To impart knowledge, rather than to increase it, has become their main job: to hand on tradition rather than break new ground. It is not without significance that a number of the most eminent French authorities — Jean Hytier, René Jasinski, Henri Peyre — prefer to occupy chairs on American faculties. But it is

safer to generalize about institutions than individuals. In contrasting ours with theirs, I should agree that their energies are more efficiently channeled; the level of mediocrity is higher; they tolerate less incompetence and bluffing; but they also do less to encourage brilliance.

3

IF PERFECTION could be achieved by organizing, France would by now have perfected education. State control, central administration, and cultural tradition encompass schools, colleges, and universities in one great machine — as it were — whose parts are interchangeable. Standardization is not a bad thing where standards are high, as indeed they are here; where they are low, as with us, mere anarchy is preferable. But comparison is virtually impossible between a restricted elite in a middle-sized country and that ever-increasing proportion of our population which strives, in some fashion or other, to get itself educated. Few of our native critics will disagree when Mr. Emmanuel localizes the weakness of American education at the secondary level. This is precisely where the French system is strongest: the sacrifices of higher education are rewarded by the excellence of the *lycée*. Thus many fine teachers prefer a *lycée* post to a university career; students feel a sense of anticlimax when they move on; and universities try to ease the transition with a new program of General Education known as *L'Année propédeutique*.

The French student makes this break at the age of twenty, while the American goes from high school to college at eighteen. But two additional years are not enough to explain the greater solidity and breadth of a preparation which extends back far beyond the *lycée*. Those early years, so far as they equip our pupils for further studies, are carelessly squandered. The subject-matter of Civics is important; but the duties of citizenship call for the exercise of mature judgment; to reduce them to pre-adolescent formulas may do more harm than good. There are certain other subjects, however, which can only be learned by rote — notably, foreign languages. These, it is well established, can best be assimilated before the age of twelve; yet that is the point where our meager public-school program in languages starts. In a world where international commitments engage us more each day, such neglect is a national disgrace. The *lycéen*, however, is schooled in Latin and Greek, English or German, Italian or Spanish, and possibly Russian.

I wish that French were learned and taught in our schools half so well as English was in the *lycée* class I visited. I sometimes wish our students handled English with half the effectiveness of *lycéens* speaking and writing their own language. I am not unaware at what cost, what unremit-

ting intensity, these accomplishments are acquired. It is evident in the pale complexions and heavy brief-cases of children trudging home at five o'clock for a quick *gouter* and a long evening of history and mathematics. It is vocal among French parents, who on occasion can sound as iconoclastic as earlier disciples of John Dewey. Mr. Emmanuel should tell them, if they would profit from our example, how much easier it is to abolish requirements than to restore them after the loss has been realized. It would be profitable for us if we could exchange some of their discipline for some of our freedom. How much our students could accomplish at college, if they did not have to make up for their misspent school days!

Why is it, then, that French students do not perform prodigies when they reach the university? Because their system doubles back on itself, repeating much of what has gone before and offering few intellectual surprises. Their minds are so uniformly measured, so filled to capacity at every stage, that they have no chance to observe how many more things there are in heaven and earth than in the curriculum. They have already studied philosophy, to be sure, and it has joined forces with rhetoric to augment their verbal facility. But they have had little exposure to science unless they have specialized in it at *lycée* — and the dearth of doctors in France is one indication that not enough students elect this program. Hence the prevailing mentality prefers a clever phrase to a thorny fact, and simplifies complex realities by transposing them to the plane of abstract discourse — a habit which has its political consequences. Clichés are confused with ideas; anthologies take the place of masterpieces. The background is thoroughly impressive, yes, but is anything happening in the foreground?

The academic outlook might be described as a scale model of life, so lifelike that one can hardly believe it is not alive, and so complete that one forgets how much smaller it is than its original. We are comparatively backward in our utilization of this contrivance, which the French have exploited to the highest degree of ingenuity; but we have the Socratic advantage of knowing our ignorance, and the gap between the little we know and what remains to be known is a standing challenge to our imagination. When the French talk about a man's educational background, they use a significant word, *formation*. At the risk of preferring a romantic to a classical ideal, we are committed to the German *Entwicklung*, development. We put less emphasis on external forms, the moulds that shape the individual, than on the organic process of inner growth. Since men continue to grow as long as they live, education — for us — is never finished. And systems of education cannot be closed, because they have so much to learn from each other.



each month. He is the author of two war books and has edited a collection of the works of Aldous Huxley. The *Atlantic* has previously published his essays on Aldous Huxley, André Gide, and Thomas Mann. He now gives us a comprehensive appraisal of what is best and what is worst in the work of one of England's leading novelists.

EVELYN WAUGH: THE BEST AND THE WORST

by CHARLES J. ROLO

1

WHEN blurb writers are caroling the praises of some newly emerged maestro of sophisticated farce, they can seldom resist the temptation of comparing him to "the early Evelyn Waugh." Despite the fact that *Brideshead Revisited* — which introduces the "later" or "serious" Evelyn Waugh — has sold many more copies in the United States than all of Waugh's other books put together, his name, at least among the literary-minded, is still most apt to evoke a singular brand of comic genius. He is, *par excellence*, an example of the artist who has created a world peculiarly his own. The adjective "Waughsonian" is too much of a tongue twister to have passed into our vocabulary, but a substitute phrase has — "It's pure Evelyn Waugh."

"Pure Evelyn Waugh." The expression evokes a riotously anarchic cosmos, in which only the outrageous can happen, and — when it does happen — is outrageously diverting; in which people reason and behave with awesome inconsequence and lunatic logic. A primitive ruler, eager to be modern, is induced by a wily contractor to purchase boots for his barefoot army: the savages happily heat up their cookpots and devour the boots. An Oxford porter says to an undergraduate who has just been expelled: "I expect you'll be becoming a school master, sir. That's what most of the gentlemen does, sir, that gets sent down for indecent behaviour." On the planet where Waugh's comic novels have their being, Oxford and Mayfair are as barbarous in their way as darkest Azania.

There are few contemporary writers of the first rank whose imagination runs to such appalling and macabre inventions as Waugh's does; and there is none who carries audacity to such lengths in using the atrocious as the material of farce. Consider a few of the episodes from which (taken in their proper context) Waugh has succeeded in distilling the choicest entertainment. Agatha Runcible — one of the Bright Young People in *Vile Bodies* — tipsily joins a motor race, has a crackup, and, after a cocktail party in her sick-

room, dies. The hero of *Black Mischief*, after feasting with savages on a delicious *pot-au-feu*, learns that he has just eaten his recent mistress, Prudence, daughter of the British Minister. *The Loved One* focuses with a bland and relentless fascination on every detail in the preparation of cadavers for burial by a de luxe establishment in Southern California.

Crazy accidents; cannibalism; cadavers. They are merely *outré* symbols of the theme, often explicitly stated, which underlies all of Waugh's work — that our twentieth-century civilization is a decaying corpse. In Waugh's view, the Modern Age has crazily destroyed and cannibalized what he finds supremely valuable — veneration for tradition and hierarchy; the aristocratic way of life; the onetime supremacy of the Catholic Church throughout Western society. At the conclusion of *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, the dim schoolmaster — warned that soon there won't be any place for a teacher of the classics — refuses to take on a more utilitarian subject: "I think it would be very wicked indeed to do anything to fit a boy for the modern world."

After rereading, as I have just done, the greater part of Waugh's writings, it becomes unmistakably clear that both his comic and his "straight" novels — however different in manner and in tone — are expressions of precisely the same viewpoint. That viewpoint dates back to his very first book, written when he was twenty-three: a capable and nostalgic study of those nineteenth-century enemies of technology, the Pre-Raphaelites. And with the passing of the years, Waugh's repudiation of his time has been carried to extreme lengths even in the pattern of his personal life.

Evelyn Arthur St. John Waugh was born in a suburb of London in 1903, the son of a busy man-of-letters. Waugh's origins were gentlemanly but in no way aristocratic, a point he seems to have been inordinately touchy about even as a boy. He was sent to Lancing, one of England's less fashionable public schools; and from there he won a

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scholarship to one of Oxford's decidedly less fashionable colleges. At Oxford, however, his wit, good looks, and resolute preference for the élite carried him into the company to which he aspired. There is a striking portrait of him at this time in Harold Acton's *Memoirs of an Aesthete*: "I still see him as a prancing faun, thinly disguised by conventional apparel. His wide apart eyes, always ready to be startled under raised eyebrows, the curved sensual lips, the hyacinthine locks of hair, I had seen in marble and bronze at Naples . . ." Other Oxford contemporaries have spoken of him in a harsher vein: "A bitter little man" — "A social climber."

After two years, Waugh voluntarily left Oxford without a degree, and, like Paul Pennyfeather of *Decline and Fall*, took a job in a school for backward boys. Later, he worked for sixteen days on Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*. His ambition was to be a painter, but a stint at art school left him dissatisfied with his talent. At this time, he has said, he was a pagan and "wanted to be a man of the world" — a well-rounded English gentleman in the eighteenth-century tradition. He joined in the whirl of Michael Arlen's Mayfair. He "gadded among savages and people of fashion and politicians and crazy generals . . . because I enjoyed them." But he was a worldling who could relish all this and still find it wanting. In 1930, after instruction from the celebrated Father D'Arcy, Waugh entered the Catholic Church.

A few months earlier, his marriage to the Honorable Evelyn Gardner had ended in divorce. In 1937, he married again. His second wife was a Catholic: Laura, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel The Honorable Aubrey Nigel Henry Molyneux Herbert, second son of the Earl of Carnarvon.

For nine years, Waugh had traveled often and widely, by preference to wild places. The best parts of the four travel books written during this period were later reprinted in *When the Going Was Good*, and they are still lively reading. One is periodically reminded, however, that Waugh's touch is surer and more sparkling when he is using these same materials in his comic novels.

At the outbreak of the war, Waugh joined the Royal Marines, and later, as a Commando, took part in a succession of desperate actions in which he became famous for his phenomenal courage. Years earlier, when Waugh had taken up fox-hunting, his recklessness had awed even veterans.

Waugh is now settled at Piers Court in a secluded part of Gloucestershire, from which he occasionally makes sorties to his London clubs. "I live in a shabby stone house," he wrote in *Life*, "in which nothing is under a hundred years old except the plumbing, and that does not work. I collect old books in an inexpensive, desultory way. [His major avocation is the study of theology.] I have a fast-emptying cellar of wine and gardens fast reverting to

jungle . . . I have numerous children [three girls and two boys] whom I see once a day for ten, I hope, awe-inspiring minutes."

A few years back Randolph Churchill said of Waugh: "He grows more old-fashioned every day. He seeks to live in an oasis." Waugh himself has affirmed with pride that he is "two hundred years" behind the times, and that there is no political party in existence which he finds sufficiently (in the strictly literal sense of the word) reactionary. He has refused to learn to drive a car. He writes with a pen which has to be continually dipped in the inkwell. And he prefers to communicate even with his neighbors by written message rather than resort to the telephone. A literary friend of Waugh's once delivered a summation which neatly reflects the tenor of the anecdotes about him. As nearly as I recall, it went: "Oh, I adore Evelyn. He's so frightfully witty and so fearfully rude. Terribly conceited, of course — and, poor sweet, rather ridiculous. But such a good writer!"

2

COMPLETE rejection of the modern world is the source from which springs the best and the worst in Evelyn Waugh's writings. The artist who repudiates the realities of his time must of necessity either work in the ironic key, as Waugh did in his earlier novels which transmute repudiation into blandly destructive laughter; or, if dissatisfied with a negative criticism, he must offer alternatives to the status quo which can be taken seriously. But when Waugh abandons the detached stance, when he seriously articulates his opinions and attitudes, the results are often distressing and sometimes disastrous.

His fierce nostalgia for medievalism represents (as he himself recognizes) a yearning for an irretrievably lost cause; and as social criticism, it is therefore merely frivolous or petulant. Moreover, in the Catholic content of his novels to date, there has been little accent on religious experience as such and a really shocking absence of that human compassion which is so much a part of the Catholic spirit. (What ounce of compassion Waugh can muster is reserved for the few who meet with his approval.) In fact, the Catholicism of Waugh's fiction — it is not, of course, his faith which is under discussion, but his expression of it — is so inextricably bound up with worship of the ancient British nobility, so laden with contempt for "lesser breeds without the law," that the Church is made to appear a particularly exclusive club rather than a broad spiritual force.

At his best — that is, when he remains detached — Waugh is the finest comic artist to emerge since the late 1920s. His style is swift, exact, almost unfailingly felicitous. His inventions are entrancing; his timing is inspired; his matter-of-fact approach

WHERE TO RETIRE TODAY —AND ENJOY IT

by Norman D. Ford

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to the incongruous produces a perverse humor that is immensely effective. Even that ancient comic device — the use of suggestive names — is boldly put to work by Waugh with the happiest results. Mr. Outrage, the leader of His Majesty's Opposition; Mrs. Melrose Ape, the phony evangelist; Lord Copper, the press tycoon; Lady Circumference, Captain Grimes, Viola Chasm, Ambrose Silk — their names bespeak their nature.

Behind the extravagant façade of Waugh's burlesques, manners and social types are observed with a dazzling accuracy. The Bright Young People are illuminated with a glow which spotlights the fantastic — but they are profoundly "*dans le vrai*." The Ministry of Information passages in *Put Out More Flags* are, of course, a parody; but I can vouch from firsthand experience that the parody is solidly founded in truth. In countless scenes throughout Waugh's farces, a lapidary phrase or incident brings home with terrible directness the tragic quality in the lives of his frivolous, gaily cockeyed, or unscrupulous characters. Waugh's cosmos is, in the literal sense, funny as hell.

Like Eliot, Waugh looked out on the world around him and saw it as a wasteland. His temperament and special gifts led him to transfigure the wasteland into a circus, within whose tent we are treated to a riotous harlequinade. But every so often the flap of the tent is blown open; a vista of the wilderness intrudes; and the antics of the clowns suddenly appear, as poor Agatha Runcible would say, "too spirit-crushing."

This core of tragic awareness gives to Waugh's comic vision the dimension of serious art. The paradox, in fact, is that when Waugh is being comic, he makes luminous the failures of his age, confronts us vividly with the desolating realities; and when he is being serious, he is liable to become trashy. For without the restraints of the ironic stance, his critical viewpoint reveals itself as bigoted and rancorous; his snobbery emerges as obsessive and disgusting; and his archaism involves him in all kinds of silliness.

3

WAUGH's first novel, *Decline and Fall* (1928), depicts a world in which villainy has the innocence of man's primeval state before The Fall. The story opens on the night of the annual orgy of Oxford's most aristocratic dining club: "A shriller note could now be heard from Sir Alastair's rooms; any who have heard that sound will shrink from the recollection of it; it is the sound of the English country families baying for broken glass."

Paul Pennyfeather, a colorless young man reading for Holy Orders, is debagged by the rowdies and then expelled by the authorities for indecent exposure. Presently he is taken up by an immensely

wealthy young widow, whose fortune comes from a far-flung chain of bordellos; and when the police get on her track, Paul goes to prison for white slavery, and the lady marries a Cabinet Minister. The fun is incessant and the comic portraiture is pure delight, especially the hugely disreputable schoolmaster, Captain Grimes, and the inventive butler-crook Philbrick — in his plushier moments Sir Solomon Philbrick, tycoon. *Decline and Fall* is an unqualified success.

Vile Bodies (1930) is almost as good. The combination of calamitous happenings and gay *insouciance* is marvelously sustained as the story follows the Bright Young People in their giddy dance through the condemned playground. But the farce, now, has grimmer overtones; and the climax finds Adam on history's greatest battlefield, clutching a bomb for the dissemination of leprosy.

Waugh's next novel had its origin in the "crazy enchantment" of a visit to Addis Ababa for the coronation of Haile Selassie. The Abyssinia of the early thirties — with its ancient Christianity and its enduring barbarism; its strivings to be modern, frustrated by picturesque ignorance and limitless inefficiency; its motley foreign colony, authentic savages, and wily promoters, big and small — provided Waugh with materials ideally suited to his talents, and he worked them into what some critics consider the most amusing of his novels, *Black Mischief* (1932).

A Handful of Dust (1934), the most somber of the comic novels, is memorable for its horrifying ending: the hero finds himself trapped in the recesses of the Amazonian jungle, condemned to spend the rest of his life reading Dickens to a cunning madman. In the next two books, Waugh's violent prejudices show their hand. His biography of the Catholic martyr, Edmund Campion — in many respects a distinguished performance — is marred by a partisanship which flagrantly distorts Elizabethan history. *Waugh in Abyssinia* (1936) — the product of an assignment as a war correspondent — is simply a piece of Fascist propaganda. Strangely enough, the Ethiopian setting is again fictionally handled in *Scoop* (1937) with the same detached zest as in *Black Mischief*. There is perhaps no more uproarious burlesque of the workings of the press.

Put Out More Flags (1942), a novel about the phony war period, reintroduces Waugh's finest pirate-hero, Basil Seal, more ingeniously iniquitous than ever. His use of three loathsome evacuee children as a source of blackmail is just one of several episodes in the book which are Waugh at his best. The story ends with Basil's volunteering for the Commandos — there was "a new spirit abroad." The war apparently aroused in Waugh high hopes that victory would open the way to a return to Britain's former greatness. His deep and bitter disillusionment at its actual outcome prob-

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ROBERT ARTHUR

Author, editor and teacher; former writer-producer Mutual Broadcasting System; former editor *Detective Fiction*, and other magazines for Fawcett, Street and Smith, and Dell Publishing Company; short stories for *Argosy*, *Blue Book*, *Collier's*, and many other magazines; member Mystery Writers of America.



JACK WOODFORD

Publisher, novelist, motion picture writer; author of more than 40 novels and 2000 short stories; author of *Writer's Cramp*, *Trial and Error*, and other books on writing; former script writer M.G.M., Warner's, Universal, and Columbia; vice-president of Signature Press.

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ably explains, at least in part, the marked difference in temper between his pre-war and his post-war fiction.

Brideshead Revisited (1945) is a romantic evocation of vanished splendors, which brings into dismal relief the aridity of the present. In the first part, in which the narrator reverts to his youth at Oxford, Waugh's artistic sense seldom falters. Ryder's discovery of a magic world of freedom and intoxicating pleasures through his friendship with Sebastian, the younger son of a noble and wealthy Catholic family, and the accompanying contrast between the dryness of Ryder's home life and the charm of the Marchmains — these passages are among the most memorable that Waugh has written. But in the second part — Ryder's unhappy marriage and love affair with Sebastian's sister; Sebastian's descent into alcoholism; Lord Marchmain's irregular and resplendent life in Venice, and his death in his ancestral home — those failings of Waugh's which were discussed earlier run riot. And, as they take command, the characterization grows unreal, the atmosphere becomes sententious, the style turns overripe.

Charles Ryder is shaken out of his ill-mannered anti-Catholicism when the dying Lord Marchmain, who has lived outside the Church, makes a sign indicating his consent to receiving the final sacrament. But Ryder has been portrayed as so insensitive to religion and so sensitive to the prestige of great families that one is left, as Edmund Wilson has observed, with an uneasy feeling that it was not "the sign" that made Ryder kneel beside the deathbed, but the vision of this Catholic family's greatness conjured up in Lord Marchmain's earlier monologue: "We were . . . barons since Agincourt; the larger honors came with the Georges . . ." (and so on).

The Loved One (1948) is one of Waugh's most savagely amusing books. As a lampoon on the mortuary practices of Southern California, it is a coruscating *tour de force*. When, however, the satire reaches out to other aspects of American folkways, it is sometimes either hackneyed or crudely exaggerated. The trouble is that Waugh can no longer maintain the same innocence of observation as in the pre-war farces. The *éclat* of his performance in *The Loved One* is slightly marred by traces of spite, and smudges of acid snob-distaste for all things American. "There is no such thing as an American," he wrote in an explanatory note about the book. "They are all exiles, uprooted, transplanted and doomed to sterility."

Men at Arms (1952), the first volume of an unfinished trilogy about military life during World War II, describes Guy Crouchback's period of training for a commission in the Halberdiers. Crouchback is a lonely, frustrated man, revolted by the modern age, and the regiment — with

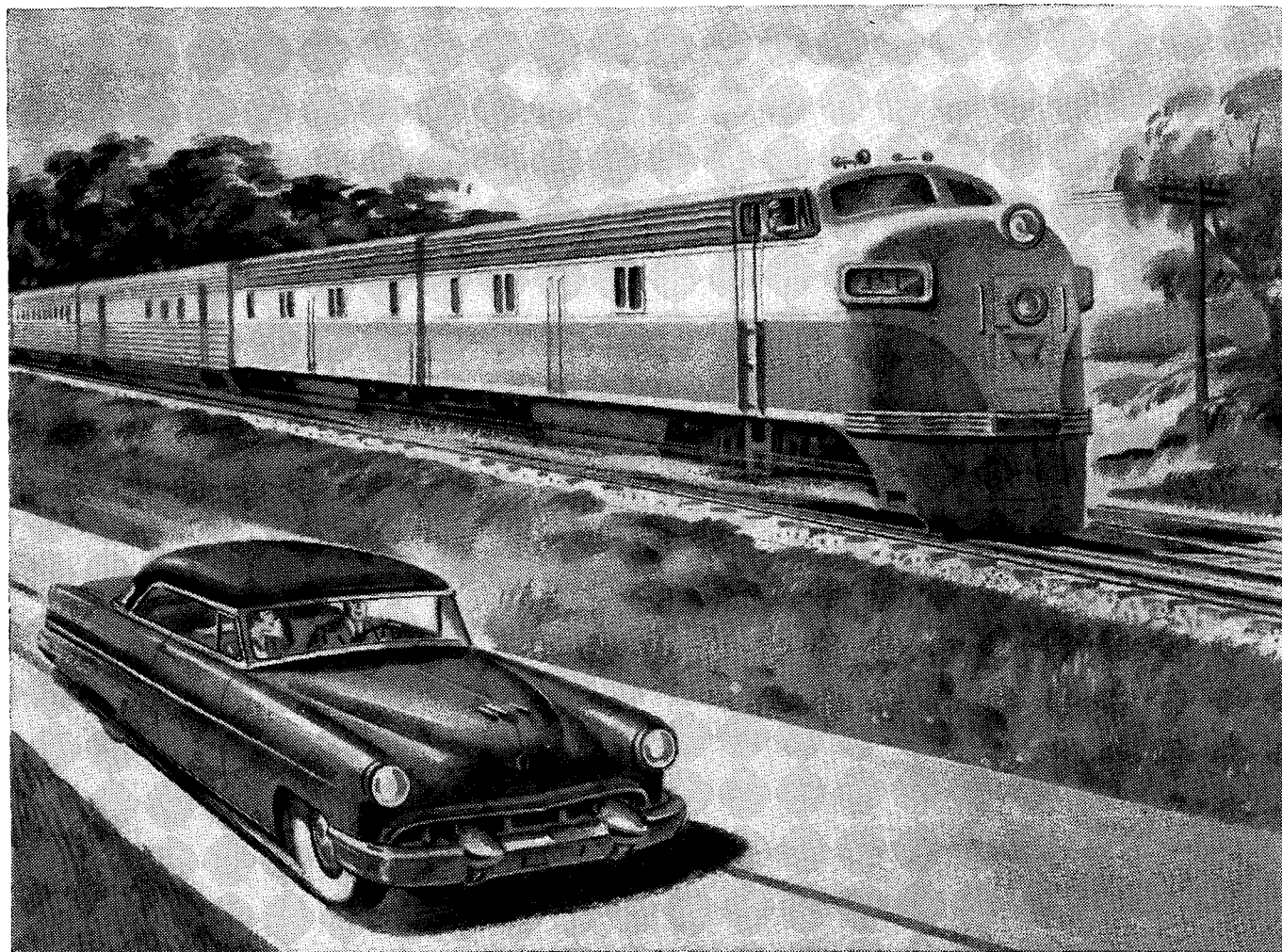
its proud traditions, its *esprit de corps*, its rituals, its severe discipline and taxing duties — restores to him a vitalizing sense of dignity and purpose. The novel is written throughout in a much lower key than *Brideshead Revisited*. Its major characterizations are impressive; and though neither dramatic nor particularly moving, it is a very polished and readable work. Its great weakness is that Waugh treats with respectful admiration materials tinged with the ludicrous, which call for the saving grace of irony.

Waugh's latest book, *Tactical Exercise* (Little, Brown, \$3.75), is a collection of short fiction which more or less spans his writing career and is very varied in range. It is probably better entertainment than any of the other books of its kind that have just come off the presses; but there is not much in it that is near to the top of Waugh's form.

One item is unquestionably unique: an edifying melodrama entitled "The Curse of the Race Horse," which Waugh composed when he was seven; the spelling, which foreshadows Waugh's genius for bold improvisation, is utterly delectable. "Excursion Into Reality" gives the movies the treatment Waugh gave the press in *Scoop*. "Love Among the Ruins" is Waugh's nightmarish vision of the brave new world; but his total incompetence as a sociologist makes this fantasy a nursery effort compared with those of Huxley and Orwell. The most interesting item in this volume, "Work Suspended," consists of the two chapters of a novel which Waugh abandoned in 1941, and which has certain intriguing affinities with the book that took its place: *Brideshead Revisited*.

Now fifty-one, Evelyn Waugh has published twenty-two books. Considering the high quality of his artistry, it is a remarkable output. He has himself defined, with a characteristic touch of belligerence, the direction in which he plans to move: "In my future books there will be two things to make them unpopular: a preoccupation with style and the attempt to represent man more fully, which, to me, means only one thing, man in his relation to God." It sounds as though, from now on, the "serious" side of Waugh will fully take command.

However laudable Waugh's objectives, I find it impossible to discount the evidence that he has chosen a course which runs counter to his special gifts as an artist. From the comic standpoint, Waugh's less amiable traits are actually an asset. Arrogance, snobbery, and contentiousness — when they work hand in hand with irony — are a corrosive solvent to satire. The religious writer requires at least four qualities of which Waugh has so far displayed only one. Faith he has; but little compassion and no humility — and in his entire work there is not a single truly convincing trace of love.



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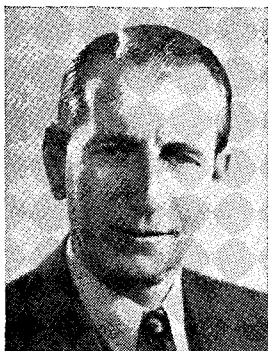
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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

LORD DAVID CECIL, in his patient, sensitive, stylized biographies, has established himself as one of the most understanding of literary historians. He won critical acclaim with his first book, *The Stricken Deer*, a study of the poet Cowper. Since then, he has written of Sir Walter Scott, of Jane Austen, of Hardy the novelist, of Gray the poet, and of that most valiant courtship of Dorothy Osborne and William Temple.

Lord David's most ambitious undertaking, the life of William Lamb, 2nd Viscount Melbourne, was interrupted by the Second World War. The first part of it — the gay, dancing story of Lord Melbourne's youth when he was one of the most eligible, if indolent, men in London society — was in print in 1939. Then the Blitz descended, the Melbourne papers were hidden away out of reach, and a full decade intervened before the scholar, now mature, could resume the intimate study of his hero statesman. At last the story is finished, and the American publishers are to be congratulated for having printed the complete biography — the two books in one — the years of exuberance and those of mellow maturity, in so handsome a format: *Melbourne* by Lord David Cecil (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00).

Lord Melbourne does not rank among the more powerful of British Prime Ministers, but he was certainly one of the most urbane and independent. He gravitated towards politics after his domestic life had gone on the rocks. His wife, Caroline Lamb — vivacious, impetuous, light-minded — had become the mistress of Lord Byron; the experience unsettled her and a separation was inevitable; his son was feeble-minded, and from this wreckage Melbourne took refuge in his library and in an existence quite different from that which he once enjoyed at Holland House and the London clubs.

It was the French Revolution which called out Lord Melbourne from his retirement. The spectacle

of what was going on across the Channel gave chills of apprehension to the wealthy Britons and especially to the elder statesmen in the Whig Party. Melbourne, who had the capacity to sit solid and remain calm, was recommended to a timorous cabinet. They sent him as Secretary of State to Ireland, which was then in a prickly condition, and in Dublin he conducted affairs with such force and common sense as to be marked for still higher places. When he became Home Secretary, with his stolidity he quelled the uprising in Dorset; as Prime Minister, it was his responsibility and his delight to steer Victoria, then eighteen, through the opening difficulties of her reign. The loyalty between the young Queen and her sage, courtly counselor has a roses-in-December fragrance — she in her twenties and he fifty-eight; of all her Ministers, "Lord M" was her favorite to her dying day. In the most glowing passages of this book we see why — with what infinite tact he guided her in her relations with her people, Parliament, and with that difficult woman, her mother. We see him intervening again with a steadying, masculine touch when Prince Albert was installed and reaching for political activity.

American readers do not take easily to English politics, but this is a story which far transcends the infighting of the House of Commons. It is a story of the great town and country houses of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and of hospitality, flirtation, and gambling on a lavish scale. It is a story of a whirlwind courtship gone wrong. It is a story of what retirement did to solidify a man's knowledge and strength. It is the story of the women who comforted him and of the brilliant, strong-willed young Queen whom he presented to her realm and served with such loyalty and adoration.

Americana

Americana — meaning anything salty pertaining to America, and in literature a book which could not possibly have been written anywhere else. Richard Bissell, for instance. He is an Iowan who went from Exeter to Harvard, where he took his B.S. in 1936. That was the year when Polaroid was in the news, and Dick got a job as a salesman for Polaroid instruments in Manhattan. For seven months he rode the subways and tramped the streets and in all that time sold not five cents' worth of the new invention. So for a change in 1937 he signed on as an ordinary seaman with the American Export Lines

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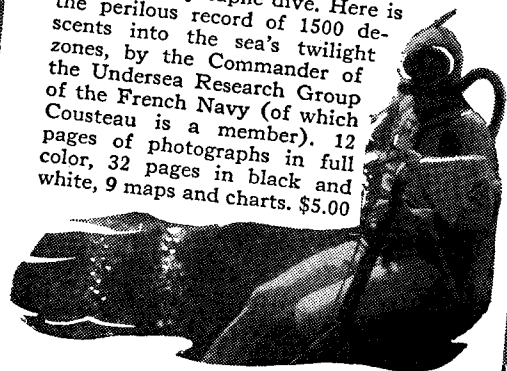
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bound for the Mediterranean. Five years later he transferred to our inland waterways, where he found a berth as a deck hand; the life appealed to him, and he enjoyed the challenge of navigating the big rivers, in storm and in flood. (He is the only American writer since Mark Twain to hold a pilot's license on the Upper Mississippi and Monongahela.)

Bissell came ashore in 1945; no longer the rover, he became superintendent and stylist in a men's-wear factory in Dubuque. The factory belonged to his family and the job should have been a sinecure, but there was a chemistry in his blood stirring him on to write, and about the time his children began to be noisy, Dick Bissell was fighting for enough quiet in which to finish his first book, *A Stretch on the River*, a novel laid aboard a coal barge, *Inland Coal*. The critics liked it and enough readers bought it to give him encouragement.

A second novel is usually a sterner test than the first. Mr. Bissell's second was about a strike in a pajama factory: *7½ Cents* was the increase the union asked for and that became the title of the book which was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. George Abbott, the producer, wished to turn it into a musical comedy, and with the author's help it was converted into *The Pajama Game*, a Broadway hit.

This is the kind of success story which makes writing so endlessly attractive; and as his Editor, I naturally take a godfather's pride in Dick's success. I will not try to discuss his new book objectively — for I am partisan. Enough to say that *High Water* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) is the story of a remorseless deadly swelling flood in the inlands. The dialogue is juicy; the ship and the atmospheric pressure the real thing. It delights me to see the devious way that Bissell has come to his writing; and what could be more natural than that his next manuscript, the one he is working on now, should be about show business.

Spooing the Air Force

There are several ways in which a writer can find his material in Army life — with graphic irony as did Bill Mauldin, or with innocent comedy as in *The Good Soldier Schweik*; with anger and frustration as in *From Here to Eternity*, or with the cool detestation of a Wilfred Owen.

Mac Hyman is a Georgia boy who was drafted in 1943; he passed into the Air Corps and as a photo navigator eventually flew twenty-three combat missions over Japan. After the war he returned to Duke University and began to write; married his childhood sweetheart; found that writing was a frail support; worked as a shipping clerk; tried teaching school; and, when desperately broke, re-enlisted in the Air Force.

He, too, came into print in an oblique way, for it was not until his second tour of duty that he got the clear perspective for his chuckling narrative,

No Time for Sergeants (Random House, \$3.00). Here are the adventures of a draftee, Will Stockdale, a Georgia hillbilly who had set his heart on the Infantry but somehow got sidetracked and classified in the Air Force. Will, who tells the story in a backwoods dialect which is naïve but never tedious, is of uncommon strength, quizzical nature, and not nearly as dumb as he looks. He has a congenital contempt for Yankees, a total disregard for Army regulations, and a disposition which is patient and slow to anger. He finds as his sidekick a small, wizened, overserious Southerner called Ben. He likes to do things with Ben and, when necessary, to protect him, and the effect of their teamwork on Sergeant King is laughable to behold. The book is as unsuited as *Dere Mable*; the Sergeant is the natural butt, and the game is to see how often and how unpredictably Will can compel the Army to do things his way.

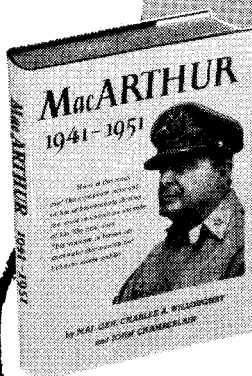
Will's appetizing performance on KP, his ingenuity as a latrine orderly and his guileless exhibition of that latrine when the Colonel comes round on inspection; Will's interview with the psychiatrist, his test with the headset, and his reaction to the Negro lieutenant — these are just a few of the unexpected moments in a delightful spoof. Mac Hyman writes with the deceptively easy touch of a natural humorist.

The terrible Miss Dove

For each of us there is one unforgettable teacher in school. They are usually women; for me, it was Miss Harriet Budd of the Seventh Grade in Pingry. She commanded us by her dignity, a sense of justice, and impeccable standards. She won us with her occasional warm smile of recognition. Every school in this country worth its salt has in some degree its Miss Budd and we cannot afford to let them become a rarity.

Good Morning, Miss Dove by Frances Gray Patton (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75) is a short, affectionate novel in honor of the old-fashioned teacher. For thirty years and more Miss Dove has been teaching geography to the first six grades at the Cedar Grove School in Liberty Hill, a small fresh-water town — small enough for everyone in it to know and be known by the others. She is so engaged on a Wednesday morning in mid-April, having a small clash of wills with David Burnham, the profane young son of the minister, when a sudden searing pain down her spine and along her right leg lowers her into her chair and sends David running for the doctor. Using this circumstance as a pair of needles, Mrs. Patton begins to knit the story of what Miss Dove — the terrible Miss Dove — has meant to the town and to those who now come to assist her.

In her bearing and her clothing and her bony structure; her sharp-pointed nose, her thin unpainted mouth, pale complexion, with her hair twisted back in a meager little old maid's knot, Miss

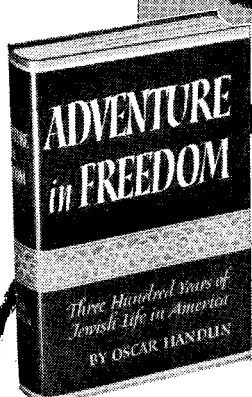


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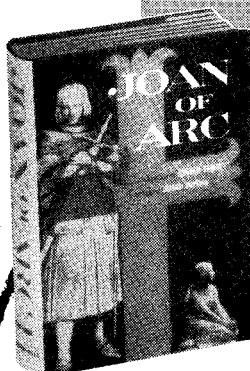
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Dove suggested that "classic portrait of the eternal teacher" that small fry draw generation after generation. And it took the emergency to bring out the indelible marks of character which she had left upon person after person — on young Thomas Baker, the doctor; on Bill Holloway, the policeman; on Billie Jean McVay, the nurse — men and women whom she would always read as two people, the youngsters she had trained and the adults whom life had marked.

In most cases the mystic symbols which she had entered after their names in her ledger still applied. The commonest letter in the ledger was T for Tractable; there were A's for Awkward; B's for Babyish; O's for Originality (she had given one to Geoffrey Lyons, the playwright), and for boys as trustworthy as William Holloway, S for Satisfactory.

With that relativity which Thornton Wilder applied so successfully in *Our Town*, Mrs. Patton passes swiftly from past to present and back again as she describes in her deft and telling phrases the teacher-town relationship which is so fundamental in our democracy. The author makes us see education for the dedicated task it is. She lets us touch the strands of loyalty and tradition which we have all felt and sometimes resisted. There is no villain in this piece and the unpretentious heroine is someone you care for and respect.

I round out my quartet of Americana with an autobiography, *Stars at Noon* by **Jacqueline Cochran** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50). Just as Miss Dove in her rubber-heeled ground grippers is a woman of composure, making her influence felt in a small community, so Miss Cochran is a woman of action, seeking the furthest horizons.

Hers is a rags-to-riches story, beginning with a miserable and neglected childhood in a Florida lumber camp. She does not know who her parents were. "Until I was eight years old," writes Miss Cochran, "I had no shoes . . . my bed was usually a pallet on the floor . . . food was the barest essentials . . . sometimes nothing except what I foraged for myself." She had a year and a half of schooling and left to work a twelve-hour shift in a cotton mill. At thirteen she was an expert operator in a beauty shop, and in time she moved on to Antoine's in New York, to the ownership of three cosmetic firms, and to being voted The Business Woman of the Year in 1953.

But flying is her aspiration and her passion, and she was the first woman to fly faster than the speed of sound. She started flying in 1932; since then she has won over two hundred awards and trophies. She has broken men's and women's records for jet and piston engines, and in 1937 she was given the General Billy Mitchell Award as the person who contributed most to aviation that year. Hers is a story of tenacity, courage, and faith. It is a story that keeps looking up.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Travels and Adventures

TRAVEL INTO YESTERDAY by **Mary Gough**. (Doubleday, \$4.50.) An archaeologist's wife describes her experiences in a corner of Turkey where the remains of a dozen dead civilizations and the lively representatives of the present one are equally entertaining.

REACH FOR THE SKY by **Paul Brickhill**. (Norton, \$3.75.) Douglas Bader, who lost both legs in a plane crash in 1931, wangled his way back into the RAF to become an ace and formidable air tactician of the Second World War. His accomplishments, notable for any man, are in his case astounding.

DESPERATE SCENERY by **Elliot Paul**. (Random House, \$3.75.) The latest volume of Elliot Paul's piecemeal memoirs rambles around a government dam built at Jackson Hole back in 1910, and as usual is full of high spirits and low company.

JOURNEY WITH LOSHAY by **George N. Patterson**. (Norton, \$3.75.) A medical missionary with the abilities of a freebooter tells of his exciting journey over the high passes from Tibet into India. Much of the book is devoted to the horseplay and ribald chatter of his Tibetan companions, a wonderfully funny crew of unwashed individualists.

Fiction

HEROES OF THE EMPTY VIEW by **James Aldridge**. (Knopf, \$3.95.) The portrait of a quixotic, Orientalized Englishman (who inevitably suggests T. E. Lawrence), an adventure story about Arab civil wars, and reflections on the encroachments of the machine age combine to make an absorbing, intelligent novel.

FLIGHT TO AFRICA by **Johanna Moosdorf**. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.) Part mystery, part ghost story, and with a touch of *White Cargo* about it, this story of an African trader's attempt to uncover the reasons for his wife's suicide holds one's interest even though the author's purpose remains foggy.

DEVICES AND DESIRES by **E. Arnot Robertson**. (Macmillan, \$3.50.) A sort of backhanded picaresque novel in which Hebe, a passportless waif of thirteen, finagles her way from the chaos of post-war Greece to the provincial French respectability on which her heart is set.

Antique Worlds

THE RISE AND FALL OF MAYA CIVILIZATION by **J. Eric S. Thompson**. (University of Oklahoma Press, \$5.00.) No catalogue of battles and broken pots but a re-creation of Mayan customs and beliefs in human terms, Mr. Thompson's book succeeds in making this impressive Indian culture immediately comprehensible.

THE WORLD OF ODYSSEUS by **M. I. Finley**. (Viking, \$3.00.) It is not necessary to be a Greek student to enjoy Mr. Finley's description of the early Greek society which was the factual background of Homer's poetic world.

THE NAZARENE GOSPEL RESTORED by **Robert Graves and Joshua Podro**. (Doubleday, \$10.00.) Controversial, imaginative, brilliantly ingenious, this reconstruction of what the authors believe to be the approximate original gospel can hardly fail to infuriate many readers, but it is neither irreverent nor unscholarly and commands a high degree of interest.

HIGH WATER

RICHARD BISSELL

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Richard Bissell's first novel, *A STRETCH ON THE RIVER*, was widely praised for its vivid characterization, wonderful dialogue and lusty humor. His second novel, *7½ CENTS*, was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and became the hit musical, *The Pajama Game*. Now, in his new novel, *HIGH WATER*, Mr. Bissell writes of life on a towboat on the Mississippi at flood tide. When you read *HIGH WATER* we think you will agree that there has been nothing quite like it since Mark Twain. An incomparable experience in Americana, it is tough, tender and altogether terrific. \$3.75

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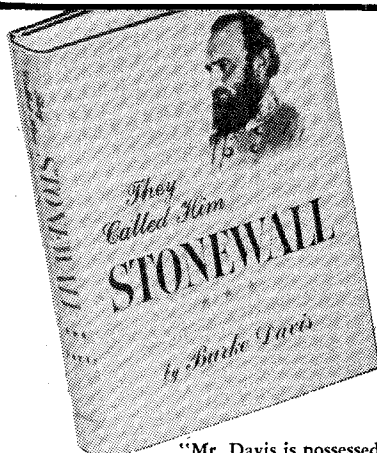
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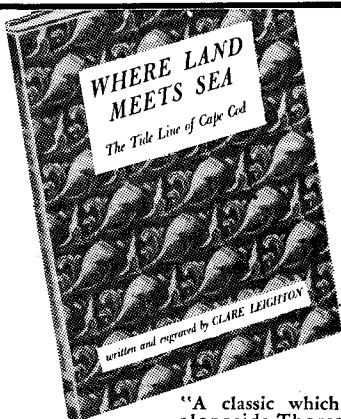
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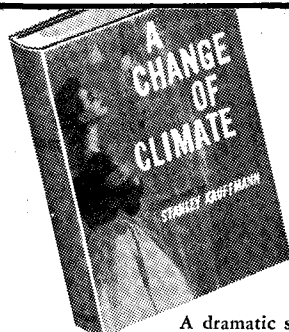
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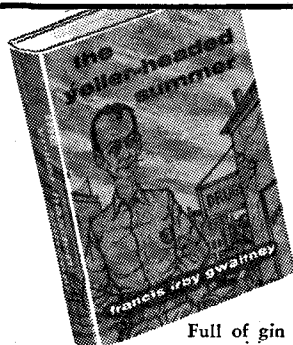
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CHARLES J. ROLO



The Invisible Writing (Macmillan, \$5.00), the second volume of **Arthur Koestler's** autobiography, describes his seven years, 1931–1938, as an embattled member of the Communist Party; and I might as well say right now that it is among the most interesting works of non-fiction that I have read this year. It is free from the hysteria and the rancor which have disgusted me in the memoirs of certain celebrated ex-Communists, whose much-vaunted spiritual transformation has left them with more fanaticism than Christian charity; and who still fervently espouse the pestilential proposition that the world needs to be saved in a hurry by their own brand of righteousness. Koestler has fought his way to the recognition that it is precisely this all-or-nothing outlook which is the breeding ground for scourges such as Communism, and he writes with a far-reaching insight into the neuroses that underlie the surrender to extremism and "closed systems" of thought.

Even a bare summary of Koestler's experiences should indicate that his is an altogether fascinating story. At twenty-six, he was the highly paid foreign editor of a leading Berlin newspaper when he became a secret member of the C.P.'s Intelligence apparatus. A freakish episode led to his exposure and the loss of his job; and then he lived for a time in Berlin's so-called "Red Block" as an open member of the Party. In July, 1932, he went to Russia as a journalist under the sponsorship of the Comintern. He traveled extensively — as far afield as Bokhara, Samarkand, and the remotest towns of Soviet Central Asia. In Baku, he fell suddenly and desperately in love; and love, as it has to other pious Communists, brought tragedy to Koestler. A grotesque misunderstanding caused him to contribute to the probable ruin of his exquisite Nadesha: she was the first person he had denounced and she remained the last.

Just at the time that disillusionment was setting in, Hitlerism revived Koestler's Communist fervor.

With Germany nazified, he settled in Paris; and there followed years of great poverty and hectic political activity. At one period he slept in a hayloft and lived on bread smeared with lard. For two months, he was schoolmaster and nurse in a home for the children of Communist officials, and out of this experience wrote an unpublished novel entitled *The Adventures in Exile of Comrade Cheepbird and His Friends*. He also wrote — under the name of Dr. A. Costler and for a straight fee of \$300 — an *Encyclopaedia of Sexual Knowledge*, which became an international best-seller.

During the Spanish Civil War, Koestler got himself accredited to Franco's headquarters as a correspondent and narrowly escaped arrest. On a return assignment, this time to the Loyalist side, he was captured and spent ninety-five days in one of Franco's prisons under sentence of death — he was saved through the exchange of a hostage. The Moscow Purges of March, 1938, destroyed the remnants of his faith in Communism, and in the spring of that year he resigned from the Party.

One of the stirring qualities of Koestler's book is its high charge of moral drama — its unflinching and penetrating scrutiny of the author's conscious and unconscious motivation; of his response to tests of personal loyalty and courage, and to three months of awaiting execution. Koestler's story is rich in curious incident, in melodramatic episodes, and in portraits of striking personalities in the Communist Movement. The Spanish chapters are a searing reminder of the extent to which Franco's apologists have succeeded in whitewashing a regime guilty of the vilest crimes; and many aspects of Koestler's book bring to bear a searching light on the history of the thirties.

What surprised me was the evidence of a kind of mellowing on Koestler's part. The theatrical bent of his intellect; his fondness for flashy generalizations, and for transferring to other spheres the concepts and jargon of science; his penchant for the doomsday outlook — all this has played a part in making his work arresting and stimulating; but it has also made him, as an English critic once bluntly observed, a "dislikable" writer. In *The Invisible Writing*, I find less showiness, less juggling with sweeping abstractions, and a good deal more humanity — a freer flow of

feeling; more traces of wry humor; a greater willingness to speak straightforwardly, as Orwell did, in terms of decency and infamy. I have always greatly admired Koestler; now I begin to find him quite likable.

Journey into Islam

The Road to Mecca (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00) by Muhammad Asad records a most unusual journey into faith — the conversion to Islam of a European non-religious Jew. This story, which spans the first three decades of the author's life, is woven around the chronicle of a journey to Mecca in the summer of 1932. On both planes, *The Road to Mecca* is a remarkable book.

Muhammad Asad was born Leopold Weiss in Galicia in 1900, the son of a lawyer and grandson of a rabbi. He studied in Vienna; went to Berlin to write; and, while still in his teens, got jobs in the cinema and then in journalism. Life was exciting, but he was dissatisfied with the atmosphere of "materialism." He had read deeply and widely, but the religions and the contemporary enlightenment of the West did not satisfy his needs. When he was twenty-two, an uncle invited him to Jerusalem, and he was instantly attracted to the Arab world. In the years that followed — supporting himself as a correspondent — he traveled throughout the area stretching from the Libyan desert to the steppes of Afghanistan, from the Bosphorus to the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula. He embraced Islam in 1926. A few months later, he met Ibn Saud and became attached to his court as an unofficial adviser.

With its intimate and ardent picture of the Arab world, its accounts of adventurous missions on behalf of Ibn Saud, *The Road to Mecca*, on a more modest scale, makes an appeal to the imagination similar to *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Although the author stresses that strict rationality drew him into Islam, there is clearly much of the romantic in him. Anyone to whom Cairo's noisome red light district conjures up "luscious" limbs and tempting intoxications is certainly a man somewhat bemused by enrapturement with Araby.

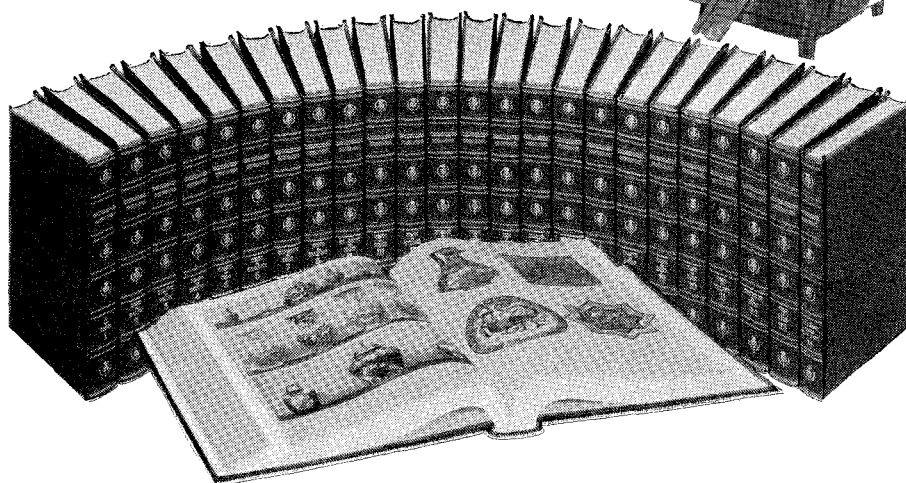
Nonetheless, the author's attempt to give Westerners a better understanding of the vitalizing elements of Islam is genuinely enlightening — up to a point. Among Islam's special virtues, he cites its view that the spirit and the flesh are one, and that

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spiritual growth is bound up with all aspects of nature; its freedom from the concept of original sin; its "emotional lightness of approach . . . a supreme common sense of feeling"; its integration of religion with everyday life, and the Prophet's teaching that the pursuit of knowledge is holier than mere piety. Among true believers, the author found a sense of freedom coupled with emotional security which seemed to him lacking in the West.

He recognizes, however, that in the main Islam has lost contact with the creative spirit of the Prophet's teachings, has succumbed to a pervasive cultural decay. He deplors its unnecessary backwardness and social wrongs; the stifling scholasticism prevalent among its theologians; the intellectual stagnation. Here, surely, is an acknowledgment that Islam is suffering from the same erosion of its vitalizing beliefs as the West, only in one case the symptom is "stagnation," in the other "materialism." The author, moreover, is no archaist, and the course in which he sees hope for a revival of Islam is one which must lead the Moslem peoples toward the very problem which bedevils the West: how to prevent the pursuit of progress from degenerating into the idolatry of progress.

Muhammad Asad has written an absorbing book which should sharpen our respect for the original message of the Koran. But he has failed to make a persuasive case for his belief that Islam can again become a dynamic cultural challenge to the West.

Elusive genius

The letters which Lawrence of Arabia wrote to his family are now published in their entirety (some have appeared before in part) for the first time: *The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and His Brothers* (Macmillan, \$10.00). These are the letters (T.E.'s) of the type of genius who remains endlessly fascinating by virtue of being a great mystifier. One kind of mystifier is the man who has revealed himself so assiduously that the Truth of him is tucked away at the heart of a labyrinth of truths—of these Gide is the prototype. The other kind seldom explicitly gives clues to his innermost self, and, when he does, proceeds to undercut them by presenting us with some apparent contradiction. Of the latter there is no more complex, elusive, and compelling example than Lawrence of

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Arabia. He once said: "At an O.T.C. field day, I was told to disguise myself as a battalion in close order; and have done, ever since."

Lawrence's letters to his family are naturally loaded with such trivia as changes of address, details of his expenses, comments on the weather, and so on; few are of the same caliber as the correspondence which he knew would be published and in which he has shown himself a genuinely great letter writer. But this collection has the appeal of letters written by a man boundlessly absorbed in everything he did — studying castles in France, excavating in Syria, crusading for the Arabs, improving his cottage in the English countryside; a man boundlessly interested in an extraordinary diversity of things — the quality of boots, pottery, strategy, literature, motorcycles.

Lawrence's passionate and meticulous immersion in the task at hand was counterpointed by the nihilism of a perfectionist who, after the Arab revolt and the writing of his masterpiece, was never able to canalize his genius. To Liddell Hart he said: "There is an ideal standard somewhere, and only that matters: and I cannot find it. Hence this aimlessness." And a year before his death, when his retirement from the R.A.F. was imminent, he wrote: "I shall be 46 . . . too young to be happy doing nothing, but too old for a fresh start. However there is nothing that I want to do, and nothing particularly that I am glad to have done."

Lawrence's two younger brothers, Frank and Will, were twenty-two and twenty-six respectively when they were killed in the First World War. But their letters suggest, as Sir Ernest Barker says in his Foreword to Will's correspondence, that T.E. was one among "a nest of young eagles." Will combined a great love of beauty with a strong religious sense, and there are some fine pages in the letters he wrote while teaching in India on the eve of the war.

"Un phénomène"

Madame Colette — who at the time of her recent death was considered by reputable judges to be the greatest living French writer — often said that it was unnecessary to write books about her, because all her life was described in her own. But her half-dozen autobiographical volumes are not available in English, and I think that even readers who are not

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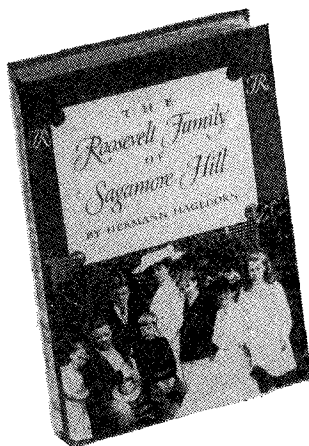
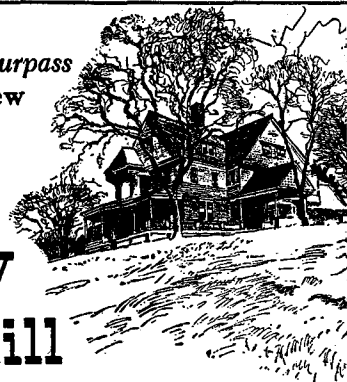
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especially interested in her as a great lady of letters would enjoy **Margaret Crosland's** biography, the first written in English, of this immensely interesting woman. Miss Crosland has to a large extent pieced together her **Colette: A Provincial in Paris** (British Book Centre, \$3.50) from her subject's novels, essays, and journals. The result is a minor biography of major appeal. For Colette, as her third husband observed, "C'est un phénomène."

A Burgundian, whose father was a Captain of the Zouaves, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette came to Paris as the young wife of an egregious impresario of letters, who kept a squad of writers churning out copy marketed under his signature. Monsieur Willy soon put his wife to work and her *Claudine à l'École* was a tremendous hit. Other successes followed, but Colette broke away from a marriage which had disillusioned her.

At thirty-three, she embarked successfully on a career in the music hall and later as a dramatic actress. Meanwhile, the first books published under her own name achieved the celebrity of those credited to Willy. She remarried, first a distinguished

diplomat, then, at sixty-two, a man many years her junior. She opened her own beauty institute and worked in it; she lectured in Rumania; she became, after turning sixty, a daily drama critic. When she died at eighty-one, her collected works totaled two million words. She was the first woman to become a member of the Académie Goncourt and a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Only a blend of peculiarly French influences could have produced the phenomenon that was Colette. American lady writers, to be sure, have had as many husbands; and a few have worked as energetically at several careers. But a Frenchwoman alone could have done all this and remained, as Colette did, the quintessence of the feminine sensibility. Firmly lodged in the person of the onetime nude dancer who became the doyenne of French letters there was always a shrewd Burgundian housewife — canny in money matters, an artist in the kitchen, a sapient producer of homemade cosmetics.

Three novels

Chronic remorse, most moralists agree, is an unsalutary sentiment —

the sinner who has genuinely repented does not become any the cleaner by rolling interminably in the mud; and chronic remorse is peculiarly disastrous where novelists are concerned. The novelist obsessed with the errors of his past — **John Dos Passos** is a case in point, since his political switch from far left to far right — is irresistibly drawn to revenge himself on his past by rewriting it, by showing that what he found good was utterly disgusting. And the literary results of such an enterprise are apt to resemble a dredging operation: the principal yield is mud.

Dos Passos's latest book, **Most Likely to Succeed** (Prentice-Hall, \$3.50), is another thesis-novel showing how busily the Communists and their cohorts were at work in the twenties and thirties undermining the fabric of American life. On the score of political enlightenment, it has nothing to contribute which is not known to a consumer of the tabloids. As a novel, though readable enough, it seems to me a rather dismal affair, whose sourness is unredeemed by any qualities of depth or brilliance.

At the story's opening, Jed Morris — voted by his college class "most likely to succeed" — is a gifted, bumptious, supercharged young man, possessed by the ideals of the proletarian revolution. A play he has written is to be produced by a Communist-dominated theater group in Greenwich Village, and for a time he is hectically embroiled in the group's ideological efforts and savage intramural conflicts. When his play falls flat, one of the comrades gets him a well-paid script-writing job in Hollywood. He becomes enormously successful, and more heavily engaged than ever in Communist-directed activities. But his absorption in the Movement and his blindness to human values have plunged him into a morass of hypertension and domestic misery, and the Party itself finally condemns him to ruin.

We know that what Dos Passos is describing has had its counterpart in reality, but he has skimmed on the creative task; he has not made his people and events really solid and convincing. And to a large extent he has projected his disgust simply by making the physical texture of life in his story almost consistently disagreeable: his people "snarl" and "screech" and "roar" and have a "braying" laugh; they eat in various

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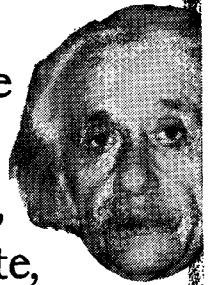
vastly unattractive ways; they never seem to enjoy anything — everything is just too sick-making. All this, in effect, is the primitive device of giving the villain a devil's tail and surrounding him with fumes of sulphur.

In contrast, *The Flint Anchor* (Viking, \$3.75) by Sylvia Townsend Warner is a novel created with a solidity and a subtlety of feeling, a fusion of warmth and wit and quietly biting shrewdness, that are reminiscent of the art of Jane Austen. The book is a period piece set in the seaside town of Loseby in Norwich — the story of John Barnard (1790–1863) and his large family. It has an unobtrusive theme: that the tragic error of John Barnard's life was an excess of moral ambition. There is no plot in particular, but a great deal happens. Eleven children are born; six of them die; and John's wife, Julia, takes to the sofa and the solace of increasing nips of Madeira. Joseph, the eldest son, is dismissed from Cambridge and sails off to the West Indies, where he prospers — but never, never will he be forgiven. The homely Euphemia finds a suitor who, though eminently eligible, is not in her father's good books; and she gives the young man the idea of rescuing Mary, her father's favorite, from the attack of a tame bulldog. The intrigue miscarries, and its net result is that Mary marries the feckless Thomas Kettle, who is presently disgraced by dreadful scandal and sent abroad with orders never to return.

As the story moves on, the characters grow steadily in the mind's eye and their world becomes so vivid and substantial that we feel as though we are looking straight into it. At one point the author writes: "Women conduct life as they conduct their needlework — with small stitches, with buttons and buttonholes, with reiteration of small stabbing movements that build up a smooth-faced untearable garment." It is a rather suggestive description of how Miss Warner has painstakingly created this exceedingly fine novel.

The Feast of July (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50) by H. E. Bates is a poignant love story. Bella Ford, a young English country girl, has been seduced and deserted by a visiting shoemaker, who says he is working in Nenweald, sixty miles away. Pregnant, penniless, her self-respect shattered, Bella walks in midwinter all the way to Nenweald only to learn that Wilson is unknown there. She

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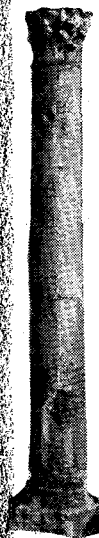
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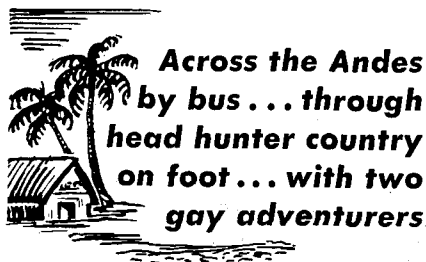
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collapses, and is taken in by a poor family, in which there are three sons. Each of the young men pays court to Bella with a gentleness that eventually heals her numbing fear of love. When she has made her choice and her happiness is at its height, Arch Wilson reappears—and the story moves to a dramatic climax.

Mr. Bates has subtly counterpointed the grim and the tender, the colors and delights of summer and the harshness of winter in the scrubby, windy little towns of Bedfordshire. Modest in its compass, *The Feast of July* is a finely wrought tale which unfolds with a sharply individual accent a familiar drama of the human heart.

Reference shelf

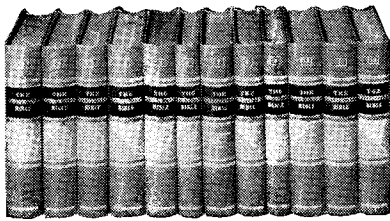
From the standpoint of anyone professionally concerned with literature, this year's most welcome addition to the reference shelf is Cassell's *Encyclopaedia of World Literature* (Funk & Wagnalls, 2 vols., \$25.00), edited by S. H. Steinberg. Produced in Britain, it represents the collective effort of 230 scholars and writers of some thirty nationalities. Part I contains histories of the world's literatures—eighty-three of them—and articles on literary forms, terms, schools, and special subjects. Part II consists of biographies of the world's writers who died prior to 1914, and Part III covers the contemporaries—10,000 biographies all told. Inevitably, these biographical entries and the accompanying critical comment are decidedly sketchy; but then, the special value of this encyclopedia is its panoramic scope. Few of us may have call to know about Gaucho or Polynesian literature, *Kalevipoeg* (the Estonian national epic), *Ecbasis Captivi* (the first European beast-epic), or twelfth-century writers such as Ahmad Ibn Omar Nizami Aruzi of Samarkand; but this is just the sort of information which is hard to get hold of when you need it in a hurry. The Cassell encyclopedia is unique in its inclusiveness, and I have found it very pleasant to browse through.

The *New Century Cyclopaedia of Names* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 3 vols., \$39.50), edited by Clarence L. Barnhart with the assistance of William D. Halsey and the collaboration of 350 scholars, supersedes the original *Century Cyclopaedia of Names*, which had not been revised since 1914. This valuable compendium

contains information about 100,000 proper names—of persons and places (real and legendary), plays and operas, organizations, laws, treaties, works of fiction and works of art. The typography is excellent, the volumes not too bulky, and—judging from my experience to date—the entries provide all one could hope to find in a medium-sized reference work.

A revised and expanded edition of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* (Oxford University Press, \$8.50) was published last February, and it has become my favorite book in its field. I find it easier to use than Bartlett (the index refers you not merely to a certain page but directly to the quotation, which is numbered); and the compilers' literary taste and judgment of usefulness seem to me superior—more catholic than Bartlett's, and adventurous enough to include Mae West's celebrated dictum and a page of witticisms from *Punch*. Another important advantage is the exceptionally well-rounded collection of quotations from the Greek and Roman classics, and from French and German; and these are given in the original as well as in translation. On the debit side, there are two surprising omissions—no index of authors; no quotations from the Koran.

Hammond's Ambassador World Atlas (C. S. Hammond & Co., \$12.50) claims to be the most comprehensive atlas ever published in America—416 pages, 326 maps, an index of over 100,000 entries. I compared it with its most direct competitor, *Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan World Atlas* (Rand McNally, \$12.50), published in 1951, and there are pluses and minuses on both sides. The Rand McNally Atlas is usually a bit easier on the eye, and its much more extensive "information tables" make it decidedly more useful as a source of factual reference. On the other hand, it has no physical maps (with the exception of one of the world) and to me an atlas without physical maps is about as defective as a cook book which doesn't mention weights and measures. The Hammond Atlas at least carries physical maps of each continent and of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain—but that, too, leaves much to be desired. In both cases, the additional space necessary for such maps would have been available if these so-called "world" atlases were not so parochial in their perspective: both volumes de-



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vote roughly as much map-space to
the United States and Canada as to
the whole of the rest of the world.
In fairness, I should add that, outside
of the limitation just mentioned, these
two atlases are admirable produc-
tions. For those who need physical
maps exclusively, there is *The Amer-
ican Oxford Atlas* (Oxford Uni-
versity Press, \$10.00); but I know of
no up-to-date world atlas which is com-
pletely satisfactory. You pay your
money and you take your choice.

Some years back the British Treas-
ury asked Sir Ernest Gowers to
write a couple of handbooks which
would fortify civil servants against
the seduction of "officialese"; and
they now appear in one compact
volume, *Plain Words: Their ABC*
(Knopf, \$2.50). The publisher says
the book might be called "a con-
densed up-to-date Fowler," and this
is not unduly laudatory. *Plain
Words* is urbanely written and loaded
with useful information—good read-
ing in its own right.

Reprints

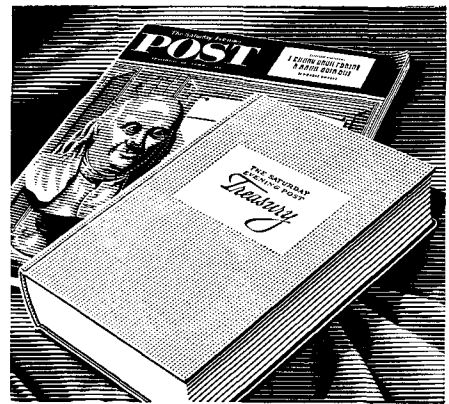
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Thomas Mann, *The Stranger* by Albert
Camus, E. M. Forster's *Howards End*,
and Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democ-
racy in America* in two volumes.

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by leasing the rights of Gide's *Lafca-
dio's Adventures* to Doubleday's An-
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titles, among them works by George Orwell, Henry Green, Kierkegaard, Conrad, Lionel Trilling, Edmund Wilson, Santayana, and Stendhal; it embraces history, science, psychoanalysis, anthropology, sociology, and translations from Greek and Roman classics. This is reprint publishing at its best.

Meanwhile, the British firm, Penguin Books, which was one of the pre-war pioneers of high-grade paperbacks and now has the largest list of this kind, continues to bring out distinguished reprints at a brisk clip. Its latest publications (\$.50 to \$1.00) include *The Journals of Arnold Bennett*, *The Histories of Herodotus*, *Anna Karenin*, and a new translation of the *Fables of Aesop*.

Potpourri

THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH by Christopher Fry. Oxford University Press, \$2.75.

Mr. Fry's latest play is one in which tragedy is distilled into comedy. The setting is a great Austrian country house; the time, 1848, when the Hungarians revolted against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The action centers on the

persistent efforts of an Austrian countess to save the life of a worthless young deserter, whom she neither loves nor likes, and whose presence brings dire trouble to her entire household. The main themes are the value of a human life, and the error of using violence even to redress deep wrongs. But, as always in Fry, the language is the thing, and to my taste a fine thing.

THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN POLICY by Charles Burton Marshall. Holt, \$3.00.

It would be hard to exaggerate the good sense and topical importance of this short essay on foreign policy by a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. In essence, it elaborates the truth that policy is the art of the possible, and it shows up the errors that have caused us to lose sight of the inescapable limits of foreign policy. A stultifying perfectionism has led to demands for a foreign policy conceived in terms of good principles destined to inevitable triumph over evil, rather than one expressed in terms of interests susceptible of compromise with rival interests. And the delusion that because America is great it is omnipotent has fostered the notion that we should be able to make events everywhere conform to our wishes. We are suffering, in sum, from a generalized self-righteousness and a refusal to face up to the complex

and vexing character of the world. There are, for instance, gross oversimplifications in the prevalent assumption that the alternatives before us are war or acceptance of the status quo.

I cannot hope in these notes to suggest the keenness and exhilarating sanity of Mr. Marshall's discussion. In my estimate, it makes three-quarters of what is being said about foreign policy sound like the mischievous chatter of retarded schoolboys.

FORERUNNERS TO EVEREST by R. Dittert, G. Chevally, R. Lambert. Harper, \$4.00.

This is the modest and stirring account, illustrated with fine photographs, of the Swiss pre- and post-monsoon attempts on Everest in 1952. It was the Swiss who explored for the first time the whole southern approach to the mountain. Their struggles with the fearful Khumbu Icefall and up the towering Lhotse face to the South Col are made doubly dramatic by the knowledge that the route they pioneered to within a few hundred feet of the summit was more or less that which eventually brought victory to the British team.

Readers of this story will fully agree with the response which Sir John Hunt made when he was congratulated by the Swiss climbers: "To you — a good half of the glory."

The collage features several documents: a check from Fawcett Publications, Inc. for \$350.00; a check from August Moon Company for \$377.00; a check from Underwriters Trust Company for \$2000.00; and various other forms and receipts. The handwritten text "your spot in this writing picture!" is prominently displayed across the center of the collage.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE driver smoking an out-size cigar at the wheel of his similarly out-size car always conjures up in me a lively feeling of ill will. Smoking a cigar is essentially an act of leisure, like savoring tea or drinking a julep; it is an adjunct of the contemplative mood and occasion. Motion is the enemy of a good cigar; to smoke one on the move — Churchill notwithstanding — is to lose in the breeze all the qualities that make cigars worth smoking.

Much bogus legend surrounds the cigar. One of our most celebrated columnists once wrote that the smoke from a cigar which had been relighted after going out would include thereby a dangerously high percentage of carbon monoxide. Some smokers believe that the quality of a cigar is evidenced by the whiteness and fineness of its ash, although the ash can prove, by its evenness, only that the cigar is correctly rolled and burning properly.

Aside from a uniformity of color and texture that is pleasing to the eye, little can be told from the outer wrapper of a cigar, and extremely dark cigars are not necessarily "stronger" than those with lighter

wrappers. By forcing the curing of the wrapper under slightly artificial conditions, a more even color can be achieved, although some smokers insist on the "naturally" cured wrapper. There are celebrated and expensive cigars in both categories, and I doubt that many smokers could tell the product of one method from the other, except by the appearance of the wrapper. The best cigar tobacco and the best cigars are Cuban; excellent cigars, nevertheless, are made in the United States from the Cuban leaf. One of the finest originates from a small producer in Boston whose name I have unhappily lost.

Aging is highly regarded by cigar experts. A smoker able to invest in a large supply of really interesting cigars might reasonably allow them ten or fifteen years in storage (under ideal conditions of temperature and humidity) before going to work on them. Cigars in storage are believed to benefit from each other, and are usually kept in open cartons, tied in bundles of fifty or a hundred by a ribbon (yellow). Individual tubes are

a great convenience for preserving cigars in small quantities around the house, and the use of cellophane instead of tubes for less expensive forms has greatly assisted the householder in keeping moderate supplies in good condition.

A Cuban confronted by a strange cigar holds it to his ear and gently rolls it between thumb and forefinger. If he can hear a faint crackle, he thinks the cigar is too dry. The experts solemnly warn the smoker to use only a wooden match in lighting a cigar, lest the fumes of lighter fluid somehow damage the bouquet. I doubt that any cigar is susceptible of that much effect from a pocket lighter, but I have deferred to the experts with a compromise: I will use, at a pinch, a paper match.

Cigars are in a class by themselves as the best possible gift for anyone going to England to take along. Havana cigars are practically unobtainable in London, except at a few expensive shops and restaurants. The cigars, incidentally, ought to be acquired on the boat, where one avoids both American and British taxes and the price of the best cigars in tubes is roughly 50 cents.

In the absence of Havanas, the British smoke cigars from Jamaica or Malaya. These are a baffling experience. They look all right, they are in excellent condition, but they lack the underlying flavor and aroma of Cuba. There is nothing disagreeable about them, they have none of the horrid qualities of a disastrously bad cigar; but like the draught beer and ale in England, they have no message for the consumer. The London price of a good Havana cigar — if you can find one — runs as high as one pound.

The climate and the absence of central heating combine to make the closet of a bedroom in almost any London house a first-rate storage place for cigars. My London host on one occasion last year had built up, in the pre-war period, a superb collection of Havanas — around 10,000

at its peak, and now down to a mere 1500 or so. The choicest were a lot of 2000 which he had picked up at an estate auction in 1938, and which were certified to him at the time as twenty-two years old.

"I suppose they are now five to eight years beyond their peak," my host explained. "I began using them up about three years ago, whenever anyone came along who enjoys cigars, and I am halfway through the very last box."

We spent the next hour trying to decide whether he had done the cigar an injustice. It did seem to have lost a shading of its bouquet, yet all in all it was about as agreeable a cigar as I have ever smoked. Unfortunately, for host and guest alike, only the male tourist is allowed to bring any cigars at all into England, and he

is limited to fifty, even though he might be eager to pay almost any amount of customs charges in order to bring in a larger quantity. Women are not allowed to bring in any cigars, and I still hope to see this anti-feminist regulation tested someday in the British courts. I don't think the government could ever make its position stick against a persistent litigant, especially if she happened to be a cigar smoker herself. And this leads me to suggest that any woman who is troubled by an addiction to cigarettes should have a try at cigars — without inhaling them — before accepting defeat. The brand would be Punch, as good as any in the world, and the shape, only slightly bulkier than a cigarette, would be Exquisitos at about 28 cents each.

CHARLES W. MORTON

TWO-SWORD HOMBRES

by HUGH A. BURR

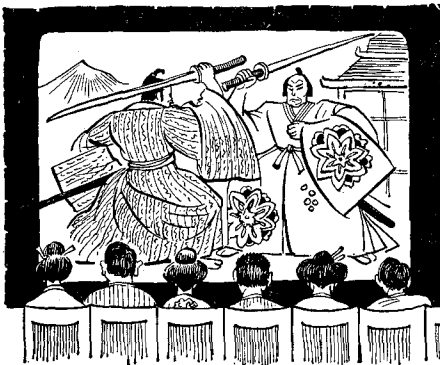
HUGH A. BURR was first employed as a young stenographer for the FBI, served in the Army from 1944 to 1947, and was graduated from Harvard in 1950. Recalled as a reserve officer, he was stationed in Korea and Japan, and is now freelancing in upper New York State.

IN the new, democratic Japan, developments in any field that suggest a return to unenlightened pre-MacArthur practices bring forth hot volleys from the nation's editorial writers. Indeed, these gentlemen sometimes leave an outsider with the feeling that they would like the world to forget all Japanese history previous to the first P.T.A. meeting.

It took my discovery of the samurai movie to show me that most Japanese are still enchanted by their past, and particularly by their several centuries of warriors — even to the point of paying good prices to see films about them. I myself became a steady patron of samurai movies during a recent year in Japan, finding that they satisfied nicely a recurrent appetite for carnage normally filled by the American western — with which they are often compared.

I was aware that a certain minority of the foreign colony in Japan sat (when they had the rare luck of locating seats) through Japanese films occasionally as a cultural duty or in

pursuit of the language. But these shows I write of will never impress Venice the way *Rashomon* did; nor is it likely that auditing one would avail the student of Japanese as much as would five minutes with a good grammar, unless he had uses for the unlovely monosyllables supposedly uttered by members of high society in feudal Japan upon taking a blade in



the giblets. No, these are simple-minded exercises in violence, and they can be enjoyed by anyone, regardless of ear for the language.

Studios making samurai movies often go for their plots to the extensive literature of the kakubi theater, which itself reflects eight centuries of feuding and civil war and is full of wickedness, revenge, passion, and self-sacrifice. But here, as with those sagas from the stables of Southern California, story really

doesn't matter as long as it renders decently plausible the several sustained Donnybrooks that fans of the genre expect for their money.

Like the western, the samurai movie has been stylized to a certain extent. For instance, you can be sure that at least once per movie the hero will find himself trapped up a dead end by a platoon of swordsmen which he proceeds to decimate in the course of a ballet-like demonstration of poor offensive tactics, the opposition attacking only one at a time like perfect gentlemen and then rebounding mortally wounded by blows that didn't come within two feet of them. (Our next cultural mission to Tokyo might well include a couple of stunt men from Republic.)

The advent of reinforcements is handled in two ways, both as stirring as the sight of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment heaving into view over a rise. A posse of good samurai, long sword in hand and short sword in the belt, comes pouring down the alleys, sailing over the shrubbery with kimonos clutched high, and often taking to the rooftops with a stirring clatter of wooden shoes on the tiles. When — better yet — they come by night, their approach is first indicated by a file of bobbing lanterns like a writhing, incandescent snake in the distance. What a sight to quicken the blood!

As might be expected in a country where every arable inch is rice field, action in the samurai movie remains in town and indoors more than that of the cowboy movie. When the ambush is of a daimyo in a sedan chair rather than of a bank courier in a stagecoach, not quite so much room is needed, anyway.

The photography in these films is usually first-rate. It would please me still more if the cameramen could just steel themselves not to linger so lovingly over their pet shots. Japanese domestic interiors are beautiful and surely beckon the lens; but I came to dread the inevitable moment when two characters had been maneuvered into conversation between retracted rice-paper doors against a background of trees and sky, because I knew then the action was going to languish while my aesthetic side was appealed to with balance, perspective, and lighting.

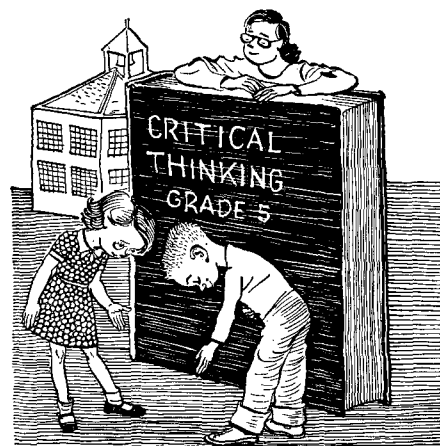
Swordplay resumes, however, and sometimes abruptly, the quiet chat cut short by the arrival of the bad samurai.



Geisha squeal, men curse, sliding doors are whipped open and shut with sounds like shots, and then the rapid footsteps and the whisper of naked steel through the air. Now, whereas Hollywood must manufacture special frangible furniture and fixtures for its brawls, the normal Japanese household of wood and paper disintegrates into kindling very satisfactorily without tampering. I came to cherish the sight of a combatant going through a wall with a great splintering crash or thrashing his way out of the paper door he hadn't had time to open.

Ladies figure in samurai movies much as they did in westerns before Hollywood let the kids down and started the cowpokes akissin'. They fill in between rounds with soft talk and samisen music, and sometimes rile up the junior samurai, but before long scramble belowstairs, out of range of the cultery, to prepare hot water and towels.

One last word of commendation. I have seen several dozen of these films and can report that I have yet to hear a samurai sing.



A MEANINGFUL EXPERIENCE

by CHARLES BOEWE

CHARLES BOEWE grew up in West Salem, Illinois, took his A.B. and M.A. at Syracuse University, and is now working for his doctorate at the University of Wisconsin.

NOBODY in his right mind ever asks someone else's child what he learned in school today—for one thing, he might tell you. Nevertheless, the schoolroom still seems a likely meeting ground where one can approach a child without feeling at a terrible disadvantage for not knowing the niceties of intergalactic law or who gives way to whom when two space ships meet outside the orbit of the planet Pluto. So one hedges around the central question, hoping to elicit remembered agonies of long division or common fractions. At least I expected something like that when I recently hinted to my nephew, a fifth-grader, that I might be interested in the arcane goings-on that afternoon in the scholastic thicket.

"Nothing very exciting," he said. "We had Critical Thinking."

Critical Thinking! How grand it sounded! I remembered that in my day we did pretty well to read through a book and get the nub of the plot.

"What sort of criticism do you carry out?" I asked him. "Are you historical critics? Do you practice impressionistic criticism? Perhaps you follow some school. Are you Neo-humanists? Perhaps New Critics?"

"We are *con*-structive," he said flatly. "We are never *de*-structive, because *de*-structive thought is negative thought."

"Is that bad?"

"Of course. Negative thinking is always bad. Thinking has to be *pos*-

SO LONG, FOLKS! OFF TO THE WAR!

by ANTHONY OSTROFF

WHEN I was little, oh a very small boy,
With a Ford, fish, and go fly your kite,
I lived in a house in a cookie-jar joy,
With a bed, game, and I'm it tonight.

I wore short pants and had dimples in my knees,
With a Whitney-Pratt, call me that again,
I had a girl friend more pretty than you please,
With a top, bee, and so's your old man.

I played in the street, oh I never saw school,
With a Campbell can, and knock *that* off,
I hid and I sought and I broke *THE* rule,
With a me, who, and why don't you cough?

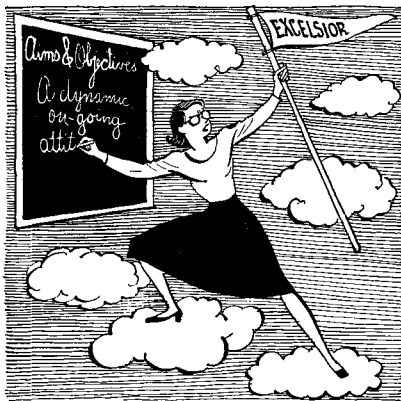
WHEN I was happy, oh a very small boy,
With a sink, stove, and jump in the lake,
I made mud huts I would never destroy,
With a strap, please, be good for my sake.

I didn't grow much, and then I grew fast,
With a book, bat, and why don't you try?
I never was first but I was never last,
With a good, bad, and who knows why?

I grew like grass, Oh! we said, like corn!
With an ache, break, and which way to go?
I dreamed some nights that I'd never been born,
With a glad, sad—I still don't know.

itive. We have Critical Thinking three afternoons a week — days when we don't have Interpretive Body Rhythms."

Interpretive Body Rhythms! Dear



me, what impressive subjects! But one thing at a time.

"What sort of works do you criticize?" I asked.

"Works? We do critical thinking on things that have happened in the room. We each have a chance to talk about the meaningful experiences we have had during the past day.

"Suppose somebody bumps into me and says, 'Excuse me.' Well, during Critical Thinking I say that so-and-so was polite to me, and then we talk about the effect of politeness on the group. It's a snap. You just say, 'Politeness helps group coöperation.' Then the teacher writes on the blackboard, 'Politeness helps group coöperation.' Maybe, if she likes it real well, she'll say, 'Shall we make this one of our aims and objectives of the week?' Then we change it to say, 'We must all be polite,' and it stays on the blackboard all week."

"Now about Interpretive Body Rhythms," I said. "What is that?"

"Oh, we just interpret things. We get the ideas from Social Studies units or Current Events, and we make up plays about them. I did a whiz of a pantomime on the Hanging Gardens of Babylon — all by myself. I stretched out on a table and imagined I was a hanging garden. Sometimes we do things like the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. That's a lot of fun; we dress up in foreign costumes and run around in every direction, symbolizing a muddle."

Probably it was less an avuncular interest in the lad's intellectual welfare than shameless curiosity that prompted me to seek an interview with his teacher a few days later. It was an experience I shall not soon forget.

"I wish you could come to one of our little Sharing Parties," the good lady urged as soon as I was settled comfortably in her file-cabinet-lined office adjoining the classroom. "I do so like to have the boys and girls share their educational experiences with their parents and relatives."

"Such as Critical Thinking?" I asked. "Thank you, I've had my share — a share, that is."

"That's only part of it. We like to have them share all their educational experiences. Sharing is a part of the school's group-determined aims and objectives. Perhaps I could tell you about our curriculum best if I began with these."

I complimented her and the school on the very subtle point of having both aims *and* objectives. It must have been so discouraging for the poorer students when schools had only objectives. This way, I could see, there was something for everybody; for, while you can't expect all the students to reach the school's objectives, you can at least aim their faces in the right direction. For a moment I entertained the pleasant image of hundreds of little scholars, each an intellectual weather vane, each little nose pointed into the invigorating breeze of learning.

"No," she went on thoughtfully, "I think first I should explain my personal philosophy of education."

A philosophy of education guiding the fifth grade! And not just any old hand-me-down philosophy of education from Plato, or Bacon, or even Pestalozzi, but a personal one.

"I believe, you see, in the non-directive approach. I don't force. I don't lead. I let the child be his own guide. It is only by thinking critically about himself or herself that the child is able to make his or her significant and meaningful contribution to group activity."

"Is that desirable?" I asked with some hesitation, perhaps momentarily confused by her delicate distinctions of gender.

"Desirable? Of course. Why else do we plan and work together with emphasis upon increasing self-direction (individual and group) in organizing and carrying forward our activities but that the individual may contribute his best talents, skills, and concepts to the group?" She had me there, and I think she knew it.

"Why critical thinking, except that we help each other to help the group?"

"Now that you've mentioned it," I said, "I have been wondering about critical thinking. That's a subject that seems to have slipped up on me."

She smiled — rather compassionately, I thought. "Oh, we don't teach subjects; we teach children."

Another hit. I tried to roll with the blow.

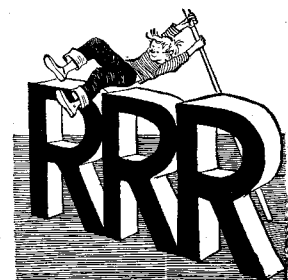
"Critical thinking is part of our program of aims and objectives," she continued, letting each word drop separately, like a pebble into a pool. "Critical thinking makes it possible for us to evaluate our own behavior so that we may gain competence in the sort of behavior that is needful to implement our social attitudes. Our social attitudes, implemented by our social skills, enable us, in the light of our social concepts, to deal effectively with social processes such as persistent life situations. But we must coöperate; none of us can reach as valid conclusions alone as we can as contributing members of a group."

"Everybody is smarter than anybody. Something like that?"

"Well, not quite. The teacher," she continued in her nondirective way, "tries to encourage the boys' and girls' favorable attitudes toward positive social situations. From the focal points of the learning situation, around which cluster meaningful experiences, the teacher endeavors to develop dynamic, on-going attitudes."

The word "on-going" did it. All at once the keystone dropped into place, the sirup jelled, the precipitate came down. I picked up my hat, thanked her, and left the school in a meditative mood.

It isn't long division or common fractions that puts you in touch with a schoolboy today. As well try to stir up an argument among your friends over Freud or Darwin as expect him to get excited about $\frac{3}{8}$ divided by $\frac{1}{6}$. All that mathematical stuff is elementary in this age of Planck's constant and U 235. Instead, share your critical thinking with him, ask him about his meaningful experiences.





by JOHN M. CONLY

Bartók: Songs, Op. 16; Hungarian Folk Songs (Magda Laszlo, soprano; Franz Holetschek, piano; Westminster WL 5283: 12" LP with Hungarian-English text). Blue, blue, blue was the color of the great man's mood when he wrote the Opus 16 songs in his thirties, but there is fascination in the distaste of a genius for his civilization. The folk songs are earthier, though still sad. Miss Laszlo's feeling for both is deep, and the recording very fine and faithful.

Bartók: Miraculous Mandarin Suite, with Kodaly: "Peacock" Variations (Antal Dorati conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG 50038: 12" LP). When Peter Bartók produced the *Mandarin* suite (Bartók Records) a couple of years ago, it seemed about as high as it could be, but Mercury's new version of the weird, horrendous score out-sounds it. The sonorous, tuneful, folk-rooted Kodaly piece on the over-side is a worth-while bonus.

Beethoven: Egmont Music — complete (Magda Laszlo, soprano; Fred Liewehr, reader; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster WL 5281: 12" LP with English-German text). The tale of the fearless and freedom-loving Dutch idealist Egmont, sentenced to death by the tyrannous Duke of Alba, was a natural for the talents of Goethe and Beethoven, and what they made out of it is as hair-raising today as it was in 1810 (Beethoven enjoyed the assignment so much he refused pay for it). Egmont's death-cell call to revolt is nobly lofted by Mr. Liewehr over Beethoven's inspired drumrolls; Miss Laszlo puts real martial yearning into *Die Trommel Gerühret*, one of the most exciting songs ever written, and Scherchen conducts the whole thing with obvious conviction. The sound has magnificent bite and blare.

Beethoven: Sonatas in E, Op. 109, and A Flat, Op. 110 (Myra Hess, piano, HMV LHMV 1068: 12" LP). I am tempted to advance these

as the best representations of these sonatas on LP. There is a Schnabel reprint of Op. 109, and feeble recordings of Kempff playing both, but Dame Myra's 1953 sound is new and rich. And, though she may habitually over-restrain Beethoven's dynamics, it doesn't matter here, and her fluid subtlety does.

Brahms: Trio in E Flat for Piano, Violin and Horn, with Schumann: Piano Quartet in E Flat Major (Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Mason Jones, horn; Milton Katims, viola; Frank Miller, cello; Columbia ML 4892: 12" LP). Chamber music, written for living rooms, is particularly amenable to today's high-fidelity techniques, and obviously someone at Columbia is aware of it, witness a whole series of beautifully produced recordings in this genre. Here is the latest. Rarely could these two ingratiating masterpieces be heard so well in live performance; to have them at will is a real privilege.

Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11 (Friedrich Gulda, piano; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL 1001: 12" LP). Perfectly beautiful sound in a strong, unaffected performance that seems to me to convey the musical idea-content admirably. Recommended without reservation to general music-lovers. Chopin specialists had best listen to other versions as well.

Debussy: Jeux — Poème Dansé; Six Antique Epigraphs, arranged by Ansermet (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London LL 992: 12" LP). Debussy's dreamy dissertation on lawn tennis and languorous youthful passion is terribly fragile in spots, and Ansermet's vigor stretches it, but the recorded orchestral tone is almost magical. The conductor's Epigraph arrangements on the disk's reverse face are no letdown; they sound like genuine Debussy.

Haydn: Trios for Piano, Violin and Cello Nos. 4, 17, 27, and 29

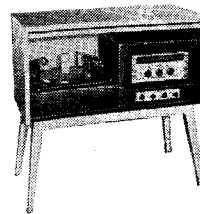
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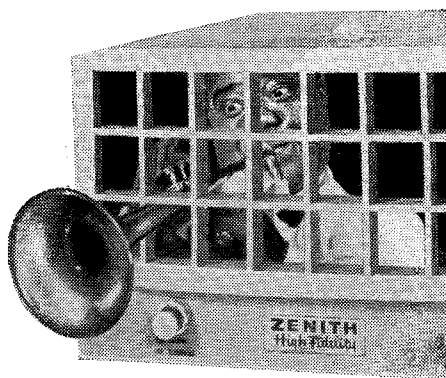


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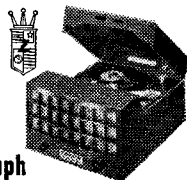
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(Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Jean Fournier, violin; Antonio Janigro, cello; Westminster WL 5293: 12" LP). There is a war between performers and listeners. The former abjure Haydn piano trios because they are "unbalanced" — nothing but piano sonatas with violin and cello ornamentation. Listeners, given opportunity, fall in love with them because they are among the gayest, sanest, most irresistibly captivating pieces of music ever written. Here, in admirable performance and recorded sound, is the rare opportunity to succumb. Try as a sample the first movement of No. 4, with its pizzicato beginning.

Mozart: Trios in B Flat, K.254, and G, K.564 (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Jean Fournier, violin; Antonio Janigro, cello; Westminster WL 5284: 12" LP). The numeration is misleading, since the later trio was written apparently as an easy exercise, and is amusingly simple, while the earlier one is a serious effort. Mozart kept his piano-trio material lighter than did Haydn or Beethoven, but engaging all the same. Both playing and recording here are beyond cavil.

Old French Airs (Gérard Souzay, baritone; Jacqueline Bonneau, piano; London LD 9109: 10" LP). The songs, mostly from the seventeenth century, are extraordinarily varied and charming (two are also found in the Canteloube "Songs of the Auvergne"). How historically authentic Souzay's beautiful delivery of them is, I don't know — and don't especially care. It makes lovely listening.

Saint-Saëns: Carnival of the Animals, with Ibert: Divertissement (Felix Slatkin conducting Concert Arts Orchestra, with Victor Aller and Harry Sukman, pianos; Capitol P 8270: 12" LP). Saint-Saëns' orchestral-zoo whimsy offers a wonderful opportunity to modern record makers, and Capitol here has made the most of it. The listening is so good that it becomes effortless. Furthermore, Slatkin and his West Coast musicians show a real flair for both the *Carnival* and the slam-bang Ibert. A delightful record.

Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5, with Stravinsky: Concerto in D for String Orchestra and Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and Suite for Strings, arranged by Bachrich (Willis Page conducting New Orchestra Society of Boston, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano

in the Villa-Lobos; Cook/Sounds of Our Times 1062: 12" LP). As is standard with Emory Cook's records, the sound is almost shockingly realistic. More surprising: this strikes me as containing the most generally satisfactory Brandenburg No. 3 on micro-groove, and performances of the Villa-Lobos and Stravinsky which stand up very well musically against competitive versions conducted by the composers themselves. It also offers as part of the "Suite" a lively transcription of the famous Praeludium from the E Major Partita for violin alone. Like all Cook recordings, this is also available in binaural form.

Vivaldi: Violin Concertos in G Minor and A Minor; Concerto Grosso in D Minor, Op. 3, No. 11; Flute Concerto, Op. 10, No. 3, "Bullfinch" (Jan Tomasow, violin, and Chamber Players of the Vienna State Opera; Vanguard-Bach Guild BG 538: 12" LP). Unpretentiously assembled as a "bouquet" of Vivaldi, this turns out to be a spirited and intimate recording very worth having. Only five men play in each of the "concertos," but they sound fine. Excellent close-up sound.

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SHE CAN PROVE IT

by **LOYD ROSENFELD**

LOYD ROSENFELD began free-lance writing while working for an oil company in Tulsa. He is now living in Mexico City. "Here," he tells us, "I only write." His light verse has appeared several times in these pages.

MY WIFE set the plate of half a dozen large purple fruit-filled breakfast rolls in front of me, then happily started munching on hot buttered toast covered with my favorite apple jelly.

"I don't get any toast?" I asked plaintively.

"You like those," she said, pointing to the breakfast rolls, which looked as if they shouldn't have been taken out of the sack before noon.

"I do?" I answered, trying to remember what I had done, said, or eaten that could have made my wife thoughtfully purchase these monstrosities.

"Yes," she answered happily. "Last summer at the Finchleys' weekend they had these for breakfast and I saw you eat one."

Faced with such evidence, there was nothing I could do but close my eyes and cram down three of the things. I felt confident of receiving the other three the next morning, toasted.

This same thoughtful streak was demonstrated anew only last week when I came home, happy from an easy day at the office, only to find six new articles of clothing spread out on my bed.

After close examination I identified them tentatively as sport shirts, mainly because they seemed to have sleeves but no legs. They had more color than a wide-screen Technicolor sunset and were entered by means of a zipper running from left shoulder

to stomach to right shoulder, like a king-size dickey.

My wife came into the room wearing a happy smile and her new backless summer dress. "You are happy," I said hopefully, "because you found some bargains in Christmas presents for your male cousins back in West Virginia."

"Wrong," she replied, "although it is very unselfish of you to say so. Zammerbach's just got these in today. I knew they were the kind you like, so I grabbed six. Only \$12.50 each."

Smiling bravely, I said, "Give me just one little clue as to why you're so sure I like them."

"Surely you remember the art gallery in Kansas City," she said.

"Lovely building," I commented, "but what . . ."

"The modern abstract painting you said would make a good pattern for one of those summer sport shirts?"

"Of course. How dull of me to forget. I don't recall the painting having a two-directional zipper, though."

"Silly," she laughed. "Now hurry and slip into one of your new shirts and we'll drive out to that fried chicken place you like so well for dinner."

"You mean The Happy Hen, where I broke one of my front teeth on the batter?" I asked, slipping into one of my new shirts.

She nodded yes, and while I tried to work the zipper I also tried to figure out what could possibly have made her think I liked The Happy Hen.

THE SQUIRREL

by **VIRGINIA E. DUNBAR**

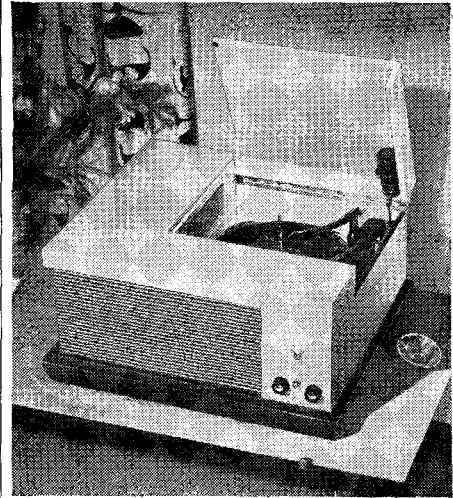
THE upright squirrel gnaws the nut of bread he holds in his prehensile paws.

The tiny rodent teeth chatter like a drill on the bread beneath.

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digression of his tail reaches over him and steers him like a sail.

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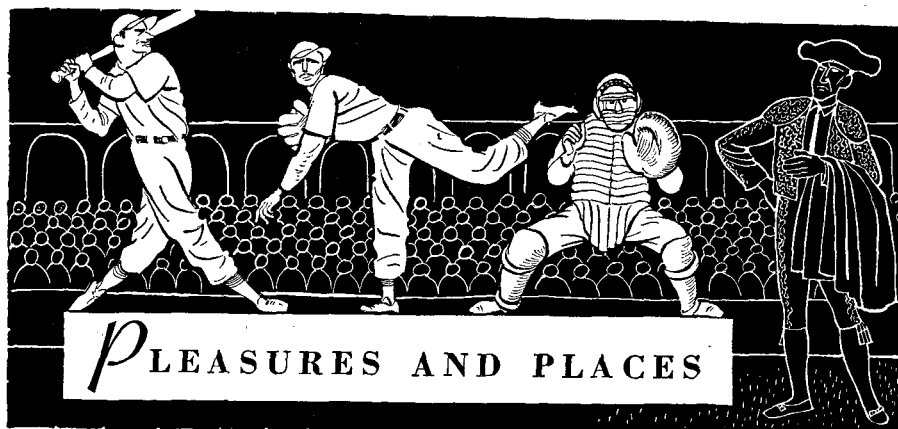
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BASEBALL IN SPAIN

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

After his graduation from Trinity College in 1949, ROBERT H. BOYLE took an M.A. at Yale and served for two years as an officer with the Marines. On leaving the service he lived in Barcelona for a year, and he is now a sports writer for the United Press in New York.

How I ever got to play ball base, or baseball, with a team chartered by the late King Alphonso XIII of Spain is something which I have difficulty understanding even now. And as if to complicate things, a question of ethics has arisen, and I don't just know what to do. The whole affair started while I was studying in Barcelona last year.

I was sitting in the dining room of my *pensione* trying to digest the remnants of an octopus fried in its own ink and a liberal dose of olive oil when Dulce, the maid, entered to announce that a *señor* wished to speak to me. She placed a visiting card on the table. Translated it read, "Ramón, the Count of Gervasio," and engraved in the lower left-hand corner was the additional title, "The Captain of the Ball Base." A moment later, Dulce returned with an elegant young man wearing a razor-thin mustache and a pair of dark glasses, the hallmarks of the well-to-do Spaniard.

He began to apologize for interrupting my lunch, and to set him at ease I asked him to be seated and have some wine. He introduced himself as Count Ramón, again begged pardon for the interruption, and explained he was most interested in having me play for *Real Español*, the Royal Spanish Ball Base Club of Barcelona.

Puzzled, I asked if *pelota base*, meaning ball base, was American baseball. The count said it was and added he had obtained my name from

the American Consulate. He tapped his breast pocket significantly and withdrew what shortly proved to be a contract. I expressed my surprise at the existence of ball base in Spain, but in polite Castilian Count Ramón informed me *pelota base* had been played in Catalonia ever since its introduction by some Cubans nearly thirty years before. Spurred on by the wine, questioning elicited the information ball base was *muy snob*. It was the game of the upper-middle-class Catalan and the aristocracy. Not everyone, I learned, could afford the price of a ball or bat, much less a glove. Ball base was not a game for *los peones*.

Count Ramón went on to tell me his club was one of four teams in *la primera división* of *la Liga Catalana*. Eight other teams—composed for the most part, I gathered, of social climbers, inept barons, and a few aspiring textile executives—comprised *la segunda división*.

There also was a first-class league in Madrid, but in the international match against Italy the previous fall, the count said, almost all the Spanish players had been from the Catalan League; and what's more, three of those Spanish players, including the pitcher, had been members of *Real Español*. Spain won, 7 to 3. The *lanzador* or pitcher from *Real Español* had been very fast, but now that was exactly the difficulty.

"*Que dificultad?*" I queried.

The pitcher, a South American, the count said, had had to go back home. An assassin had shot his father, and the pitcher had taken over his father's post in the cabinet. Naturally it had been illegal to use a non-Spaniard, but then the Italians had used an American third baseman. If I cared to play, there would be no questions. They would say I was a Basque. There were many blond Basques. Besides, Spain would get

even with the Italians for using an American. The count beamed and poured himself another glass of wine.

I told the count I hadn't played ball base in over four years. That didn't bother Count Ramón. He asked which position I had played. I said I had been a pitcher, *un lanzador*. The count became excited. He waved the paper he had taken from his breast pocket in front of my face. "But your mercy must play! He must!" he cried. Several of the other diners looked up. Count Ramón guiltily subsided and eagerly whispered that the paper was a contract to play ball base for *Real Español*. He regretted no salary was involved, but the king himself had chartered *Real Español*!

I was very much flattered. Here was a stranger, and a count at that, who apparently held the highest regard for my *pelota base* ability. I thought it over for a minute and then, after reflecting upon the vicarious revenge I would be able to inflict upon a certain New England varsity coach who had long derided my attempts to catch a ball, much less pitch one, I decided to sign.

But no sooner had I signed than I realized I had made a dreadful mistake. I had signed with my full name, Robert Hamilton Boyle. The count looked at the signature questioning.

"But the name of your mercy is Boyle, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Not Hamilton?"

"No. Not Hamilton."

I knew what he was driving at. I had been through this sort of thing before with other Spaniards. I explained that in the United States, or "States United" as they say in Castilian, a person's real name is his very last name—the middle one merely is a decoration. The count appeared to understand. Spaniards are wary of questioning another's legitimacy.

Count Ramón said there would be a game two weeks from Saturday. It would be with an American Air Force team from Germany which, for the sake of international amity, shall remain nameless, and *Real Español* would be most pleased if I would pitch. I asked about practice, and the count assured me he would telephone with all the necessary details. Both the practice sessions and the game would take place in the *futbol* stadium of *Real Español*. The field

was located in Sarria, a suburb of Barcelona about four miles out on the trolley, but I would be able to reach it easily. I only had to transfer at *la Avenida de Generalissimo Francisco Franco* and the *Paseo de Gracia*. It would take about a half hour.

I thanked Count Ramón for the contract and the information, said I would look forward to his call about practice, and bade him *adios*.

Each day I waited for Count Ramón to call, but no call came. On the Thursday before the game, I was almost ready to write it off as a hoax, when I saw a rather large write-up of the impending game in *El Deportivo del Mundo*, a half-cent daily usually devoted to the bullfights and *futbol*. A second reading disclosed my name in the *Real Español* lineup. It read, "Hallminton, *el lanzador*, a *chico* popular who has played for *los Dodgers del Brooklyn*."

This obviously was the work of Count Ramón. He had yet to get my name straight, much less spell it correctly, and to top it off, he had misinterpreted my enthusiasm for the Dodgers. I telephoned the sports paper and got the count's telephone number, a feat which had hitherto eluded the best efforts of the *señoritas* connected with information in the Barcelona Telephone Company, S.A.

Count Ramón didn't sound the least bit disturbed. He said of course the ball base game would be held as scheduled on Saturday. He asked me to show up at the home dressing room at three o'clock. Unfortunately there could be no practice either Friday or Saturday morning. The *Real Español futbol* team had to practice before the big game in Valencia over the weekend. Then he abruptly hung up.



On Saturday I ate lunch early, at about one o'clock, and managed to alarm a good many of the other patrons in the *pensione*, who wondered aloud as to what madness the American student would give in to next. I

gulped down two tangerines, drank a glass of white wine, and raced to the trolley stop.

I got off in Sarria an hour later. Count Ramón had underestimated the time. At first the guard on the players' gate refused to let me in. In my rush I had left my portion of the contract back in my *pensione*. Finally, after a number of unsuccessful pleas, I gave in and told him my name was Hallminton and that I was the *lanzador* for *Real Español*. He bowed and clapped his hands. A gypsy urchin appeared from inside the booth and led me to the dressing room.

Count Ramón was the first person I saw when I entered.

"Señor Hallminton!" he called out.

The players instantly thronged around me. They appeared quite happy to see me. I noticed everyone was tuing, or thouing, me. The formal *usted* had no place among teammates. I felt at home.

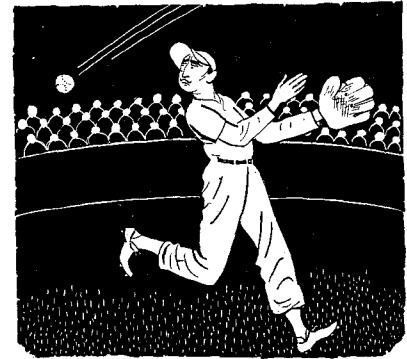
After the tumult quieted, the count discovered that I was without a uniform. Apparently this was one occasion on which Spaniards disregarded their ordinarily unhurried attitude in a race to don the uniforms available. From what I gathered, just wearing the uniform was half the reason for showing up at all. But Count Ramón was unabashed. "Lopez!" he yelled at a rotund figure poking in a duffel bag. "Thy *pantalones*!" Lopez sat down on a bench and unhooked his belt with a resigned air. And then, as if to show good sportsmanship and hospitality, he handed me his cap along with the pants. Another player contributed an undershirt, another his jacket (with "*Real Español*," capped by the royal crown in red and gold, written in blue script across the front), and still another his socks.

I now had everything but shoes. A pair of *los spikes* appeared from somewhere, and I was soon ready to play. We clattered out of the dressing room, up the ramp, and onto the playing field of the stadium.

A cheer went up. I read in *El Deportivo* the next day that about seven thousand persons attended. The stadium holds about forty thousand, but our crowd wasn't bad, especially considering the lack of publicity about the game. Some twenty-five thousand fans had attended the Spain-Italy ball base game in Rome five months before.

I paired off with the catcher, a giant Negro from Cuba, to warm up.

Count Ramón came over to watch us. The count, who had his cap pulled potlike down against his ears, cautioned me to slow up. I eased off with my delivery. Count Ramón flared his nostrils and breathed deeply



with anticipation. "Ah, si, si. *Muy suave. Muy suave.*" My arm felt loose, and I enjoyed warming up before the crowd. The Cuban told me I was the star attraction for *Real Español*.

I threw about thirty pitches. Then the count told me to do a little running in the outfield. He jogged in place as if to show me how. I joined the rest of the team in shagging flies. It was then I realized *Real Español* wasn't going to win, at least not this game. My teammates dropped one fly ball after another amid frenzied exclamations of "*La tengo!*" or "I've got it." But no one had it.

A few of the Air Force players were standing near by.

"Jeez, they're sad bastards," one said.

"Yeah, we'll whip their tail for sure."

One of my teammates turned to me. "What are they saying about us?"

"They believe the game will be a very difficult one to decide," I replied.

I felt embarrassed for the Spaniards, and I hoped there was something I could do to make it up for them. I got my chance a moment later. A towering fly came my way, and I backed up and took it without any trouble. Then, just as if to show my determination, I threw it into the fungo hitter with all my strength. Something went in my arm. What it was, I didn't know, but a sharp pain stung my elbow. I raised my arm to flex it, but it only was worse. I knew I wouldn't pitch for *Real Español* that day.

I ran in to see the count. I winced when he rubbed the elbow. I was out

of condition for exercise of this sort anyway, and the count's kneading only made me feel more the fool. I



tried to throw to show him, but the pain returned. Reluctantly, Count Ramón called to the Cuban and told him he would have to start the game instead of me.

The Cuban began to warm up with a substitute catcher just as a bugle sounded. It was the signal to line up for the game. We stood abreast along the third base foul line, the Americans on the left, we Spaniards on the right. The Cuban continued to warm up at home plate. Newsreel cameramen and photographers began grinding and popping away at us. I smiled wanly. Before us were the American and Spanish flags, draped side by side on a field box. I saw several persons I knew from the Consulate sitting there.

Another blast from the bugle. We came to attention. A Spanish army band played the *Himno de Riego* and *America the Beautiful*.

My arm ached even more as I trudged to the *Real Español* and slumped down. The Americans batted first, and it was horrible. The first four men walked, the fifth doubled, the sixth homered, and the next five or six did God knows what, but it was enough to make the score 9 strokes to nothing, as the Spanish put it.

While all this was going on, an announcer explained the plays and rules over a loudspeaker. A hit was *un tocar* or a touch. First base was *la primera base*, and center field was *el campo centro*. The catcher was *el recibidor*. A base on balls was simply *un walk*.

Real Español came to bat in the last half of the first and took the field again without one *tocar* or even *un foul gigante por el recibidor*. The carnage continued, and at the end of the fourth, the score was Americans 15 strokes, Spaniards no strokes.

In the beginning of the fifth, Count Ramón asked me to warm up. But it was no go. The arm still ached. Regretfully, I told him it was useless to put me in. He was unhappy but agreed. He asked me to let Lopez put on my uniform and *los spikes*. Even my chance of hitting a *jonrón* vanished. Lopez and I went into the dressing room, where he happily re-attired himself. I returned to the bench in street clothes, while he waited his chance to strike out as a pinch hitter.

Surprisingly, my teammates were not at all put out about the score, which now stood 19 strokes to nothing. No one, I heard them saying on the bench, had ever lost by so much before in Spain. It was certain to be a record.

The game finally ended 19 to 5, *Real Español* scoring all their strokes in the home half of the seventh. The bugle blew again as the last out was made, and once more we made our way to the third base foul line. Several officials from the Consulate and the count presented the American team with a magnificent silver trophy, purchased, I heard, with donations from *Real Español* players. On it was inscribed in English, "To the victorious — American Air Force Team. Barcelona. March. 1953."

I felt a little better about letting the team down after I saw the inscription in English. Count Ramón made a short speech in which he said he hoped the American team would return every year to play for a new cup. The game today, he said, merely was the first of a long series yet to come.

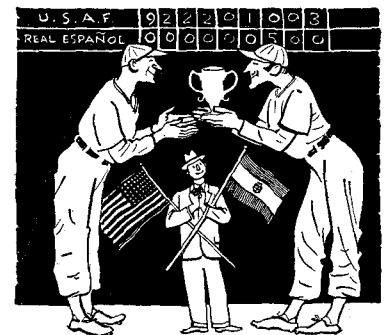
I stayed around the dressing room just long enough to congratulate the

Real Español players I had come to know on the bench. Then I went back to my *pensione*.

Two weeks later I had to return to the United States, but before I left Barcelona I managed to say good-by to the count. He didn't sound the least annoyed at my failure to come through for his team; in fact, he reminded me that should I return, there always was a place for me on the roster of *Real Español*.

After I arrived back in New York, I tried to tell a few friends about how I'd played baseball in Spain, but it appeared no one believed me. I'm sure I'd have forgotten all about it myself if it hadn't been for a letter I received from Barcelona last week. It was from Skidworth, a twenty-dollar-a-month remittance man I knew there, and in it he enclosed an embroidered seal of *Real Español* handsomely sewn in red and gold thread. Skidworth says it's in memory of old times and, true to his somewhat snobbish tendencies, suggests I wear it on my blazer.

I have half a mind to do just that.



But, frankly, I do have qualms about what my old teammates would say if they knew. Do you think they'd mind?

FANCIER MR. FENN

by DAVID McCORD

THE paltry poultry of that Mr. Fenn
Consisted of three Dorkings, one lame duck,
Two bantam roosters, an instructive hen
Reduced in old age to a klaxon cluck.

His geese were five — a gaggle, if you will;
A flock of Orpingtons with feathered legs.
He favored most his gamecocks Jeff and Bill
Unless he found them sitting on glass eggs.

An odd assortment: single and rose comb,
One webfoot cycling round that precious pond;
And Mr. Fenn, a flightless little gnome,
Always a quack behind, a crow beyond.

We invite you to participate in a

PUBLIC SEARCH FOR HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT OLD CROW

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"



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Here is how you may uncover
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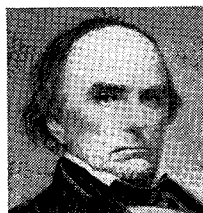
History is where you find it. It may lie among long-forgotten notes and letters in an attic trunk... in a collection of old newspapers... or in a biography or novel you may be reading today. These are the raw materials of history by which such famous men as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Mark Twain have been linked with Old Crow. Should you find and be the first to contribute other historical facts about Old Crow, which we accept, your reward will be \$250.

These are examples of the kind of documented
information you may submit...



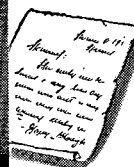
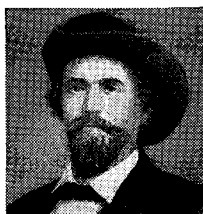
BOOKS:

In a privately printed book, titled "Drinking With Twain," it is recorded that Mark Twain visited the Old Crow Distillery, ordering 25 barrels to be shipped to his favorite tavern.



NEWSPAPERS:

According to the New York Sun of September 5, 1897, Daniel Webster, among other eminent American statesmen who favored Old Crow, was never without a demijohn of Crow's whiskey in his closet.

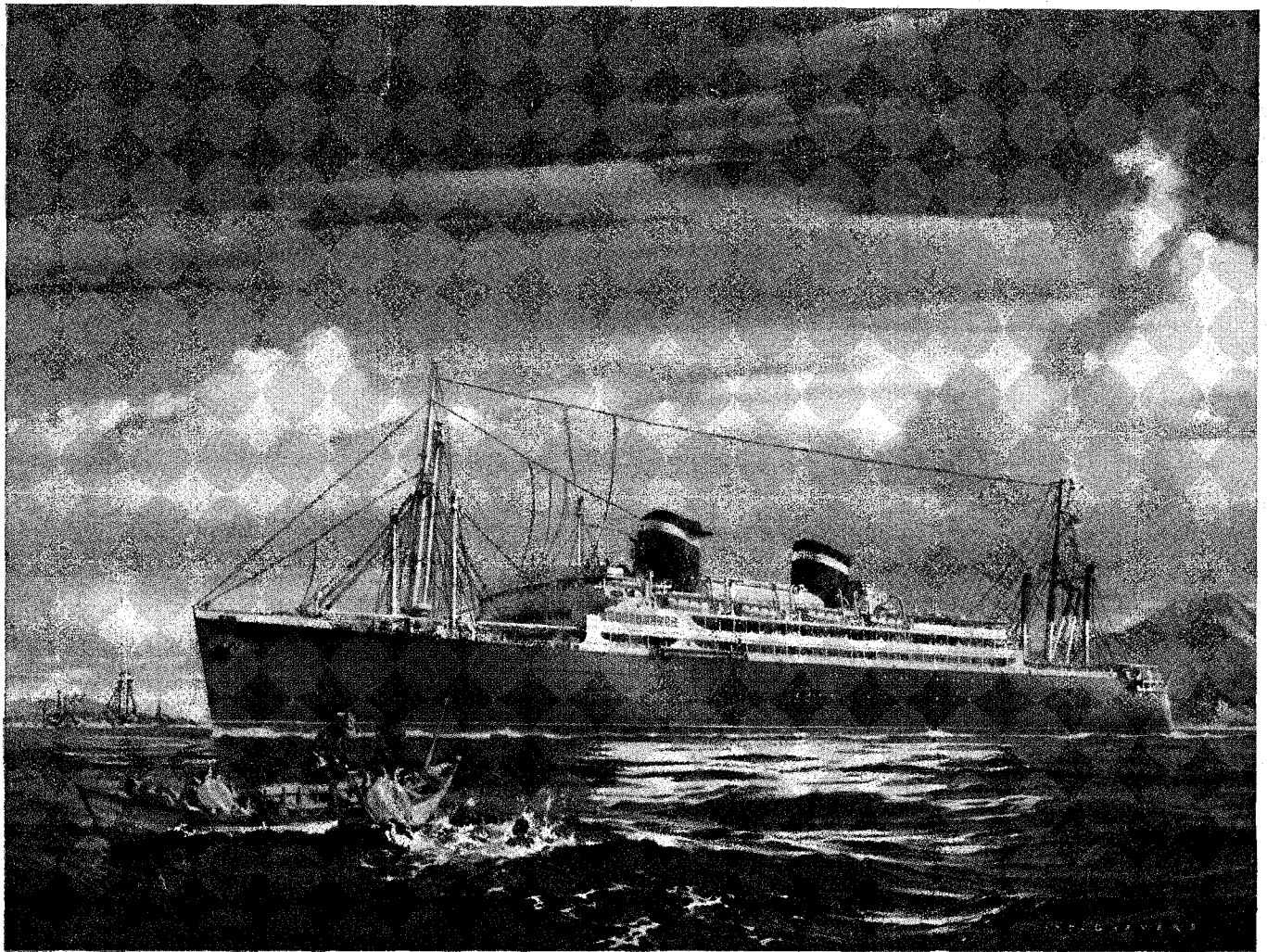


PERSONAL LETTERS:

In a letter to a friend, General John Hunt Morgan, leader of the famed Confederate Raiders, once wrote: "I can get some Old Crow whiskey to you. The return mail will carry you a demijohn..."

*Please send letters describing the historical fact or facts about Old Crow
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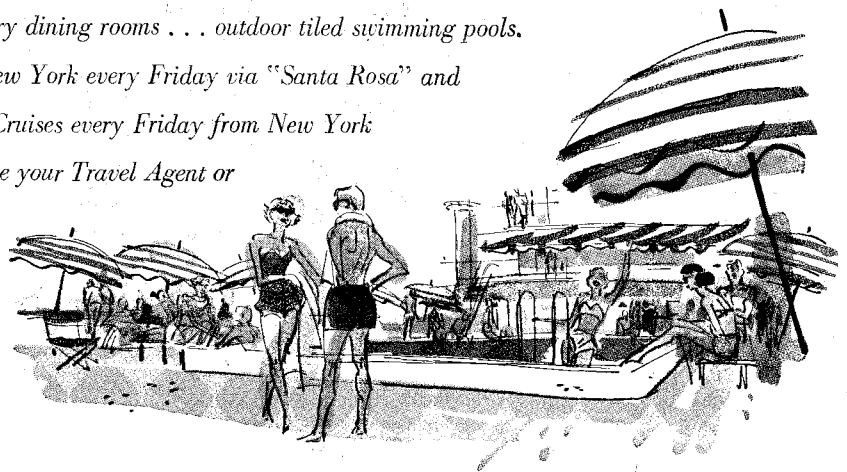
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